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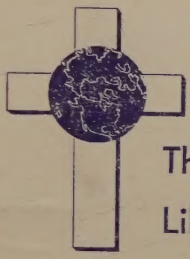

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DISORDERS OF THE INSTINCTS AND THE EMOTIONS

The Psychology of Hatred and Cruelty

BY

WILHELM STEKEL, M.D.

SADISM AND MASOCHISM

Two Volumes—Vol. I

SADISM AND MASOCHISM

The Psychology of Hatred and Cruelty

BY
WILHELM STEKEL, M.D.

AUTHORIZED ENGLISH VERSION
BY
LOUISE BRINK, Ph.D.

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VOLUME ONE

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PREFACE

Orthodox "psychoanalysis" has surrendered itself almost entirely to metaphysical speculation. The practicing physician who reads its works obtains but a negative value from them. He is more confused than enlightened. The attempts to explain the various disorders of the instincts and emotions which afflict the human mind through the theories of the libido and the dragging in of the "birth trauma" may be looked upon as having failed.

In contrast to the "medical fantasts," I confine myself to the clear and unequivocal results of my investigation. I do not claim that I have completely solved the perplexing problem of sadomasochism. But I hope that I have come a good bit on the way. I am a foe of mystic speculation and hate constructions which have arisen at the parliamentary table. For me science and clarity are identical concepts. Science is not the work of fantasy, but the confirmation of facts.

The present volume was originally planned to embrace a larger material, but was later reduced. While the nonanalytic reader may complain of the "wearisome" length of my case histories, the working analyst will want actually detailed analyses. I have therefore to satisfy both desires. I have tried to reproduce as exactly as possible my analyses with limitation of the secondary material and especially to present the analytic discoveries in the process of their coming to light. The literature concerning sadomasochistic disorders is extraordinarily abundant. But it consists always of descriptive works; only meager reference is made to psychogenesis and character development, influence of environment and social conditions; for the most part these are quite neglected. I have sought in this study to give my readers an insight into the *origin* of such a paraphilia. The results obtained, which often lead to new conclusions, show the great advance of scientific knowledge through the analytic technic.

My life work is moving toward its completion. There remains for me still the task, difficult to be sure, of depicting the phenomena of the *obsession* and of *doubt* and of presenting in connected manner the "active" technic of psychoanalysis used by me. I hope to be through with this in two years, if the corresponding material (obsessive parapathy) flows in richly. A *complete* analysis of a case of obsessive parapathy will be published for the first time. I should be very grateful to my colleagues for the sending, as well as for their descriptions, of interesting cases.

I express my warmest gratitude to all the friends who have assisted me in the correction of this work, especially my helpmate Hilda Milko, my colleagues Wittels, Gutheil, and Schindler. As always in recent years Dr. Missriegler has assumed the lion's share of this work and prepared faultlessly a table of contents, an authors', and a subject, index. I can only repeat my words of thanks which have closed the prefaces to the previous volumes.

DR. WILHELM STEKEL.

Wien-Salmannsdorf (Lindenhof), October, 1924.

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SADISM AND MASOCHISM

VOLUME ONE

I

THE POLYPHONY OF THOUGHT

> How one thing depends upon another is the greatest mystery about life in my opinion, and no doubt if we could see the network of cause and effect spun and spinning around us, it would be a very interesting and wonderful spectacle.
>
> EDEN PHILLPOTS.

To analyze a patient means to be able to read his conscious and unconscious thoughts. Were the analysis built only upon the facts which the patient treated relates to us, from which we might then draw our conclusions, it would in no wise differ from Catholic confession. The method of free associations, the discovery of the great genius of Freud, consists in the disclosing by the person analyzed of everything that passes through his mind, even indifferent facts that he considers insignificant and not worth mentioning and painful ones concerning which various inhibiting reasons (shame, vanity, fear of revealing another's secret, dread of betrayal, and the like) would lead him to remain silent. The success of the analysis depends upon one's ability to train the individual to impart his associations without restraint. That is, it becomes evident that very few persons can give account of their own thoughts. The majority of people think superficially. Analysis therefore represents education of the patient to recognize his own thoughts. The parapathic's bad habit of "thinking beyond the mark" comes clearly to light in the analysis.

The statement that we are accustomed to think beyond the point sounds perhaps unlikely. Only careful observation in analysis reveals that there are two kinds of thoughts: such as

are uttered and thought out (comprehended in words) and others which withdraw themselves from our observation before they are put into words. The question arises whether these latter ones may be considered as thoughts. They actually represent thought *in statu nascendi;* that is, thought which has not yet found words. Thus we would deduce that there is thinking without words, which Apfelbach [1] calls "feeling thought." This seems to contradict our experience. We are accustomed to designate as thought only that which can be verbally expressed.

We will not go more fully here into the question whether this thinking without words is really to be called feeling thought. Such thinking can be observed in many states. It manifests itself as thinking in images. There are patients who, asked to give their free associations, immediately produce a series of pictures which plainly represent preliminary stages of thought. The symbolic value of these images, which actually hide in the form of figures important affects, can be explained only by analysis. Every one of these images stands for a thought *in statu nascendi.*[2]

The process of putting our thought into words is doubtless much more complicated than we have formerly conceived. We frequently search for a suitable expression for a situation or feeling, unconsciously hit upon a choice between different words, whereby the choice in itself signifies a psychic betrayal and permits the recognition of deeper complexes that have not come to verbal form.

Words are in fact compromise formations. Idea and word coincide most perfectly with concrete objects. If I speak the word *table,* I know that idea and word agree. To be sure, there are any number of different tables. But they all fall under the concept *table.* Through adjectives and compounds the concept may be more narrowly defined: round table, small table, card table, and so on. Nevertheless, table may denote a deeper complex, as we have learned from dream analyses. The symbolic use of concrete objects makes possible a further application and permits an affective charge to the idea *table.* (An example: "Separation from table and bed" ["bed and board"] shows that table may be used sexually. Table may also mean

a poison complex and conceal unconscious criminal ideas in the verbalization of a thought.)

The process of putting into words is much more difficult in the case of feelings, moods, affects, abstract concepts. Here the words are plainly compromise formations, which have different meanings in different situations and with different persons. One need only think of the complex significance of the word *love* to understand how rarely word and feeling can be identical.

The thought process which precedes the putting into words must be comprehended as a conflict of opposing impulses.

As Freud has shown in his well-known and fundamental book regarding errors in speaking, repressed currents, too, frequently succeed in forcing themselves through *against* the will of the speaker. But the phenomenon of misspeaking merely proves to us that a permanent struggle is going on between energetic streams opposing one another.

All energies arise from the impulsive life. Speech and the preceding thought process draw their energy, too, from the impulsive life. One of Nietzsche's most profound sayings is, "Thinking is only a relating of the impulses to one another." The affect, although the intellect works upon the impulse, gives the thought process its specific coloring.

Now the experience of analysis shows that this affect is mostly concealed. Thinking is under the control of two principles, the pleasure principle and the reality principle (Freud). The larger part of our thinking, so far as it is conscious to us, is directed by the normal person toward the reality principle. The imperative of life's necessities, which we call duty, crowds back our longing for pleasure. (It is the ideal of all mankind to make pleasure of duty, to form a unity of duty and pleasure.) Duty is the strongest expression of the reality principle. A large part of our life is filled by the demands of duty. It is a question, however, whether the pleasure principle can ever—even if only temporarily—be suppressed. The idea has been current hitherto, supported also by Freud, that the reality principle and the pleasure principle alternate with each other.

Actually, there is no separation! There is always present a continuous struggle of the pleasure principle against the reality

principle. We may also look upon this struggle from the point of view that our reality has to be won from the pleasure principle. Here, too, I refer to Nietzsche's well-known words: "Every delight craves eternity, deep, deep eternity." This is only partly correct. Every pleasure *is* eternal, and the longing for pleasure never leaves us for one moment of our lives.

While, therefore, we turn our attention to reality, there is a second tendency, which remains mostly unconscious, the striving for pleasure. This pleasure principle at times breaks through in speech. It would lead us too far to describe this inner mingling of reality with pleasure. Just one example: Reality is able to make itself felt in the realm where the pleasure principle has control. We see the restraints of real morality penetrate the dream and prevent the fulfillment of the pleasure striven for.

Man must therefore lead a hidden thought life which cannot be expressed through speech. That wise saying of Talleyrand, "Language is given man that he may conceal his thoughts," is too true not to have been repeatedly expressed. (Molière, Voltaire, Cato, Plato, have said the same thing.) Dante also says: "How weak and confusing is speech to set forth an idea! And how does the idea relate itself to what is perceived? We say too much when we call this relationship 'inadequate.' "

This disparity between speech and thought or, better stated, between that which we want to express and that which we are able to express, arises for the greater part from the fact that we never have one single thought but countless ones, an entire polyphony, of which language expresses only the melody, while intervening tones and counterpoint remain hidden.

The ordinary conception of thought having a single direction can no longer be held. (We know, it is true, of persons who could accomplish two different tasks at the same time; they pass as curiosities. This phenomenon of doubly directed attention has nothing to do with that which I call polyphony of thought.) I affirm: *The thought process shows a quite extraordinary condensation. A conflict precedes the putting of thought into words, ending in most cases in the victory of the reality principle.*

As I conceive it, therefore, thought is a stream of which

we see merely the surface. Or an orchestra of which we hear only the parts that give us the melody. It is evident that deviating tones in different voices would give a dissonance. This leads us to think that the law of bipolarity holds good also for thought. The polar voice conceals itself or finds expression as a symptom or a symptomatic action. Opposing streams force their way through at the same time (for example, proper grief and malicious joy at the death of a beloved being, often even deeply repressed necrophiliac and other sadistic instincts).

An English patient, whom I analyzed after I had finished this work, furnished me a marvelous confirmation of this viewpoint. It might seem that the following dream had given me the figure of polyphony. But this present work had been already published in the *Fortschritten der Sexualwissenschaft und Psychanalyse* [*Progress in Sexual Science and Psychoanalysis*] (Vol. I, 1924, Verlag, J. F. Deuticke) when the patient brought me the following stereotyped dream, which I give here because of its importance:

I am in a great concert hall in the conductor's chair. Before me a full orchestra, looking to me to lead them. Behind me a crowded and well-lighted auditorium. My conductor's chair is high and narrow, and I must hold myself upright and not lounge, lest I should fall off. I have no score and do not know what symphony is to be played, but all are ready and waiting for me to start.

I dare not look round at the crowd behind me, though I feel their eyes upon me. I must make a start, as the whole orchestra relies on me to keep the various parts together in harmony and rhythm.

I look round me anxiously to find where is the one instrument that is the most important and with which, if I can once get a complete understanding and sympathy, I shall be able to control the other parts and instruments without further difficulty.

The great anxiety is that I do not know even upon which side of me this one all-important instrument is, but if only I can pluck up courage to make the first beat, I feel that I shall hear and know the leading instrument and shall at once *feel* the time of the symphony and understand its meaning and be able to interpret it sympathetically.

So I take the plunge in fear and anxiety, and all goes well; but still I am full of anxiety lest my understanding should be at fault and there should be a catastrophe and the whole concert end in chaos and unbearable humiliation for me.

So it is left, and I either forget the dream or wake with a feeling of anxiety and relief at having escaped the great responsibility.

This remarkable dream may be considered from different points of view. Let us first take it functionally. The orchestra is the symbol of his psyche. He has to conduct the symphony of his life and his psyche. We discover first an uncertainty of himself, as well as an insecurity before life's tasks. He does not know how to guide and control himself. The "conscious ego" is symbolized as the conductor. He stands puzzled and helpless before the whole number of voices. He has to lead, and yet he is only the one led. He devotes himself to one single voice and does not know whether this voice is at the right or the left of him. As I have explained in *Sprache des Traumes* [*Language of the Dream*], right in the dream denotes the way of the normal and right, left that which is forbidden and sinful. At the right lies heterosexuality, at the left homosexuality. A voice, the all-powerful upper voice, aids him in preserving the appearance of leadership and strong will. But he feels that in a short time everything may change. He fears the chaos, the catastrophe, the unbearable humiliation. His seat is narrow, and he may not make himself comfortable. He must always be on his guard, always keep watch, always hold the reins of his instincts firmly in his hand.

It appears from the dream how much he considers public opinion. He feels himself observed; the eyes of all are directed upon him. We see a cleft between his will and his ability to do. He is no conductor. Indeed—he has no score; that is, he has no proper life plan. His ambition drives him to the rôle of leader, while his feeling of inferiority makes itself effective in warning him not to enter into situations that may end in disgrace. If we inquire after his striving, his great historical mission, we find that he suffers from a Christ parapathy. He has the aspiration to be a second Christ, to save the world, to give it a new religion. If not a Christ, yet in any case a leader.

He lacked the power for this mission; he always sought for those upon whom he could lean, whose doctrines he accepted and spread abroad as an apostle. In his fantasies, however, he has reached the highest, and he holds to the fiction that the world expects something great of him. The uncertainty expressed in the dream reflects the present situation in his life. He has given up his previous calling (manufacturer) and wants to become a creative spirit. Many ways are open to him. Shall he be a poet, politician, musician, or painter? There are so many ways that he does not know which he ought to choose. Recently, psychoanalysis has enticed him. For the present he will rest and wait, until light comes to him. And this light he expects from without.

The dream appears still more interesting when I consider his various sexual impulses. Reasons of discretion prevent me from giving these details. There are, however, in the sexual orchestra many parts which do not accord. Danger of catastrophe threatens from an intervening voice which might suddenly press forward and disturb the harmony of his soul. A sadistic counterpoint forms a still greater menace, manifesting itself in conscious life in the overcompensation of an active philanthropy.

He calls himself a "play actor," who performs before the world and himself a rôle for which he is not fitted.

Cultural moral hypocrisy leads in the end to compelling men to play a part and to want to feel themselves better than they really are. The moral imperative would destroy the sense of personality if we did not for the most part represent ourselves as if we stood high ethically. We act and speak according to our ideal ego. Along with the ideal ego as the sole exponent of the moral imperative, the instinct ego rules as representative of the amoral imperative. While the moral ego leads the upper part, the instinct ego is concerned with the counterpoint. The moral ego expresses itself altruistically, the instinct ego, egoistically. Instinct is egoism. In most cases, this counterpoint is sadistically colored.

The reverse also appears. Persons who wish to live out their amoral imperative (the criminal, the Don Juan, the Messalina)

show clearly an ethical counterpoint. In asocial sadistic individuals, inner thinking may represent the voice of social morality.

These inner voices often do not come into consciousness. It has surprised every analyst that parapathics, who tend to daydreams and fantasies, cannot remember these daydreams. Many repress the dreams at the moment when they turn from the dream life to reality. Others, however, assert that they do not know what they are thinking, that they shut out their thoughts and are "not thinking anything." A nirvana of thought is impossible. *There is no moment of rest in the work of the brain.* One idea joins itself to another. Daydreamers hearken inwardly; they think without words; they permit other voices to sound without grasping their melody. They hear only accords or individual tones. Their thought proceeds perhaps without verbal conceptions, perhaps only in symbolic images, behind which the thoughts are concealed.

If one has once recognized that thinking has to do with a polyphony, not with a single part, then one for the first time understands the difficulty of analysis. What we want really to discover lies in the middle register or even in the counterpoint. The leading tone may under some circumstances be quite worthless for our investigation. (One thinks of the patients who always relate the day's events and always have something important, something actual, to tell, so that they talk for weeks and months without giving out a single clue.) But he who has fine ears can, to be sure, draw his conclusions from the choice of words and the affectively toned occurrences by applying the law of psychic parallelism. Yet in most cases one would be at the mercy of the patient's choice and discretion, did one not have in the dream a means for discovering the hidden voices.

It is not without right that Freud has called dream interpretation the *via regia* into the realm of the unconscious. If we correctly interpret the dream, we can discover again a bit of the concealed middle voice or sometimes silence it so that the disharmonies are gone.

But how does dream interpretation proceed? We allow the patient to bring all that occurs to him in regard to the indi-

vidual portions of the dream; that is, we employ the method of free associations.

Thus we fall again into dependence upon the person analyzed. The patient silences the important voices, especially if he has learned a lesson through his first experiences and knows that through these associations he will betray the secret material he is holding back.[3] The associations often lead over roundabout ways so devious that many a dream analysis, despite the association work of hours, loses itself in the sand.

Strict adherence to Freud's method prolongs the analysis and permits the most important complexes to withdraw from the physician's knowledge. Without the physician's intuition, the most important complexes of the patient do not come into the analytic field of vision.

We have to reckon with the patient's wish not to see a certain thing, not to say a certain thing, not to betray something, to act a part with himself. Every parapathic has a psychic scotoma. A man ill from a pathologic jealousy may emphatically and proudly insist that he does not know the feeling of jealousy. He will instinctively avoid everything which would permit one to infer this scotoma. Affects impossible to overcome through intellectual understanding have been mobilized against the making conscious of the wishes and thoughts which the analyzed person does not want to see. To meet such affect we play up the counteraffect of the transference. The patient wants to get well only for our sake; that is, because he loves us and is willing to do us a favor.

The same conflict between the different affects is present also in the dream, as I have shown at the beginning.

The dream submits likewise to a moral censorship; it conceals more than it expresses; it shows a quite extraordinary condensation. The associations can under favorable circumstances dissolve this condensation through revelation of the latent dream thoughts (Freud).

A correct dream analysis must in fact resolve a dream into many dreams and break up this combination of different dreams. The condensation distorts and confuses the dream pictures. Freud makes the fitting comparison with Galton pic-

tures, which are laid one upon another to prove a family resemblance (the one in common). He relates this condensation to the individual persons. But it concerns the entire dream tissue. We may assume that ten or twenty different dreams are superimposed upon one another and give thus a common dream. The dream often appears very simple, yet it merely conceals the condensation.

The dream shows us the form and manner in which our waking thought proceeds. We really ought to be able through simplification to reduce every dream to a single thought. This thought represents, roughly speaking, the thought which in the waking state would be put into words.

Recent knowledge, therefore, tends to show that we are permanently dreaming. It is not true that the dream sets in at night when we go to sleep and is interrupted in the morning by the waking thought. We dream without intermission. Our waking life, too, is accompanied by dreaming.

The study of the dream thus makes possible for us the study of the entire thought process. It is interesting that we succeed in finding this mechanism in the dreams and are able clearly to demonstrate it.

I bring some examples which will illustrate for us the influence of the dream censorship, the conflict, and the condensation.

A twenty-six-year-old physician dreams:

I am standing opposite an old house, in which a gathering is taking place. It seems that a violent conflict is raging in the meeting. Suddenly a bomb seems to be exploded. Everybody wants to leave quickly. The door is very narrow. Only one person can get out. Besides, a police officer stands there, who, unconcerned at what is happening in the hall, stops each one and asks for identification papers. It is strange that the people before they come to the entrance are giants and in front of the watchman shrink to dwarfs.

The dream may be functionally interpreted as follows: The gathering takes place in the dreamer's head. A violent struggle is going on between different interests. Suddenly it reaches a discharge of affect (explosion). The thoughts will out; that

is, they would press into consciousness. But there stands the censorship of consciousness and sees to it that only one thought may appear. Besides, the gigantic thoughts shrink in the light of day to dwarfs; they become small and insignificant.

Still more significant are two dreams of a compulsive parapathic. The first one reads:

I find myself upon the street. A great panic rules there. The people are in flight, are hurrying; they press into the street cars; in short, there is a turmoil. Some one is trying to explain to me the mechanism of what is happening. He does it by means of a scheme which looks like a bright green bottle. He says: "If the streams reach the narrow place, the pressure arises of itself." I believe that the "some one" was not Dr. Stekel.

This beautiful dream represents a flight from the analysis. The highly intelligent patient wants to escape his own thoughts. The streaming together of different tendencies creates a confusion in his brain. Now "some one" shows him how the thoughts press toward the narrow neck of the bottle, out of which only *one* thought may pass. This some one is not Dr. Stekel. He has discovered this truth alone.

He feels in life the disharmony in his thought and would gladly come to a unity of feeling and idea. He is always hearing a second voice, and this speaks contrary to the first. He is a typical doubter. I once called doubt the endopsychic perception of the bipolarity.[4] The lower voices out of the harmony of thought make themselves heard in the doubter and often drown out the upper notes. The counterpoint is often too obtrusive, so that hate manifests itself with love, scorn with appreciation, defiance with submission.

The effort to unite these voices in harmony finds expression in another dream:

I go with a crowd, in which are both men and women, upon a path along the surging sea. The way goes up and down. My comrade A. was in the crowd. The latter is singing a chorus, and I am taking the second part with rare precision. I intone very

skillfully, and it sounds wonderfully under the open sky. My feeling of shame that I usually have before strangers has disappeared. My comrade looks toward me and bestows upon me such a glance of satisfaction as a pleased master gives his pupil.

Let us turn to his associations. First, he confesses that he has a passion to "accompany" and never can do this. He would be happy if he could sing the second part in a duet or chorus, but he does not do it. His friend A. was famous for being able to sing the second part in any song. A. appears in a number of meanings. A. and his older brother were his teachers in sexuality. They had explained to him the great riddle of procreation and birth. This was preceded by an ugly scene. There was in their village a cretinous person, a girl thick and bearded as in myxedema. All three watched this girl at urination in order to see her vagina. The children of the village used to play the cruel joke of secretly giving her food made filthy with feces, dust, or urine, which she would then greedily eat. Comrade A. in later years looked up to our patient as to an authority. Only as the patient developed into a Don Juan did he reproach him seriously.

A. stands in his dreams for a definite characteristic, the infantile sexuality, which has been successfully sublimated. Now we understand the dream. A multitude of thoughts are whirling in his brain. Men and women. (He often identifies himself with a woman, reveals a tendency to transvestism; also has pregnancy fantasies, and so on.) The sea symbolizes the music of his soul, the storming and the rise and fall of his passions and hopes. This ebb and flow is represented again in the path, as it were to strengthen the image.

A repetition of the figure (rise and fall of the waves of the sea) occurs in the chorus, the melody of which also ascends and descends. This has to do with the different voices of his psyche, which seem here joined in unison. In life he seeks in vain to sing the second part. He has never succeeded. Here in the dream he *leads* the second part; it is in harmony with the other voices and "in tune with the infinite." It resounds nobly under the open heavens. He has in life a free world philosophy; he has overcome his infantile religion. It is only an

apparent victory. Within, he remains devout. He has committed innumerable sins. The association of the cretinous person whom he so horribly mistreated serves as the symbol of these sins. In the dream he is good again. He is no longer ashamed before strangers.

This affect needs explanation. In the analysis, this colleague learned to know many of my pupils. Infantile sexuality was openly discussed. The patient had for the first time the courage to speak before others of his "youthful sins." He felt himself saved and saw a new era dawning. The second voice is no longer dissonant; it finds its place in the structure of his character and the polyphony of his thought. The polyphony becomes a harmony.

It is necessary to lay emphasis upon the extraordinary condensation of the dream. The entire development of his sexuality has taken place with A.: A. has become a harmonious individual. Now he has found a second teacher—me. I am the master. I have shown him the universal-human in his errors and pointed out the way to him to overcome also the feeling of guilt of the parapathy. He is now so far on that he can accompany me and sing the second part. The dream shows a strong prospective tendency, while at the same time the retrospective tendency is clearly expressed.

The accompanying has still another meaning. In life he is always seeking a definite situation: a pair with whom he can play the third. He wants to accompany another man. This goes far back into the infantile. It discloses to us the constellation mother, father, son, and still another constellation which appears from his family history. He had in his early years an affair with his sister. He often crept into bed with her and performed coitus with her. One time his brother, about three years older, came into the room just as he lay upon the sister. Without saying a word, the brother left the room. But after a while he returned and had intercourse with the sister, who, sleeping, behaved toward him just as toward the younger brother.

Such experiences impress a lasting mark upon the love life. The patient is always seeking the same situation, a second man whom he can accompany or one who can play this part for

him. Since, however, he is impotent, he cannot carry out these requirements. In the dream he is potent again, and the master bestows upon him a look of satisfaction.

Let us think of this dream as the preparation of a thought that is to be put into words. We see here a series of different affects striving for expression. (All stream toward the narrow neck of the bottle.) The entire dream shows first a euphoric mood, which undoubtedly will force itself through in the thought that is coming to expression. He is clear in himself; he knows that he will conquer his parapathy. He is potent (he can!); he will be my assistant (second part!); I will give him love and show him recognition. Yet in the background of this dream lurks the sense of inferiority. He cannot in fact accompany! There skulks the consciousness of guilt, which brings before his eyes the many hateful deeds of the past, for it is precisely A. which it selects, toward whom in life he feels very inferior. A. can sing the second part gloriously and has overcome his infantilisms, while the patient is still deep in his. And, moreover, he is only a Don Juan of love letters and mental conquests up to the moment when he should show himself a man. But then he is impotent. Nevertheless, it is clear that the euphoric mood will break through when the thought reaches words. The dream might be reduced to this formula: Despite my past, I hope to get well.

I have passed over many, many details in this analysis. I have not mentioned the homosexual attitude toward A., relations to his wife, homosexual relations to his own brother, which are all contained in this dream. Nevertheless, it has taken an apparently simple and harmonious dream form. The analysis would have to reveal still further how this dream arose through the piling of various dream pictures upon one another.

I will break off this analysis. I will some time in another place publish a detailed dream analysis, demonstrate the stratification and condensation, and try to point the analogy to conscious thinking.

Thus I believe that a complicated dream is the forerunner of the process of putting thought into words. Besides, the fate of the verbalization depends upon the strength of the affect,

whereby an affect of suppression is combined with one of release of a thought (law of bipolarity).

I find that most analysts give too much attention in dream analysis to the content and neglect the affect. A proper dream interpretation has to proceed from the affect. The disguise of the affect may vary. But two apparently different dreams can mean the same thing, inasmuch as both serve to express the same affect. The processes of identification and differentiation also are not intellectual but affective ones.

This fact is most evident in two phenomena which have greatly occupied psychologists and so far have been considered puzzling: *déjà vu* (the sense of having already previously experienced a certain thing) and the "feeling of strangeness."

A woman who comes to me for treatment is pursued the whole day long by the sense of strangeness. She asks herself why the world seems so strange to her. She seeks proof of reality. She reads one of Goethe's poems and says to herself: He must have lived; that poem is actual! The first attack appeared in a summer vacation upon a definite path, which seemed to her quite new and altered. Such a state of mind arises, as I have already shown in my book *The Language of the Dream,* in the chapter "The Feeling of Strangeness in Life and in the Dream," if we alter *one* great affect, perhaps the greatest of which we are capable, love. On this road the patient once walked with her husband in the springtime of love. Everything seemed wonderful as in a dream. She will not admit at the present time that her feeling is changed; that she no longer loves her husband, but another, who just now is far away. The relation to the friend is ostensibly merely platonic. Her husband neglects her, remains cold, and ignores her charms, while the "friend" pays court to her and woos her favor. She is almost ready to yield to his solicitations. Nevertheless, she holds stubbornly to the fiction of her great love to her husband. What is the result?

The way seems to her strange because her husband is strange to her, because the lower voices and the counterpoint have been altered.

She goes along this road with the thought: I will still follow this beautiful meadow path with which such happy memories

are bound. She even believes that she detects a warm feeling for her husband. But the polyphony is quite changed. The counterpoint longs to have the "platonic friend" there; the middle voices tell of the faithlessness and the faults of her husband; the warm affect of love, which once made the way appear so beautiful, is wanting. And now this process spreads itself over her entire thinking. The fiction of her love to the husband is maintained; the fiction of a platonic friendship is also conserved; all the contrary voices are repressed into the preconscious. The accords do not sound as of old. The world is changed because her own feeling and her whole thought have changed.

This new situation is still more interesting for the phenomenon of *déjà vu.*

A lawyer returns home from a journey and sees his wife sitting with the children at the table, reading. The sound of the church bells is heard through the window. One child rushes toward him with a cry of joy. At this moment it flashes through him: I have already experienced this! The very same thing; the wife, the children, the church bells, the cry of joy. It was, however, the first time that he had been separated for four weeks from the family. He had never before experienced this reunion. But he knew that the situation could lay claim to a feeling of something secret, concealed. As it were: Oh, how sweet it is to be home again! And now there occur to him a number of scenes which have the same feeling tone: How good it is to be home again! He sees himself coming home as a student; he sees his mother approach him, the dog leaping, and he says to himself: No, it is not the same situation. I was a child at that time. But it is the same feeling.

A similar identification of scenes through the feeling tone may be proved in every case of *déjà vu.* We might express it thus: It has to do with a similar sort of tone and harmony of affect. It is not therefore the scene in question which is the object of identification, but only the affect. It is a matter of the same feeling tones.

Let us return to the starting point of our observations. We shall be able now to comprehend more easily the resistances of many patients. Analysis makes these undertones, the second

parts, audible. They seek for words, strive as it were for expression. He who remains in the analysis at the upper voice will seldom have opportunity to resolve the disharmony. The analyst's art consists in bringing the middle parts to verbal form. It is precisely his task to overcome the resistances and tear down the inhibitions which hitherto have prevented the patient himself from attaining insight. There are things of which one does not speak and things of which one does not think. The analyzed person must learn to think what he does not want to think. In the analysis, the complete polyphony of thought must allow itself to be read like a score. This is attained only if the intuition of the analyst points the way.

The greatest resistances appear when the patient manifests the primordial reactions, which I have discussed in detail in *Peculiarities of Behavior* (Translated by Van Teslaar). I understand by these the primitive attitude of man toward the world about him and the impulses which spring from this primitive attitude. There are a number of reactions, compulsive in character, of which civilized man is no longer conscious. One of these primitive reactions is the testing of another individual upon his sexual valuation, the answer, so to say, to the question, What pleasure can I *seize* from you? Later this active principle changes into the more passive question, What pleasure can you *give* me?

We must conceive of primitive thinking as simple thinking, which roughly corresponds to the thinking of the uninstructed (untrained) animal. Impulse controls, and all thought is devoted to the satisfaction of instinct (hunger and love). Through education and the influence of culture, this upper voice is turned into the lower voice. That which opposes the satisfaction of instinct is looked upon as hostile. The primitive attitude of man is hatred. Love is indeed a cultural product. It is originally directed merely to one's own ego. Every being was primarily narcissistically oriented. This narcissism becomes the source of altruistic feelings. I love you because you provide me with pleasure (love of the infant to mother and nurse). If this pleasure is withdrawn, hate makes itself known (trauma of weaning, the important withdrawal complex, which the Freudians have changed into the castration

complex). The advance of culture depends upon the fact that this love is carried over to a community. The ego finds itself magnified in the community, which becomes the root of nationalism and again permits hatred to be transferred to other associated groups.

The readiness of mankind to hate is extraordinarily great. Jealousy, revengefulness, lust for power, suspicion, and the like are characteristics which have their origin in this disposition to hate, and they reveal the individual in conflict over his feeling of personality; that is, over his right to love himself. Civilization compels us to renounce this tendency to hate and exchange it for a readiness to love, which, as conventional courtesy, as tact, as kindness, takes the feelings of others into consideration. More hypocrisy than truth hides in the relations of mankind to one another. Indeed, these relationships are built upon the capacity for simulation. Such pretense leads finally to hypocrisy for its own sake. The primordial reactions are more and more forced into the background; social forms become automatized and lose their feeling tone. Truth is in most cases forbidden by good manners or is even an offense.

The parapathic behaves with the analyst as he is accustomed to conduct himself in society. He hides his primitive reaction and all thoughts which are painful to him or would be painful to the analyst. But he is instructed to be straightforward. This imperative and also the need for release require a wholly different language from that to which he has been used. He shall no longer dissemble; he shall likewise acknowledge his primitive reactions. He shall give account of his hatred, without which no parapathy comes into being. Hatred forms the counterpoint of the polyphony.

Since childhood a reverse stratification has been taking place; the upper voice has become the bass. The child may manifest his hate. He strikes his father or mother unexpectedly, a blow which the astonished parents cannot understand. He betrays his primitive reaction. He soon learns, however, to conceal this primitive reaction, for he notices that it angers his parents, and he is even punished for it by the withdrawal of their love.

We know, however, that there are conditions in which re-

gression into childhood takes place. I am not speaking of the various forms of psychosexual infantilism, as I have discussed them in detail; I mean the regressions of normal persons. Such a regression occurs in sleep. In sleep man turns back to his childhood. (Freud even affirms that sleep signifies a return to embryonic life.) In sleep there is at once a readjustment of the polyphony. The middle voice and the counterpoint become the upper parts. We have already dwelt upon the fact that man dreams by day as well; that means, that primitive reactions and the suppressed wishes endeavor unceasingly to press forward as images or thoughts and are driven back.

Falling asleep, as I showed in my little book *Der Wille zum Schlaf* [*The Will to Sleep*], corresponds to an active wish. We do not go to sleep because we are tired, but because the unconscious is weary of enduring reality. Where reality has strong pleasurable qualities, it is impossible to fall asleep.[5] Going to sleep is an affective process and rests upon the fact that the affect charge of the dream is stronger than the affect charge (the interest) of the waking world. One may therefore speak of the narcotizing effect of an affect intoxication. To be sure, there is a contradiction to be explained. It is in truth well known that strong affects prevent sleep. We see again a bipolar phenomenon, the investigation of which is very difficult, inasmuch as we know too little of the location of the change of current (sleep center). Evidently a slight affect stimulus excites the center, while an overstrong stimulus is able to produce a paralysis (Verworn's law). There is no doubt that the conditions may be organically explained also on the basis of the close relations between affect and sleep. Perhaps the entire process will be easier to comprehend if we consider it as a constant struggle between dream life and waking life. Dream and consciousness strive for control of the psyche. The dream attempts to gain the ascendancy (symptoms: yawning, giddiness, *petit mal*, absences, and so on). The middle voices and the counterpoint, the opposing voices, want to lead. They are no longer satisfied with the secondary rôle of harmonizing. Suddenly the lower voice springs forward and takes over the conducting of the psychic orchestra, yet without hav-

ing silenced the upper voice. This can be drowned out, but not completely suppressed. That explains the inhibiting influence of morality in the dream.

Various attacks, like fainting, narcolepsy, epilepsy, and the borderland condition which has formerly been designated as hysteria come into existence through an excess of affect and express flight from reality. The affect charge of the middle voices and of the counterpoint become stronger than that of the upper voice. This transition from waking condition to dream seems to be extremely easy. The dream now merely lies in wait for the opportunity to take possession of the brain.

Inasmuch as the dream draws its affective energy from the instinctive life, that is, from the spinal cord, we may formulate this situation as a permanent struggle between spinal cord and brain. Parapathies are in fact the result of this conflict. The spinal cord represents the past, primitive man, the original beast; the brain, the future, civilized man, superman.

The former picture of a working together of all the organs in the human body can no longer be retained. We must conceive of an ever-persisting struggle of cells and of organs. Each organ strives for dominion in the brain. We know how the stomach or the sexual organ expresses itself in terms of desire, but we still know very little as to how the liver and the spleen think. We are familiar with the organ language of the psyche, but not with the psychic language of the organs. It is certain that demands are made by all the organs (muscles, skin, and so on). The polyphony of thought fundamentally considered is a polyphony of the organs, in which brain and spinal cord represent the most important parts, which struggle alternately for leadership, while the other organs are to be looked upon as accompanying them.

The more recent tendency in analysis concerns itself with the psychic cure of organic diseases. Every organic disease is to be compared to a passive resistance of the organ or a complete strike, with the secret intention of obtaining a greater affective charge (attention). Freudians would say the organ thirsts for libido; it wants to be libidinized. The conception of the Freudian school represents the organ as something secondary which merely serves to satisfy the needs of the psyche.

Groddeck, for example, suffers from a goiter because he has a pregnancy fantasy and wants to show to all the world a gravid abdomen. According to my notion, the thyroid is protesting against some sort of neglect or oppression. It emancipates itself from the common social function; it no longer feels itself as a province; it makes itself independent. Neoplasms would be the open revolution of the organs or of the cells within the organ.

We return to reality after this excursion into the fantastic, which perhaps conceals a profound truth. The polyphony of thought draws its energy out of the organs. In the parapathic, the psychic and physical equilibrium is disturbed. Disharmonies make life unbearable for him. He belongs more to the dream than to reality. He hearkens to the middle voices. The purpose of analysis is to uncover the specific polyphonies and to resolve the disharmonies. In this sense, every psychoanalysis is a psychosynthesis.

II

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HATRED AND OF CRUELTY

> Nature is neither good nor bad, neither altruistic nor egoistic. It is a sum of forces each one of which can be brought to yield through a still greater force.
>
> REMY DE GOURMONT.

Poets and philosophers have written many books about love. It forms the nucleus of a religion that controls the universe. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal," writes the apostle to the Corinthians. One would believe that love constitutes the central force of existence, did not a deeper insight into life teach us that hate is the really great motive power of all that happens. There are special reasons why we confess our love and conceal the hatred. Religion, culture, and society demand that we shall be good; that means, that we shall love our neighbor as ourselves (an impossible task). Our "ideal ego" knows only love. We ought to love God even when He punishes us; He bids us refrain from deeds of hatred. But God is merely the projection of our ideal into infinity. He is that which we might be. He is the fulfillment of the impossible. Close to God the Devil reigns. Near the heaven of love, the hell of hate. The Devil as the symbol of evil is also the symbol of hatred. He who hates professes himself the disciple of the Devil. Since every one strives for likeness to God and tends to develop beyond his actual ego to the ideal ego, he *plays* the part of a good man. The hatred is concealed; love is simulated if it is not present. As a result, we see a lying picture of the world, which exaggerates the significance of love and undervalues the importance of hate.

We have taken a long time to grasp the law of bipolarity in its fundamental meaning: There is no love without hate! This principle is still easier to comprehend than its converse: There is no hatred without love.

It is due to the possibility of reversing and displacing the affect that these two facts could remain so long unrecognized. We learned to know the phenomenon of displacement and loading of affect upon a substitute in the earlier volumes of this present work. We saw that there is an "unconscious love." Analytic experience shows how the important phenomena of hate are concealed, and that there is just as much an "unconscious hatred" as an unconscious love. Indeed, we often notice that the hate objects of consciousness serve to conceal the much more important hate objects of the unconscious. Hatred as well as love belongs to life. Love and hate are expressions of the life impulse.

We have hitherto learned to know only love as the expression of the life force. Originally the sexual impulse, it splits into many components, which all have this in common, that they strive for union or separation, whether a physical one or a spiritual. What I love, becomes mine. What I hate, I thrust from me. Hatred seeks ultimately to remove the hated object from the subject who hates. Hate has the relation to love that disgust has toward desire. Disgust is the dread of contact, desire the wish for it.

We may divide our feeling into attractive and repellant. Distrust, suspicion, malice, hostility, antipathy, animosity, resentment, disgust, repugnance, envy, jealousy, hatred, would be examples of the repellant feelings; while sympathy, trust, consideration, compassion, desire, friendship, affection toward, and love belong to the attractive emotions. Therefore love enriches us, while hate impoverishes. ("When I hate," says Schiller, "I take away something from myself; when I love, I am richer by that which I love.")

We must see in hate a phenomenon of self-preservation. Whatever appears hostile or dangerous to our ego is hated. In hate, the sense of personality is struggling for its right to existence. Hate is a reaction of the ego feeling.

I have long ago answered the important question, which is primary in man, love or hate, in favor of hatred; and Freud after long resistance has confirmed this opinion. We must conceive that the life impulse primarily moves toward pleasure. Life would be meaningless if it were not built upon pleasure.

Men are unhappy because they have lost the capacity for permanent pleasure, or, better expressed, the happy feeling of the rhythmic alternation between pleasure and pain. For every pleasure is founded upon the removal of pain as well as upon positive values.

Primitive man must have enjoyed life in this sense as endless pleasure. We have taken over certain years from this prehistoric period of life. The nursling represents for us primitive man with his striving after permanent pleasure. But this uninterrupted delight is an impossible ideal. Pleasure presupposes pain. It creates its greatest strength from the effect of the contrast. Indeed, pain is unconditionally necessary as a contrast effect for the heightening of pleasure. But inasmuch as the child has as yet no philosophical training and knows nothing of the value of pain for enhancing pleasure, he reacts to everything painful with hatred. The first pain awakes the first hate. The child at first loves only himself. But he learns to love the individuals who afford him pleasure. He instinctively hates all those who are hindrances in the way of his satisfactions. The withdrawal of the pleasure becomes pain. (Withdrawal of the breast awakens hunger, and hunger causes distress.) The child very early learns the mechanism of projection. He wishes all his displeasure upon others, all pleasure upon himself. "The pleasure for me and the pain for you!" is the first formula. Or still more plainly, "For me the love, for you the hate!"

The child therefore confonts the world with hostility. Slowly the mother wins the love of the child. But everything strange frightens him. The stranger is an enemy. Anxiety is fear of the pain which the stranger may cause him. The mother becomes a part of the ego. It is much more difficult for the father to gain the child's love. He has to employ small artificial means, while the mother, nourishing him and caring for him, is looked upon as the source of pleasure. The father dances him, rocks him, sings, thinks up all sorts of games, and is gradually fitted into the ego complex. Thus the family becomes the school of love.

Soon, however, the child notices that outside influences disturb him in his striving for pleasure. There is the strange woman who calls the mother away from the cradle. The

father, too, is felt as a disturber of the peace and later the children who follow, the wicked rivals, who then also lay claim to the love objects.

At this time the child manifests that attitude toward life which I have described in *Peculiarities of Behavior* as belonging to the primordial reactions. It behaves like primitive man. Its reactions are primitive. Primitive man likewise hates whatever opposes his will to pleasure and power. Hate is the will to power and love the will to submission. While the will to power is inborn, the will to subjection seems to us a product of culture: in truth, it is perhaps the first and most important requirement for culture. Culture and social feeling presuppose the submission of the individual to the common weal.

As is known, I consider parapathics phenomena of reversion. They manifest the instinctive life of the past. The further back the reversion goes, the more pronounced is the attitude of hate and the less the capacity for love. In marked forms of degeneration, which however are no longer to be considered as parapathy, the ability to love is totally wanting. These forms are in consequence asocial, for love is the fundamental condition for the social feeling, which radiates from the family to the larger associations. To be able to obey signifies already a higher form of primitive man. It implies a renunciation of one's own. Education and culture are the control of the other over one's own. The outsider is primarily hated and repulsed. Not until we incorporate the strange into ourselves, make it a part of our ego, can we love it. Only then does submission lose its depressive character, for it represents something voluntary; that is, something of one's own. The whole problem of education rests upon the neutralizing of hatred toward what is without and the incorporation of the latter by the child as his own. Therefore not only external knowledge, but conscience from without, becomes a part of the child. Conscience is the endopsychic perception of hatred, felt as guilt, valued according to the morals of others, a victory of the external over one's own.

Every child at first defends himself against conscience and seeks to overcome it by the means at his disposal. He stands in fact *beyond* good and evil; he knows no sin. Sin is the

offspring of hate. Without implanted conscience, the child would not adjust himself to the laws of civilization. It is the sense of guilt that bows the neck of the independent. The feeling of guilt arises through the endopsychic perception of hatred and its psychic configuration. Every hatred is deadly, says Swoboda. And death wishes are the first source of the consciousness of guilt. An inversion of the hatred comes about through this sense of guilt: the hatred directs itself against one's own ego. The formula, "For me the pleasure, for you the pain!" is then reversed: "For me the pain, for you the pleasure." But there is a psychic law of conversion of pain into pleasure. Man is like King Midas, for whom everything was changed to gold. Every displeasure under certain circumstances may become pleasure, if it enters into association with the sexual impulse. I will speak later of the physiological side of this phenomenon. The fact as such is indisputable. Pleasure and pain, love and suffering, are inseparably bound together.

The formula, "For me the pain, for you the pleasure!" expresses the uttermost consequence of likeness to God. It finds its most beautiful representation in the Christ legend, in the moving figure of the Savior who redeems man by his own pains and wins for him "eternal bliss"; that is, everlasting pleasure. It is significant that Christ created the religion of "love for one's neighbor," which Moses had already wished to inaugurate. It was a magnificent attempt to overcome the dominion of hate (Satan's) and found the kingdom of love. But this love sets itself in opposition to Eros. It does not offer like the religion of Mohammed sensual gratification upon earth *and* in heaven. It demands the suppression of Eros that a higher, spiritual love may be attained.

Eros is the expression of the life impulse. To fulfill the commands of Christ implies renunciation of Eros. (We recall Nietzsche's words: "Christianity gave Eros poison to drink; Eros was corrupted thereby and became sin.") Every suppression of Eros awakens displeasure, and displeasure in turn creates hatred. The unhappy *hates* him who is happy. The happy *pities* the unhappy.

The religion of love to one's neighbor inevitably came to

grief upon this splitting of love into its two components, spiritual and physical; the first of which was virtue, the second sin, in so far as it could not fulfill its exalted mission, the overcoming of hatred. It led men to deny themselves and to suffer; it gave them pleasure in suffering. Those who suffer become cruel. They envy others the feeling of happiness in life. It builds up a new, secret formula: "Pain for me and pain for you." Man must become cruel, for he suffers for others. This is the meaning of the conception of savior. In order that man shall become social, that a sense of community shall be developed, every individual must nail himself to the cross of culture; that is, have firm control of his instincts, express them in culturally permitted paths.

We come to the problem of cruelty. One often hears that man is by nature cruel, and observations of life and especially experiences in the nursery seem to confirm this opinion. And yet, I can conceive that primitive man was not cruel!

For cruelty, there must be the consciousness of cruelty, joy in another's hurt, delight in a sense of power over another's life.

The happy person is satisfied. On this ground, legend permits wild beasts and men to live together in peace in Paradise. There is no hatred, no thirst for blood, no joy in another's pain. We cannot form a picture of this primitive era. For even the savage of our time is already a cultural product. To cruelty belongs the pleasure in cruelty. Primitive man killed that which was a barrier to his ends and set itself in opposition to his pleasure. He was merciless when it was a matter of his life and his gratification. But he was as little cruel as is the beast of prey which tears to pieces its victim and drinks its blood. The beast of prey is not cruel looked at from the perspective of the beast of prey. It becomes cruel if we anthropomorphize its action.

Cruelty was originally a necessity in the struggle for existence. We also feel only those actions as cruel in which sacrifice is offered to the satisfaction in another's hurt. Who concerns himself that millions of children of the proletariat perish for want of food and because of bad hygienic conditions?

Genuine cruelty is joy in another's pain, and this conscious cruelty is unconditionally a product of civilization. Our primitives are cultural beings upon a lower level. They have their own sort of conscience, but a very sensitive one, as Freud has shown in that work of his genius, *Totem and Taboo.*

The pleasure in cruelty manifested by civilized man arises from his egocentric point of view. It is really a form of malice. It corresponds to the original formula: "The pleasure for me and the pain for you." All displeasure is granted to other people, if only we may be spared. Only the martyr takes another's pain upon himself; to be sure, because the consciousness of this affords him pleasure. He is a pathological character and already belongs in the field of sexual pathology.

Dostoevski calls attention to the fact that the noblest of us feels joy in hearing of the misfortune of another. It is a case of the egoistic reflex of the primitive reaction: "Thank God that the ill fortune did not strike me!" We are bound to react first according to the law: "For me the pleasure, for you the pain," and we recall ourselves only with an effort to the ethical demand.

Our reaction to the hurt of another may be of four sorts:

1. Another's pain leaves us indifferent.
2. It awakens compassion in us.
3. It allows us to feel malicious pleasure.
4. It creates in us a feeling of sexual satisfaction.

The first of these four reactions is the rarest and on the whole questionable. Folk sense identifies the indifferent with the cruel and egoistic. The indifferent person frequently conceals his pleasurably toned attitude. The pleasure-toned attitude varies from slightly indicated pleasure to the orgasm. Compassion represents the sublimated form of pleasure. It signifies a feeling of oneself into the place of the sufferer. The sympathetic person identifies himself with the object of compassion and experiences its pains as if they were his own. Behind the suffering of pity, malicious pleasure is frequently concealed. The tones of pleasure in another's pain lie therefore in the polyphony of feeling deeply below the melody of compassion.

We must consider that two eternal forces control man's

psychic life: hate and love; or, better expressed, the life impulse and the death impulse. The life impulse serves the preservation of the ego; the death impulse is directed outwardly and sets itself against the other and, only by total suppression of the life impulse, against one's own ego. In my book *Die Traüme der Dichter* [*The Dreams of Artists*], I described two offshoots of these impulses, the creative impulse and the destructive impulse. Hatred is not the expression merely of the life instinct. It represents also the death impulse. I hate you because you threaten my ego. Love as the representative of the life impulse strives to neutralize hate. But the iron law of self-preservation compels us to hate where we love, if the ego falls into the danger of losing its independence and of experiencing pain instead of pleasure.

Our need to hate is just as great as our need to love.

As there is no one that can live without love, so there is also no being who can live without hate. An individual can apparently lose his ability to love as well as his ability to hate; then we have a parapathy. Analysis in such cases is able regularly to demonstrate that the affects in the unconscious are fixed upon an object, and the censorship of the entire consciousness prevents these affects from forcing their way into the light of consciousness.

One who loves finds it most difficult to accept the fact that hate is the negative expression of love. He makes use of all sorts of devices to conceal this fact from himself. He rationalizes his hate through jealousy. Although no ground for jealousy exists, it is so hypothetically constructed that it gives opportunity in the fantasies that ensue to discharge the hatred.

The scapegoat of the ancient Jews is a beautiful symbol for the projection of the feelings of guilt and hatred upon an innocent object. We find in analysis innumerable scapegoats destined to serve as objects of hate and to conceal the hatred toward the real object. It is well known that a married man displaces the hatred toward his wife upon her family and especially upon his mother-in-law. (A familiar Slavic proverb says, "He who loves his wife, loves his mother-in-law, too.") Sometimes a neighbor woman, a domestic servant, a dog, is selected as the substitute object. These objects have some

peculiarity in common with the real hate object, which makes possible the identification. Usually they enjoy the sympathy of the truly hated person.

Wives often see in jealousy a sign of love and assume in the absence of jealousy a lack of love. Conditions are not so simple.[1] Jealousy and envy spring from a primitive reaction. The original attitude was, I may have everything for myself alone. Then later the desire to possess something entirely was displaced upon the sexual partner. Jealousy permits the person who loves to discharge the hate components which would otherwise be unbearable.

Love is a resultant of two forces: on the one hand, the *will to power* and the *will to submission;* on the other, the sexual impulse. It depends upon the mingling of the two elements whether hatred can break through or not. The person in love loves the whole world with the exception of those forces which hinder him from reaching his sexual goal. It may be that his sense of happiness is so great because he loves the entire world ("I could embrace the whole world"; "This kiss for the entire world"), because he can be good and feels himself free from hatred. Only with jealousy does hate in this situation attain to a pathological degree and drive its subject to crime and deeds of violence. The lover may be jealous of the dog which his beloved caresses, the piano to which she devotes so many hours, the chair which is permitted contact with her body.

If hatred is long suppressed, the inner tension must increase and the damming of affect leads to an explosive discharge of affect. It breaks out on trivial occasions. Scenes arise; hard words are uttered; there are even blows—but after the explosion of hatred reconciliation ensues, and that is most lovely, declare the participants in the strife. Each member seeks to anoint with healing balm the wounds he or she has caused, to speak words of love and take back the evil ones that have been uttered. The love is more beautiful and sweeter after the discharge of hate ("storms clear the air").

The need to hate is quite universal. Great men (Freud!) have confessed that they must always have a friend to love and a foe whom they may hate (sometimes friend and foe in one person). The necessity for hate chooses the most varied dis-

guises. Now it is ethics, now æsthetics, now religion or politics, nationality, which must furnish the pretext. Entire classes are hated; races like the Jews or negroes; even whole nations, French, German, English.

Individual hatred is always something disturbing. It is in opposition to the command to love one's neighbor. So it is displaced upon something great. Hatred toward the near one takes the form of social hatred. Now such hate can rage unrestrained because it is rationalized and ethically motivated. One hates not from egoistic reasons. It is hatred for the sake of one's country, one's class, one's religion, and so on.[2] Social hatred, group hate, is a phenomenon which can be understood solely as the displacement of an individual, upon a social, problem. If mankind were happy, there would be no wars. Furthermore, many outlets for hate have been closed. Formerly man cursed. Duels, brawls, were the order of the day. There were many occasions for him to abreact his hatred and cruelty. The advance of civilization made it necessary to suppress the impulses of hate. The obligations of humanity rest heavily upon mankind, which is not yet sufficiently humanized to be actually human within, from conviction. Humanity is frequently only the overcompensation of a parapathically repressed cruelty.[3] To be long deprived of hating makes one hate-hungry.

If hatred is held back for a long time, it results in explosions of hate, such as we have experienced in the lamentable World War, where love to the fatherland permitted the cruelest deeds toward the "enemy." I need only refer to the frequency in this war with which the beast in man appeared, when all the voices of humanity were drowned out. The flood of hate has not yet ebbed. We feel its effects and comfort ourselves with the thought that surely the era of love to man and to one's neighbor will come as a reaction. One need not expect that I am going to introduce here a list of horrors such as those at which we shuddered during the war. But we have received fresh confirmation of the old truth that there is no hatred which is not cruel.

Cruelty is the expression of hate and of the will to power. There is no cruelty which is not toned with sexual pleasure.

Where this component is absent, the cruel action is wanting. Man is cruel for the sake of the pleasure which the barbarous act produces.

Who would deny that the need for the expression of savagery has increased rather than diminished? Our epoch, which likes to call itself an epoch of humanity, is in truth one of barbarousness. What do we see if we look at art, politics, life? Coarse, atavistic impulses awakened to new power; everywhere joy in the repulsive, ugly, common.

Books which treat of horrible themes (H. H. Ever's *Alraune* [*Alruna*], Mirbeau's *Jardin des Supplices* [*Garden of Tortures*], and many modern novels) have the greatest success, reach the stage, and are filmed. People crowd everywhere where there is something gruesome to be seen (publicity of murder trials). It is really no better than in the Middle Ages, when public executions were a favorite spectacle. Bull fights are becoming popular even outside of Spain, and in the centers of civilized countries bloody boxing matches are fought daily.[4]

To cruelty belongs the pleasure in another's pain and another's suffering. The child is not actually cruel from the start, because he has not the consciousness of cruelty. He delights merely in proving his power over smaller objects. He brings with him into the world that bit of cruelty which may be reduced to the formula, "The pleasure for me, the pain for you." Then gradually from this formula comes a second one, which reads: "Your pain is my pleasure."

The period of cruelty in the child passes away quickly if he is not systematically trained in this trait. Fairy tales, which certainly represent a heaping up of the most frightful deeds, correspond to the child's need for the barbarous. From many of these tales there proceeds a determining force influencing the whole life. Yet these tales plainly satisfy a pressing need. The more gruesome the better. ("The children like to hear it.") The cruelty is soon turned to compassion. The infantile cruelty remains only through bad training and through the influence of the environment. He who sows hate reaps hate. Normal children who are brought up with love, but not too much love, will retain merely that amount of hate which is indispensable even to civilized man. Children rich in affect,

who early suffer the tortures of jealousy and slight, become parapathic and suffer from hate parapathies.

We find in fairy tales and myths a deposit of primitive attitudes toward the horrible and cruel, and so also may we see in *superstition* a petrifaction of belief that once existed. Superstition constitutes an inexhaustible mine for every investigator who, in the stirring activity of the present, is unwilling to lose connection with the past. Just as fossilized prehistoric animals help us at the present time to explain the connection between the highest and lowest stages in the evolution of man, so the often very ancient conceptions preserved in the folk consciousness throw many a surprising beam of light upon feeling and thought of today. Every superstition has arisen from a belief, and just as the truth of yesterday is the falsehood of today, so the truth of a former period is reflected again in the ideas retained by the folk, distorted in form through tradition and transformation.

Superstition shows us man in his most barbarous aspect.

Nessel reports in Gross's *Archiv,* Vol. V, p. 207, that a child murder remains concealed if the mother's breast and genitals are touched with a severed portion of the child's body. He describes also the case of a young married woman who cut off the right arm of the child she had murdered. Many other examples would show us further how great a rôle cruelty plays in superstition.[5] I might in this connection mention the various religious sects, as Friedmann[6] especially has described them. The frightful sects, such as the "Morel stschiki" in Siberia, the members of which mutually stabbed one another in multitudes in order to offer themselves completely to God; various murders in honor of God; the walling in of living men, may all be read of in this author.

Religion and cruelty, as is well known, manifest close relation to each other, which is particularly evident in the Russian sects. Masochistic and sadistic motives are frequently mixed. The flagellants may also sometimes perform sadistic acts. I mention as proof of this the example of the Russian "scourgers." The sect of the scourgers lived under the strict rules of asceticism. They neither drank wine nor touched women. Husband and wife had to live like brother and sister. The doctrine must be kept secret from strangers.

Every community had its Christ who had become human and its Madonna. Paul Melnikof (*The White Dove. The Russian Messenger,* 1869) relates of their communion feast:

At their gathering together, the scourgers choose a young girl and explain to her that she is the mother of God; the congregation desire to partake of the communion with her body and that of the Savior whom she will bear. If the girl agrees, she is undressed and set upon the place of honor. Those present worship her as a mother of God, and at the close there is prayer and the orgy begins. In case the virgin becomes pregnant, the congregation assembles anew, the girl is disrobed and placed in a cask, which is filled with water. Thereupon her left breast is cut away and the gaping wound burned with glowing iron. The severed breast is divided into small disks, which the scourgers devour. Later, when the God mother gives birth to a boy, the latter is stabbed and his blood drunk at the communion feast. The body is dried and pounded to dust. This gruesome powder is scattered in the bread dough and baked; the bread which is obtained in this manner takes the place at the feast of the body of Christ.

The union of religion and cruelty, which can be demonstrated in the religious rites of all peoples, and times suggests the common root of infantilism. Group psychology furnishes the most beautiful examples for our investigation. Le Bon has rightly brought to attention that the group mind corresponds to the mind of the primitive and the child. In belonging to an organized group, man sinks several degrees upon the scale of civilization. Freud, too, in his book *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* [7] starts with Le Bon's portrayal of the group psyche and lays stress upon the fascination of the group by a leader. This fascination is, like hypnosis, a lightninglike falling in love, which rests upon identification with the leader. The leader is an "imago" of the father. In the end, Freud comes back to his favorite theme, the primal horde. As we know, he starts with the point of view that in the primal horde the sons have slain the father. (A point of view which I cannot share. I believe that the fathers of the primal horde would already have put aside the sons.) The leader is the father and

the horde is bipolar in its attitude toward him. The group replaces the ego ideal by an object, just as in hypnosis. "Both states," says Freud, "hypnosis and group formation, are an inherited deposit from the phylogenesis of the human libido—hypnosis in the form of a predisposition, and the group, besides this, is a direct survival."

The most important thing in my opinion in judging the group mind is the regression to the primal reactions.

The group manifests the primitive reactions because it regresses to the psyche of primitive man, as I have described it in *Peculiarities of Behavior*. The most important principle of group psychology reads:

The group sinks to the standpoint of the lowest member in it. It is leveled downward.

It is easier to cause a group to sink than it is to raise it. The one who stands lowest reveals the most primitive reactions. For this reason the group always becomes cruel, even if it performs its barbarousness in the service of a higher idea. But this higher idea is of use only to rationalize the cruelty. Le Bon points out that the *racial unconscious* appears and the *heterogeneous* is lost in the *homogeneous*.[8]

Civilization rests upon the fiction that the other person is better than ourselves. We do not want ethically to lag behind the other person. If we see, however, that he has the courage to give way to his lower impulses, we lose the shame and fear of consequences. The feeling of responsibility disappears in the group; the feeling of power is enormously increased. The individual multiplies his ego through the multitude of individuals with whom he is acting. The feeling of inferiority is gone, and a sense of indomitable might takes its place (Le Bon). The individual becomes an automaton that follows the leader. The primitive original reaction manifests itself in cruelty.

I need bring no examples. Any one who has studied the daily history of group movements during and after the war will agree with me when I say that in general the sadistic traits, the tendency to barbarousness, the impulse to destroy, manifest themselves in a manner that is senseless, brutal, scornful of every cultural achievement.

The influence of the leader is overestimated. The group frequently has no leader. It is merely that some one has been the first to awaken the impulse and set the example. Then the brutal, senseless urge to destroy appears with special clearness. Observation of the group mind reveals with indisputable force the sadistic tendency of mankind. Cruelty lies in the human psyche like a chained beast, ready to spring. A thin veneer of civilization conceals the atavistic instincts.

Lessing rightly asserts that nothing is more rapid than the transition from good to evil. The tempter finds his strongest confederates in our breast. Neither cinema nor sensational literature could exercise such dire influence upon our youth, were not this tendency to regression present.

The case, reported by Weimann, of a young sadist who played the part of an Indian furnishes an instructive example of such a regression to the life of the savage.

"In August, 1921, a young girl of ten years old was missing in Jena. She had been seen last with a twenty-year-old workman, Willy Wenzel. He was one of the leaders in the young people's communistic societies of Jena, and was a great favorite among the other members of the organization. He was of a peculiar personality, *small, undersized, was quite lame because of a former hip disease,* and had long, flowing blond hair. He was called among his wandering companions 'handsome Willy.' He was known to the police through the receiving of stolen goods in an important robbery, but especially because in recent years quite a number of persons, male and female, had disappeared in Jena without a trace, all of whom had been in close relation with him. When it was known that the ten-year-old girl had disappeared, Willy was at once apprehended. At first he denied everything. Later he confessed that he had murdered five persons in the last few years. He had buried the bodies near his plot of ground, where they were also found. It may be mentioned that at the disinterment he looked on indifferently, smoking and eating an apple, but when attacked by the public showed great fear. The psychological unraveling of the case is made more difficult through Willy's suicide in prison, yet could be accomplished to a certain degree through the conditions of the bodies and the testimony he left behind him.

"Examination of his victims yielded horrible details. Search

through the bit of mountain property belonging to the murderer brought important discoveries, which threw further light upon the murders. There was an entrance into an arched rocky cavern, two meters long and high and one and one-half meters broad, from the floor of a rabbit hutch through a trapdoor and a subterranean passage. A bench had been placed at one wall. In the middle stood a coffinlike chest. The cover of the latter had been newly washed; the bottom was soaked with fresh blood. Besides, there were found in the vault rusty hairpins and picklocks, as well as an empty cartridge, which fitted the bullet wound found in the skull of one of the victims. It was concluded from this discovery that all the victims had been murdered in this underground cavern so well fitted for the purpose. The other rooms occupied by Willy resembled an Indian encampment. The walls were hung thick with all sorts of weapons and equipment such as Indians use. There were found also a complete arsenal of military weapons and great quantities of ammunition. Fantastic pictures hung everywhere, chiefly sadistic and brutal scenes from Indian life, animal fights and gladiatorial contests, persecutions of Christians, and so on.

"Similar also were two large collections of pictures which Willy had. Each one contained at the beginning Willy's own photographs, representing him with an energetic expression of countenance. The scenes were in part taken from nature and from the trips of the young people's club, in part they were postcards presenting sadistic or isolated erotic subjects. There were moreover a large number of remarkable photographs of groups which he himself had got up with a crowd of friends, mostly cruel and sadistic scenes from Indian life. All the participants were hung with a number of weapons. Some were crashing through the thicket with wild demeanor and weapons raised, or one of the performers was fastened naked to a bench or a tree as a victim. The others were surrounding him, likewise half naked, screaming and ready to plunge their knives into him. Willy plays the chief part in these pictures; he always stands in the foreground, so that he overtops the others and can be particularly well seen; he tries through acting, through posture and straining of the muscles, to create as forceful and brutal an impression as possible. He was honored by his friends, mostly younger than he, as 'Chief Bosko.' The staging of the sadistic photographic scenes shows how these individuals were completely taken up with their ideas. Even their letters, all written in Indian

style and some of them, besides, exceedingly foolish, reveal this very plainly. Thus one of his friends wrote from a flying station the following letter, which we give in abbreviated form: 'Great Chief Bosko! At last the White Beaver is writing to his friend. Yes, indeed, the White Beaver has passed through bad holidays. . . . And the time has come again that the White Beaver will be with his red brothers and share all his dangers with them. And he says to his brothers that they must not give up even though two of their warriors strive for naught and again for naught with the palefaces. . . . For this is the time when the desire of the hunt awakens in the hearts of the red brothers. . . . With the white dogs there awakens in me, too, the Wanderlust. . . . The White Beaver closes with the hope of being once more with his red brothers and under the command of the great chief to roam the forests,' etc.

"Willy's diary was found also, which belonged to his youth up to his seventeenth year. It shows that the love of nature and the delight in the horrible which later completely dominated his life were already strongly marked in him in his earliest youth and greatly increased by the influence of his father, who was similarly inclined. It is natural that these traits allowed him to find pleasure in Indian life, where he could gratify them to his heart's content. Normally this leaning toward the life of the Indian, which is evident in many boys, would have disappeared in puberty and given place to other interests. This did not happen in him; rather the tendency not only persisted beyond puberty, but so increased that Willy in the end led entirely the life of savages and worked at his trade merely to defray the expenses of his favorite pursuits.

"We see in Willy characteristics already pronounced in childhood continuing after puberty and determining his further course in life. It is striking that in any case these peculiarities should be so strong later and control his whole life, suppressing everything else. It can probably be explained only on the basis of a decided mental weakness present in him, which was evident otherwise in his childish attitude toward his work and his heightened sense of personality in the rôle of Indian chief.

"The atavistic element also, emphasized by Kraepelin, persisting since the dawn of humanity, characterized by the instinctive and the absence of every restraint, is very clearly marked in the association of sexual cruelty, sadism, with the delight in savage life, especially that of the Indian.

"Characteristics of the child, cruelty, roughness, lack of pity,

which normally disappear during puberty, remain in abnormal persons, become strengthened, and may dominate the entire affective life. Kraepelin sees in cruelty in the sexual sphere, especially sadism, a form of atavism, an appearance of ancient traits present in our original ancestors, which in these psychopathic individuals, retarded otherwise also in their psychic development, become manifest in the absence of normal inhibiting mechanisms."

This case shows us in plastic and frightful clearness the influence of the leader upon a group of persons. It has to do with the cruel romanticism of Indian life. The case affords an interesting contribution to the psychology of the leader. Willy is represented as undersized and lame as the result of an old hip disease. The cripple's feeling of inferiority is overcompensated through the leader's ecstasy of power. His hatred is that of the malformed toward the normal. I have repeatedly been able to demonstrate the persistence of the original sadistic disposition in those who are crippled or otherwise harshly treated by nature. (Why must it be I that am so deformed?) Shakespeare shows himself a master in permitting the monster Richard III to be malformed:

> "And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
> To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
> I am determined to prove a villain,
> And hate the idle pleasures of these days."

Other social epidemics, also, which proceed with emphasis upon hate, cruelty, impulse to destroy, show regression to the past. Beautiful examples are those of the Fascists, who go back about 2,000 years, and the American secret society, the Ku Klux Klan, which has again introduced the medieval free tribunals (*Vehmgerichte*). Not to speak of other examples. *Exempla sunt odiosa.* Political murder and the part played by psychopathic inferiorities may be observed everywhere, which of course does not exclude the fact that important and normal persons join the movements and use them for their own purposes.

The brutality of pathologic individuals is to be understood merely as a persistence or breaking through of the primitive

disposition common to all men. Psychopathic inferiorities are hindrances to development or regressions. The normal person, however, covers over or sublimates his infantile cruelty; he adapts himself to the demands of civilization; yet inwardly he remains cruel.

I should have to repeat what is already known, if I wanted to discuss the cruelty of normal man.

If normal man is endowed by nature with a portion of cruelty, we can understand that under particular circumstances and in those who have received a stronger instinctive life as a reversionary phenomenon, this cruelty may show itself as morbid symptoms. This accounts for the fact emphasized by many investigators (Krafft-Ebing, Eulenburg, Havelock Ellis, Moll, and others) that the normal sex impulse is always bound with a more or less prominent brutal element. We shall not wonder at this if we keep before our eyes that love and hate are the expression of one and the same impulse, and that between partners there is a constant strife between will to power and will to submission. I am not talking of the struggle between the sexes, since the brutal impulses appear among partners of the same sex; and in fact they are not rare, as I have pointed out in Vol. II, third edition, Chap. XII, "Homosexuality and Sadism."

This is not the place to discuss the relationship between sensual pleasure and cruelty. It is fully described in the books mentioned. The fact of love-biting alone suffices to suggest the connection.

We must, it is true, consider that these efforts to squeeze, to pinch, to crush, to bite, the partner are not to be explained merely by the desire to make him feel our power and strength and to cause him pain. It must be remembered that where there is strong affective discharge pain is not felt as pain. Those who are violently angry injure themselves and do not notice it. Wounded soldiers report similar phenomena, if the wounds have been given in the stage of affective excitement. Many cruelties in love play have to do with strong stimuli, for the milder ones are not perceived. The art of love of the East Indians makes use of a variety of attacks (for example, using the nails upon the breasts and nipples), which only serve to in-

crease the pleasure, where gentle stimuli in the height of the excitement would not come to consciousness.

Pain is not felt as pain in affective tension, but as nervous stimulus.

We know also that pain and pleasure use the same pathways. The same stimulus which creates pleasure (stroking), if increased, causes pain (blows).[9] The affective excitement changes the character of the pain and transforms it to pleasure. Every one that has had a tooth drawn can affirm that there are moments when the pain becomes pleasure or is not to be distinguished from pleasure. This phenomenon occurs, it is true, only when inner excitement makes this alteration possible.

We come now to the nucleus of the problem. What are we to understand by sadism and masochism, the two hate parapathies, the presentation of which forms the content of this book?

Sadism and its polar complement, masochism, are not unknown to the readers of this work. We have entered deeply into the discussion of them in the preceding volumes; and in every case of a parapathy we were able to prove the sadistic component, that is, hatred, as also a driving motive, as well as the transformation of this hatred into a consciousness of guilt, suffering as self-punishment. I refer to the Christ parapathy, just to mention one example, in which the suffering of the parapathy was shown to be an overcompensation for an original sadistic attitude. (What sort of strong hatred must a prophet have had at the beginning to have founded at last a religion of love for mankind!) But there is a difference between sadomasochistic traits in a disease picture and the domination of the same through the complex mentioned. In so far as the parapathies represent regressions into the infantile, they must naturally possess also the sadistic trends which are in general characteristic of childhood.

Sadism and masochism are not peculiar paraphilias: they are only a definite form of psychosexual infantilism. They have very much in common with those special fictions which I have described as fetishism, and they lead logically to obsessive parapathy, which represents the exquisite type of a hate parapathy. To be sure, in obsessive parapathy the original sadism

and also its reaction formation, masochism, are so overgrown with parapathic symptoms that only through analysis can the action of hatred and of conscience behind the strange manifestations be demonstrated.

We shall therefore scarcely find an uncomplicated case of sadism or masochism. We must be prepared to discover various parts of the psychosexual infantilism, sometimes almost the entire program: homosexuality, anal and urinary sexuality, narcissism, zoöphilia, and so on.

Analytic experience shows that the true cases of sadomasochism are in so far like fetishism that the end result represents a flight from normal sexual relationship.

If sexual intercourse takes place at the end of the sadomasochistic procedure, it is indeed an exception. There are intermediate stages and transition states, as we were able to confirm in fetishism, too. But in all cases a plainly ascetic tendency could be proved, which permitted as the only exception intercourse with prostitutes, but excluded the respectable woman from the system of reality, while fantasy played freely about her.

I understand therefore under sadism a paraphilia in which the will to power is sexually accentuated.

Masochism is the paraphilia in which the will to submission is sexually accentuated.

Both paraphilias are the expression of a sexual infantilism and serve for the escape from normal sexual relationships and the masking of ascetic tendencies.

These ascetic tendencies arise from a strong religiousness, which may manifest itself in part positively as faith or negatively as blasphemy and hatred of God; of which de Sade, for example, was a notable instance. I see no ground for relinquishing the name which has been introduced. Schrenk-Notzing's proposal to call it *algolagnia* does not exhaust the nature of the disease. There are countless masochists who obtain pleasure only from the feeling of debasement, and on the other hand sadists who with feelings of satisfaction fantasy the partner in a humiliating situation without causing him physical pain. Nor do the other names fit the nature of the disorder. At the most, we might accept the German expres-

sions *power parapathy* (pain parapathy) and *subjection parapathy*. The Freudian school has shown the connection of sadism with anal sexuality (Sadger with increased erotism of skin, muscles, and mucous membrane) and the castration complex. It is naturally to be understood that anal sexuality will be demonstrable in every case of psychosexual infantilism and more or less prominent castration wishes in every case of sadism. They belong to the picture of infantilism and have no causal connection with sadism; they are not a determining force.

We may mention here, likewise, the original work of Federn.[10] He rightly separates the ideas "feminine" and "masochistic" as well as "passive" and "masochistic." One has the right to speak of masochism if sexual pleasure is procured from a non-sexual experience. In the same manner sadism distinguishes itself from the active sexual component through the displacement of the source of sexual satisfaction from sexual practice to aggression. Seizing for possession and inflicting pain are objects for the self. And now comes the leap into the organic! Sadistic impulses arise through the unconscious transformation of infantile feelings of tension without object in the penis —as a functional symbol in Silberer's sense, so that sadism according to Federn is a functional, somatic, and material phenomenon. The sadistic sexual feeling manifests itself as sexual excitement in the penis toward the glans; in the masochist, the surface of the penis is anæsthetic; the masochistic excitement is localized chiefly in the perineum. The libido theory naturally belongs here. The libido of the masochist is passively directed, that of the sadist actively. Federn stresses the fact that this has to do with the precipitancy of a partial impulse. In masochism the passive partial impulses seize the primacy.

Freud on the other hand lays stress upon the erogenous zones of the skin, which is confirmed by Ferenczi, who grants the "genitalizing" of the skin covering, so that the original primal masochism, that is, the infantile skin masochism, is revived.

Both authors, Federn and Ferenczi, make the mistake of assuming a primary masochism; while Freud starts from a pri-

mary sadism, which becomes masochism as the result of a feeling of guilt, in which he approaches my point of view.

Before we throw more light upon the nature of activity and passivity, we must occupy ourselves with the most important problem of the material discussed. This is the problem of the *resistance.*

III

THE THEORY OF THE RESISTANCE

> A man distinguishes himself in life only as he controls the character which nature has given him or as he creates one for himself by education and knowing how to modify it in accordance with the obstacles which he encounters.
>
> NAPOLEON.

There are two types in human life, which are usually called the active and the passive, or, in reliance schematically upon the prominent psychic sexual characteristics, are designated the masculine and the feminine. They distinguish themselves merely through the manner in which they react to resistances. Hindrances stimulate the one and dishearten the other. The former always or most often seeks the object of the greatest resistance, the other follows the law of least resistance. To take just one example: There is a Don Juan of deeds, whom only the very greatest opposition can rouse: the honorable, unapproachable woman, the protected virgin, the chaste one, who has never yet yielded to temptation. The Don Juan of fantasy turns to the prostitute, whom he can purchase and need not win. The problem of resistance with the latter is in practice quite excluded. Such a person may act in the same way in other affairs. We say then he is not of a fighting, aggressive nature; he fears disgrace and humiliation. Experience shows that the second type also has to battle with resistances. Before he goes to a prostitute, he must wage violent conflict, as we will show in a very beautiful example of a masochist. He has displaced the obstacles within. Possibly, an equal amount of aggressiveness is common to all people. One is able to employ it externally toward the world, another only against himself.

No psychologist has so favorable an opportunity to observe the resistance and its laws as the analyst. The secret of our success consists in the overcoming of the resistances. That analyst has the best results who understands how to remove the resistances most quickly and thoroughly. The resistance

is only a polar symptom of a particular phenomenon, which Freud has called the "transference." The patient falls in love with the physician. We know what that means. Love is the will to submission. He is therefore ready to subject himself to the doctor; that is, to give up his resistances. Only one who loves knows no resistance. The secret of the transference lies in the formula: "Toward you I may not have any resistance!"

Now experience shows that this transference very soon becomes the source of resistance. Love is only a seeking for love in return, *"Do, ut des"* ("I give, that thou shalt give.") If the patient notices that love is not given in return or that it has not reached that degree which he expected, defiance enters in place of the love, which in turn manifests itself as active resistance. Adler has remarked that the parapathic reacts with obstinacy or with obedience. Often both forms of reaction are combined to make the picture still more confused. An intense, unyielding stubbornness hides beneath an apparent obedience (the patient brings a vast number of dreams; his associations become endless; he produces an inexhaustible number of recollections, which seem to him very important but are actually of little moment; or he goes off upon some byroad suggested by the analyst and leads the latter into a blind alley).

The child manifests the same reactions of defiance and obedience. The child, too, can hide his stubbornness behind an excessive docility (the parent's command: You must be industrious. Industry may become a mania so that the child neither goes out nor has time to sleep). Obedience is the giving up of the resistance; obstinacy the setting up of fresh resistances. This resistance is externally active. We have in recent years had sufficient opportunity to observe the law of resistance (the passive resistance). Activity and defiance show great differences. Defiance is the reaction against activity (aggression) of the environment. It may then manifest itself actively or passively and stands in the service of the defensive tendency of the ego. Every resistance reveals the ego (one's own) in conflict with another.

I have previously said that the child is in a position of hatred to the world about it. I can go a step further. This hatred manifests itself as obstinacy, as resistance. For hate is the will

to power and love the will to submission. Where love is willing to yield, the hate component also plays its part. This resistance directs itself essentially against the danger that the outsider will disturb our pleasure and cause us displeasure. "The foe" is the disturber of our satisfaction. Our hate is projected upon him, so that we presume that he hates us. The resistance serves to guard us from pain. But when the child has learned to overcome the resistance of another toward his desires, he soon observes that this victory guarantees its own pleasure and finally may come to be a satisfaction in itself, because the fulfillment of the will to power contains a distinctive pleasurable character. This is the pleasure that arises from the feeling of the ego, from the affirmation of the personality. This ego feeling may rise to the height of an "ecstasy of personality." The origin of the sense of personality has never been sufficiently investigated. We know that children originally speak of themselves in the third person (Fred—will tell Alfred—will eat!) Some day the feeling of the ego awakens and the child says, "I will eat." How does the child come to the knowledge of his own personality? Evidently, through his first conflict with the environment of which he is conscious, so that instead of an identification with the person who cares for him a differentiation takes place. Such a conflict at this period is always caused through suppression of the instinctive life.

The sexual belong to the strongest instinctive impulses of the child. The child loves his environment, if it affords him pleasure. He craves pleasure from it and again pleasure. At least, he does not want to be disturbed in his satisfaction. Take the case of a child that masturbates. He procures for himself an autoerotic gratification and does not want to be interfered with. Now training begins and prevents the child from obtaining pleasure from urination, defecation, and onanism. The result is a defiant attitude of hatred toward the environment which called forth these resistances. Later, that which is strange acts in the same sense. The barriers of morality and of warning are erected against the sexual impulse; inner resistances are created for the child.

I could prove by countless observations that affective hate attitudes toward the parents arise from the first forbidding of

onanism or from the disturbing of an aggressive action; that is, out of the resistance. These individuals grow up; and, if they suffer a parapathy, they develop in the analysis the same resistance, because in fact the analysis always brings a parallel situation.

The person analyzed forces the physician into the same constellation in which he stood with those who drove him into the parapathy.

Thus a woman of polygamous tendencies, who flirted a good deal, was anæsthetic in marriage, and was hard pressed by an admirer to yield herself, said to me: "I believe that if you would advise me to enter into a relationship, I would get well!" Her father had found fault with her severely in her childhood and once even struck her because she went around with young men. I ought now to be a better father and remove the old imperative. But the determination is still deeper. She went around with the young men because she loved the father and felt herself neglected by him. A coitus of her parents which she spied upon when she was seventeen was the strongest impression of her life and reactivated the old Electra situation. Therefore her resistance in the analysis really is: "If you will not give me the love satisfaction that I want, at least permit me to take a lover." The woman is apathetic in coitus; she gets her satisfaction through manual manipulation and through kissing. The demand that I shall procure her gratification means that I shall play with her and kiss her. Her resistance in the days of the analysis which are occupied with this situation arises because she must hide this "primordial reaction" (see *Peculiarities of Behavior*).

We come here upon the phenomenon of the primordial or primitive reaction. Another, an outsider, has a right only if he secures us pleasure; that is, plays with us. The expectation of this primitive reaction is the first sign and the first source of the resistance; at the same time it discloses to us the nature of every resistance. It is a resistance toward our own secret wishes. The woman mentioned dreamed at this stage of the resistance: "I was with a Dr. R. (a former physician, who had paid court to her and had advised her to have an affair in order

to get well). Another doctor comes in; he kisses me and I let everything please me *without resistance.*"

The dream clears away a part of the resistance which she had always hitherto produced in life. The wish fulfillment is a double one. The physician makes the aggression, and she has forgotten her morality and offers no opposition. The doctor evidently plays the rôle of the father. But now she discovers in the analysis that the physician must become bored with her; she asks if the treatment does not tire him. She is dissatisfied with the affective attitude of the doctor. Now it becomes clear that the father's fault-finding and blows were a pleasure to her, because she could recognize in them his interest in her person.

For this reason the parents' affect is a gratification to the children: children do not tolerate the indifference of their environment.

They are naughty in order to provoke the affect. Even blows and the anger of the person who administers them become evidences of love. ("Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.") This conception still exists among people and is particularly familiar to the Slavic races. The affect of the one who strikes becomes the touchstone of his love, and even the pain is pleasure-toned, for it becomes a sign of the love. The overcoming of one's own resistance is then felt as pleasurable and awakens the will to subjection.

The opposition of the child is often directed against the parents' indifference. This is a frequent complaint in the analysis. The patient employs every possible device to bring the physician to an affective state and becomes "furious" when these artifices remain unsuccessful. The neutrality of the physician represents then the resistance against the transference of affect.

It is precisely in sadomasochism that the affects play the chief rôle. The sadist brings himself to affect when he pictures to himself the affect of his partner. In many instances it is not a matter of causing pain, but only of producing affects. The sadist revels in the fear, the anger, the humiliation of his victim; the masochist obtains satisfaction from the idea of feeling himself into humble and self-abasing situations. We strike here upon the fundamental principle of the paraphilia discussed.

For the sadist, it is a matter of overcoming the resistance of another; for the masochist, the conquering of his own resistances.

The sadist dreams and desires situations in which a victim is bound and delivered to his pleasures. The bondage represents the impossibility of the resistance. The lust murderer overcomes the resistance through slaying. Violence gets its character of lustful pleasure from the strongest resistance. The necrophiliac gloats over the defenselessness of the corpse.

The masochist on the other hand craves situations in which he finds himself in bonds, in which he is forced, in which he is bidden, so that every resistance is impossible (command is the overcoming of inner resistance). The more humiliating the situation, the greater is the pleasure. Analysis shows that this satisfaction is not procured without difficulty and struggle. The masochist reveals the most violent inner resistances; he fights against his paraphilia; he despises himself; but it affords him pleasure that he overcomes the resistances, the inner ones. At times, however, hatred against the one who has triumphed is awakened. Thus many a masochist turns against his master or his mistress and slays him or her, because the original will to power, the sadistic attitude of hatred, snaps back from its reversed form into the primary state, like an elastic band that has been stretched too far. The lower voice in the polyphony becomes again the upper one.

It is a fact that has not yet been emphasized that sadists as well as masochists (in the sense in which I understand this paraphilia) are without exception onanists. Even when they have attained fulfillment of their paraphiliac fantasy, which is almost always a quite definite one, more or less narrowly circumscribed, they must masturbate with greater or less frequency. This onanism is for the most part an onanism of defiance. It is carried out despite the warning at the time and in spite of its being forbidden. The completion of the specific scene is indeed impossible, since analysis can regularly demonstrate that behind the fantasy images, definite figures of childhood are hidden and that the sadomasochism has close relationship with incest. Onanism is the pleasurable gratification in which the external resistance seems to be totally excluded.

Over against this rages a stronger fight against the internal resistances, which latter we may designate as phenomena of subsequent obedience, of the will to subjection to another's imperative.

It is a well-known fact that there are many weaklings [1] among sadists, while masochists represent often ideal whole men. Sadistic women, too, do not always correspond to the ideal of a powerful mistress and are often small and insignificant in figure, in whom one would not suspect this degree of lust for power and ferocity.

Weaklings overcompensate in fantasy for their weakness, which is not sufficient to overcome another's opposition, through an extreme fantasied sadism, in which the object is delivered over, incapable of resistance, into their power. Masochists again fear their own strength and escape from this fear into the passive rôle. The overcoming of the primary sadism expresses the greatness of the internal resistance.

Both types, the sadist and the masochist, are religious. The sadist's attitude toward religion is one of defiance. He is the blasphemer and atheist *par excellence,* inasmuch as his inner religiousness manifests itself outwardly in a pathological asceticism which renounces the highest goal, the possession of a woman. Masochists conceal their religious nature only in rare exceptional cases. A certain amount of penitence and religious feeling is mixed in their paraphilia, which sometimes assumes a direct religious character (flagellation, asceticism, self-torture, withdrawal from every pleasure out of religious motives).

It is strange that hitherto in analysis the relation of the sadomasochistic complex to the analytic resistance has not been thoroughly discussed. It affords us the best material for understanding the psychogenesis of both paraphilias. In the person analyzed the two polar forces are in conflict: the will to power and the will to subjection. He wants to dominate the analyst, but through love. Will to power means really wish to compel every one to love.

The child is driven to the fixation of his primarily sadistic attitude if he finds that he is not loved enough, if his seeking for love remains unsuccessful. The first result is that he will *compel* the desired object to love. The primary hatred is re-

vived and becomes the reaction to his ineffectual wooing, the response to an erotic setback.

"If you will not my brother be,
I'll break your skull in, don't you see."

Freud once propounded this law of resistance in the analysis: The strength of the resistance corresponds to the strength of the repression. This formula relates to the content of the repressed material and represents the inner resistance toward the experiences and fantasies painful to consciousness. Repression, however, is only the result of morality, of that which is without, religion, conscience. It arises for the glorification of the ideal ego, which does not want to recognize its amoral tendencies. But what are these amoral impulses? If we investigate such cases we come chiefly upon death wishes toward those members of the family and persons of the environment who have opposed (resisted) the wishes of the patient. The resistance first leads to the repression, and this resistance is that of society and the family.

We must understand by "civilization" the sum of social resistances which force the primitive impulses to sublimation. The laws and conventions, that is, all the prohibitions and imperatives which are directed against the primitive reactions of the individual, constitute the general background of a civilization. The validity of these restraints for the whole community makes their acceptance tolerable ("All men are equal before the law"). Education brings about the adoption of the social imperatives and begins in the family: these imperatives represent the "outside." The child defends itself against this. It desires pleasure from its environment, but such as is forbidden by convention. The first defiance is the result of unsuccessful striving for gratification.

We come to one of the most important principles of analysis. *The person analyzed opposes to the analyst that measure of resistance which he once experienced with the most prominent love object of his childhood.*

He lives again through his ancient conflicts, but in relation to the analyst. The analyst has been frequently compared to a catalyzer, who now permits the old affects to arise afresh, but

decomposes them and makes them harmless. The resistance of the patient directs itself:

1. Against the breaking up of his pleasure-giving infantilism; that is, against the cure of his parapathy.

2. Against the making conscious of the middle and lower voices in the polyphony of his feeling and thinking; against the removal of the repression.

3. Against the neutrality of the analyst, from whom he expects not understanding, but love.

The third point is especially important. There are still analysts who hold to the opinion that the intellectual explanation of a symptom, the analytic interpretation, means already the cure.[2] The new term *parapathy,* which I have chosen for the current *neurosis,* itself expresses the fact that we have to do with an affective disturbance. But an affect can be destroyed only through a counteraffect.

This counteraffect the patient expects from the analyst. This counteraffect is in the first place that of love. If he is unable to secure this love, he is willing to be hated. That explains why so often after the analysis the patients become enemies of the physician and attempt to injure him, even go over to a scientific antipode. The physician has not recognized the hate component, has not at the right time rendered it innocuous; that is, has not catalyzed it.

One of the most important sources of the resistance is the hatred toward the analyst, which increases at the end of the treatment to a death wish. Active ideas of putting him out of the way are also frequent. Many patients have admitted to me that a murderous thought toward the analyst often became conscious to them. (I received such confessions without having asked for them.)

The attitude of hatred toward the physician manifests itself as defiance and self-will. The expression self-will gives due emphasis to the fact of defense against another's influence. Experience shows that hatred toward the physician must be concealed and, externally appearing as the will to submission, it covers over and very skillfully hides the secret will to power stubbornly maintained. But with the latter disappears the entire highly important hate complex of the analytic repression.

Now the patient stands toward the physician in the same situation which he has already passed through in his childhood. It is the one which forced him into his parapathy. For the moral ego struggles against the knowledge that another instinctive ego dominates the whole personality. If the self-will was even in childhood the reaction against the scorned and repulsed love, in part to be referred back to the impossibility of carrying out the primitive reactions, this attitude is now revived and unfortunately usually not resolved. The negative transference escapes most analysts, inasmuch as they themselves in this regard suffer from a narcissistic-analytic scotoma.

The patient behaves according to the law of analytic talion. What has been done to me, I will do to you. The sadistic component obtains a sublimation. The physician is tormented. The symptoms begin to grow worse; the physician is overwhelmed with reproaches or driven into a corner with all sorts of subtle questions. The passive resistance of the patient becomes active. It takes transparent forms when he comes late or breaks his appointment; if he entertains himself with the political problems of the day; if he brings no more dreams. The masks of the resistance which are also the disguises of his sadism are much more difficult.

The difficulties increase in the analysis of sadomasochists. The sadist seems to exclude the physician from his general attitude of hate. He defends himself against the transference and conceals it beneath all sorts of subtleties. Perhaps the most important of these is his admission that he would be happy if he had made the transference; if he could love, he would be the first one to acknowledge it. Such cases give a bad prognosis for the analysis. For they disclose in this way that the patients know how to conceal love and hate from themselves. It is a matter of unconscious love and unconscious hate. Such patients have a love-hate attitude toward some person in their family of which they may not become conscious. The hatred is loaded upon another object or passes from the individual person to the entire race.

Analysis is always able to prove the origin of the sadomasochistic complex within the family. The resistance which the

paraphiliac once experienced in the family is overcome in the present object of the sadistic fantasy with discharge of the components of hatred and revenge. The masochist plays out this victory upon his own body and his own psyche. Sometimes an infantile scene is made use of to effect a return of the same with reversed rôles or with reversed and false affective tone. A girl who has been struck by her mother and has reacted with hatred and death wishes may maintain this situation as a penance and in time sexualize it (Freud's repetition compulsion). This mechanism proceeds according to the principle of subsequent correction. I felt no pain at that time and cherished no fantasies of revenge; I have no reason to bear malice toward my mother; she has always granted me pleasure. Or: I could now better tolerate what was pleasant in the scene, the heightened affectivity of the mother, than her cold indifference. The inner play is then the overcoming of the infantile defiance, the breaking of the resistances. The stronger the resistance, the greater the feeling of pleasure; the greater, after an act accompanied by specific fantasy and after onanism, the frightful reaction of disillusionment and shame, which seems never to fail the real masochist.

True punishment and the tendency of these paraphilias lie in the denial of the highest wish: to love and to have normal relations. All these patients who are to pass in review before our mental eyes are in great degree incapable of love. I place the greatest stress therefore upon the ascetic tendency, which shuts out the end pleasure as sin and permits merely the forepleasure of activity or passivity (Federn). It is evident that the actual inability for love in these patients corresponds to an inner prohibition. If they attempt to overcome this inner denial, they strike upon the inner resistance. Fundamentally considered, these paraphiliacs are impotent. They yearn for the highest pleasure. I know sadists who at coitus, despite a strong erection, can never reach an orgasm; female sadists who avoid coitus and react with vaginismus. Female masochists who remain anæsthetic in coitus; male masochists who can never accomplish an actual *immissio penis*. The enormous amount of affect under which they perform the normal acts

discloses thereby the strength of the inner resistance, which makes use of anxiety, disgust, shame, to disarm the sexual instinct.

In analyzing the various cases, one always comes back to the realization that the chief thing in the fantasy is the overcoming of the internal resistance. The sadist pictures to himself what is happening in the mind of his object, whose resistance he calls forth and breaks. Only this feeling of himself into the affective life of the object brings him the expected pleasure. But this object is merely a reflection of his different psychic and sexual components, and the scene represents a play with himself. A similar thing occurs with the masochist, who projects outwardly an inner constellation, undergoes a splitting of his personality, and is in a state to experience sadistic and masochistic feelings at the same time.

The great secret, which other authors have already suspected, that we have to do with a bipolar phenomenon, becomes through the experiences of analysis a self-evident fact. The paraphiliac identifies himself with his object; he feels himself into it so that he can experience both conditions: triumph and defeat, power and subjection, activity and passivity, male and female, resistance and the overcoming of it. The specific scene which he is always wanting to repeat is a drama, a fiction, in which he as the author feels with the actors, suffers and enjoys. This fiction has as its purpose to withdraw him from the real world. All these paraphiliacs are dreamers and have to force themselves to the daily duties of life. As dreamers they live in the past, although apparently their striving is toward the future. Their regression goes far beyond the first years of childhood. Do they in fact bear within themselves the primitive instincts as atavistic phenomena, which relegate them to the past? Must it be that the atavist also feels the *engrams* (imprint) of the past somehow as determinants of this regression? I do not presume to answer these questions.

IV

THE DEFINITION OF SADISM AND MASOCHISM

> The highest that a man can attain is the consciousness of his own sentiments and thoughts; knowledge of himself, which teaches him to know intimately also the natures of others.
>
> GOETHE.

An erroneous conception of the sadomasochistic complex makes pain the central factor for consideration and occupies itself with the phenomenon of gratification derived from pain. The expression *algolagnia*, coined by Schrenck-Notzing,[1] accords with this idea. We have ascertained, however, that the decisive thing in the phenomenon of sadomasochism is the affect, which is fed from two sources: in the sadist, from his own sense of power in overcoming the resistance of another and from his feeling himself into the humiliation of his partner; in the masochist, from the overcoming of his own resistances (power over himself!) and the feeling of himself into the partner who humbles him, in which we were able to show that we have to do not with separate events, but with polar expressions of a single complex.

Many authors see in sadomasochism only a quantitative heightening of the normal sexual impulse, whereby sadism corresponds to the masculine, masochism to the feminine component of the sexual instinct. But it will not do simply to compare with each other the ideas masculine-sadistic and feminine-masochistic, although this point of view apparently gains support through many manifestations of the sexual life.

The problem will have to be solved through a large number of analytic investigations of relevant cases. It will thus be shown that the problem of bisexuality bears a large part in the psychogenesis of sadomasochism, not, to be sure, in so simple a sense as the older authors believed. If "masculine" were identical with "aggressive," all individuals with strong amounts

of M, to use Weininger's expression, would necessarily be sadistically oriented, while the preponderance of F would lead to masochism. This in no way agrees with the facts.[2] The sadistic disposition is found in women *and* in men and is in no way connected with the accentuation of one component of the sexual impulse.

Conditions are much more complicated than to permit of solution with so simple a key. One fact alone should give us thought, that in the animal world the female is sometimes the aggressive member. Aggressiveness may reach such a degree in certain of the arachnoids that the female devours the male during copulation. In the struggle between the sexes, which can be demonstrated also in the animal kingdom, the active rôle often belongs to the female.

It is not correct to accept sadomasochism merely as congenital disposition, as Julius Schuster [3] tries to do. He comes to these conclusions: "Algolagnia is the quantitatively heightened specific impulse to sexual pleasure; it is a genotypically conditioned disposition. It can therefore only be evolved, not acquired. Very complex factors in its development from the day of birth on may be demonstrated: the oral and the anal zone as well as the other erogenous zones of the pregenital phase; further, the erogenicity of the skin and muscles, the affective processes, the Œdipus complex and the castration complex, in general all psychic experiences."

This comprehensive statement contains about everything which the old and the new school have been able to say thus far concerning sadomasochism.

I take the stand, however, that sadomasochism is a disorder of the environment, to be referred therefore to definite influences in childhood. Of course, a disposition toward this paraphilia exists; it is the same disposition which all parapathies have in common: a strong impulsive life. The parapathic is a phenomenon of reversion. On this basis, the sadism is more strongly accentuated; it persists beyond the infantile period which belongs to all people; it is frequently turned into masochism as a result of the consciousness of guilt; but it remains anchored in the unconscious. The psychogenesis of this paraphilia goes back to the earliest years of childhood and appears

to one who does not know as a native disposition, since the precipitating causes have fallen under repression.

I repeat: Sadomasochism is a form of psychosexual infantilism. The impulse shows an obsessive character and manifests itself as repetition compulsion. In all cases of sadomasochism we shall find the entire instrumentarium of infantilism and with it a well-developed fetishism accompanied by its most important phenomenon, flight from the partner. Careful analysis shows that all these cases are obsessive parapathies. The obsessive parapathy seeks to overcome the inner resistances through a compulsion; it binds the impulse, as a result of the displacement of affect, through an obsessive symptom.

The displacement of affect can be released only through analysis. The affect which is associated with the specific scene permits a transformation of the pain to pleasure. It is strange that the anæsthesias of the parapathies, which we have hitherto designated as hysteria, have never been considered from the standpoint of displacement of affect, but have been conceived merely as conversion symptoms. *It is the affect which creates the parapathic anæsthesia.* There is a will to pain, just as there is a will to freedom from pain. I have observed an epileptic who could voluntarily remove and produce anæsthesia of his arms.[4] Many heroic acts prove to be anæsthesia produced by blocking of affect. Thus Mucius Scaevola would have felt no pain when he thrust his hand into the fire to demonstrate the courage of the Romans. Fakirs are also able to perform similar feats; they can likewise expose their hands to the fire.

The miraculous experience of various martyrs is explained through the anæsthetizing power of ecstasy. Anæsthesia is further secured in the strength of the stimulus. Max Verworn's well-known law means that a slight stimulus brings the cells into excitement. If the stimulus threshold is exceeded, paralysis of the cells results. *An excessive pain produces painlessness.* Even before the discovery of narcosis, operations could be observed which proceeded without pain.

I witnessed a severe operation which was carried on without narcosis. The patient was an officer who would not submit to anæsthesia and only begged permission to swear. He began at once to curse with the first incision and hurled nasty abuse

upon the physicians (You cheats, you robbers, you murderers! You want to be doctors? You are miserable executioners, blood-suckers, bandits, and so on. . . .). But he pumped up his affects until he fell into a perfect affect intoxication. After the successful operation he expressed his most heartfelt gratitude and apologized. He had felt no pain at all. Dr. C. Vanlair [5] reports cases of this sort and refers especially to the torture of François Damiens,[6] which was of a horrible nature. The first application of it wrung from him a terrible outcry. Then he gazed upon the brutal drama with "fearful curiosity," while limb after limb was torn from him and horses pulled with all their might to rend him in two.

It is characteristic that sadists and masochists are very sensitive to pains if they occur without affect; that is, if they lie beyond the zone of their sexual life. I know masochists who apparently submit to the greatest pain, but tremble before the dentist and cannot bear toothache. Schuster admits this fact when he remarks: 1. Pain is felt as pleasurable only when it is bound with sexual pleasure; at the moment when the thoughts stray from sexual pleasure, pain appears. 2. In sexually pleasurable sensations of pain, it is a matter merely of drowning out the pain through a sexually toned idea.

Schuster confuses cause and effect. It is not the sexuality that drowns out the pain; it is only that with the help of the affect the pain is changed to pleasure.

All sadomasochists are affect-hungry individuals. They are in constant need of an affective spectacle. It is solely to be proved how and why they have come precisely to the specific affect. We shall see from many examples that it concerns a definite repressed affect, a specific attitude of hate toward a person of the environment. The hatred then turns itself against substitute objects or against one's own person. It is, however, withdrawn from its original object. On this account the descriptive portrayal of sadomasochists, as we know it from innumerable clinical histories, will never lead to investigation of the problem.

In the case histories of sadists, just as in the anamneses of homosexual individuals, one rarely finds the real experience from which the incitement had its beginning and which forms

the crystallization center of the system. In connection with the "sadist trial" in Vienna (it had to do with the witnessing of the beating of children) one of the accused published a sort of defense article in all the papers to show that the impulse was congenital to him. I will publish here a portion of the writing:

I was five years old when at Christmas I received a *crampus,* which held in its hand a bundle of gilt rods. The *crampus* stood in one corner of the room, my bed opposite it in another. I would awaken at night with my body hot all over; I would lie awake, restless, unable to fall asleep. Suddenly I would feel a burning desire to be beaten with the rods. I would climb out, go to the *crampus,* and drag the bundle of rods from its hand. The longing which seized me at that time, to be so severely beaten with the cool rods that it would cause pain, is the most intense experience of my childhood. I had to climb back into bed with the craving unsatisfied.

Later—I was eight or nine years old—I fell in love with a schoolmate. He was perhaps two years older, seemed to me charming; but it was not his fine, pale face with the large dark eyes nor his slender, lithesome form which fascinated me, but his proud aloofness. Once, at recess, I went impulsively to him, placed myself behind him, embraced him, and kissed him on his hair. He turned furiously, shook me off, and said angrily: "If you do that again, you will have a taste of my fists!" This strange unchildlike speech, its words and sound, have stuck in my ears as nothing else that I ever heard in later life; for years I awoke dreaming of the fists of my first young beloved and longing for them.

Now comes an important experience. I sat in the garden with the thirteen-year-old daughter of my mathematics professor, with whom I was placed as a second-form pupil. It was May and a year of May beetles. The girl, pretty and bold, was up to all sorts of mischief. Suddenly she picked up a May bug from the ground and bit its head off. I stared at her as if paralyzed; she only looked me challengingly in the eyes. Then I felt all at once the first horrible feeling of disgust give way to a shudder of delight, and from this hour on I was in love with the girl.

At about the same time I read a book. It was called *Die Bojarenfürstin* [*The Boyar Princess*], or a story in the book had that name. I no longer know all that was related there, but one episode of the tale not only remained ineffaceably in memory, but it also

decisively influenced my mental development. The boyar princess invites as guests her young companions and her suitor, a beautiful young prince. After supper they all arise and go into the park. There the prince, at a sign from the boyar princess, is suddenly set upon by the women—there were only women present—thrown to the ground, bound, and tied to a tree. The women quickly bring their crossbows, and the boyar princess pronounces the sentence of death upon the prince. The women take their position at some distance from the captive and stretch their bows. The condemned man begs one last favor, that he may be slain by the boyar princess. She smiles graciously, nods assent, and sends the deadly arrow into his heart.

Since then such a death has seemed to me the happiest lot. I have fantasied and dreamed of it, spent half the night imagining situations in which I was being tortured by persons that I loved—after the experience with the May beetle it was exclusively women. I confided in companions of my own age and found everywhere sympathy and understanding. I saw that such a tendency of senses and nerves like mine was the normal, universal one; and I must assume to-day, since I find myself somewhat isolated, that most grown people succeed in suppressing—or concealing—their original impulses.

I do not feel in the least abnormal, but consider myself physically and mentally sound; I have more than average ability in my work and pass in general as a kind-hearted, considerate, affectionate man toward my friends; I love nature, animals, never consciously inflict pain upon any one—but I lack the power and, frankly stated, the desire forcibly to check the sources of my pleasure and of my human peculiarity. I have, to come to the crucial point, never struck a child nor could I ever look on if one were being beaten. Nor would I cause distress to older people, except if they desire it of me in the service of love.

I have said all that is essential concerning myself as far as it can interest the public in this connection. I might wish that the "normal" persons who make and give validity to laws behind closed doors might feel a desire to burst open the shut doors of their own mental chambers; they would learn with astonishment all that they have locked in there.

He who, like me, has lived in the profound conviction that all hatred with which men rage at one another has its source in repressed love of pain, that on the whole all the evil of the world

originates in powerfully suppressed impulses, would be able to share my wish.

Here we have an excellent example of an individual who wants to understand himself and yet cannot. What has played a rôle *back* of the *crampus* experience is unknown to us. We do not know his attitude toward his parents, his dream life, his religious nature, his relation to women. But he postulates from what has occurred in him that all hatred is to be referred to "love of pain" and overlooks the deeper truth that all delight in pain may be derived from a primary hatred. One sees clearly in the center of the clinical picture (the writer is sick, although he does not consider himself in the least "as abnormal") the great boyar scene: overpowering of a man by a number of women; that is, complete relinquishment of every resistance, and finally the release of death through the arrow shot by the princess. Every trained analyst will understand what this scene means, and it will be clear to us from other analyses.

Before we attempt to lay bare the psychic roots of the sado-masochistic complex, we will consider in detail some other cases in order to separate transition cases from genuine ones and to learn to know the psychic life of these patients.

I will begin with the confession of a person intellectually of high standing:

Case Number 1.

My Dear Doctor:

During my recent stay in Vienna, I promised to send you a brief account of my life, of which the following contributions regarding the conduct of my sexual life may perhaps be of some value in your special studies of sadism and masochism.

The author of these lines is the son of parents well situated in business, exactly thirty-three years old, a lawyer in N. Constitution of forebears: tendency to nervous and metabolic diseases, but no tuberculosis, alcoholism, nor sexual diseases.

My sexual life up to the present time reveals greater abnormalities than that of normal, average persons.

The chief peculiarity of my entire disposition and character may be seen in the fact that I am much more a man of reflection than

of action. Consequently I have a relatively great tendency to mental activity, philosophical meditation, music, and the like; on the other hand, in spite of good success in my course of study thus far and in a legal profession, which I must admit appeals to me very little inwardly, I believe that I possess little talent for practical accomplishment in life (socially or professionally) and for making effective in a useful and skillful manner whatever talents and inclinations of a scientific and artistic nature may be present in me.

This entire condition, which in part may be due to a certain traditional sluggishness and passivity in my family, has stamped my sexual life up to this point. To pave the way for a prosperous erotic course of life, which up till to-day has not been achieved, I needed a woman certainly for marriage or at least for a long-continuing relationship, one who would have to be not only erotic, but also my leader in other fields; my constitution is permeated with many feminine and passive traits.

Great interest in erotism and theoretical occupation with women (reading of this sort, theater, instinct for collecting erotic news of the day, and the like) on the one hand was associated on the other with marked lack of skill in paying suit, shyness, and even a certain seclusiveness, coldness and indifference, if at any time practical events, for example, social relationship with women, now for some time rather more successfully carried on, forced me to take an erotic position.

A physician would perhaps diagnose my entire disposition as a typical symptom complex of a constitutionally depressive, neuropathic nature with hypochondriac and in part hysterical features. I suffered very often especially in earlier days depression of spirits in consequence of my sexual maladjustment. The considerable hereditary nervous weakness—particularly also disturbances of the vasomotor nerves—presumably in association with disturbances of internal secretion and general metabolism, resistances in the vascular system (slight degree of weakness of the cardiac muscles?), caused rapid fatigue with any great physical or mental effort, attacks of dizziness with change in atmospheric pressure (with a moist wind), and exhausting painful states often even with a single onanistic act.

I was an only child, carefully brought up but not pampered; I grew up always with the family, living still to-day with my parents; and, which I very much regret, in my youthful days I had no social contact with any woman where the erotic might have

entered, to say nothing of an intimate erotic relationship. Later also (when a student) relations with women moved in various ways but only upon entirely social paths (uninteresting society balls, and the like).

I am of the opinion that individuals who have an incredibly stubborn psychopathic tendency to solitude, retirement, shyness with women, and so on—of course *cum grano salis*—from a certain age on, ought to be driven straight toward women, so that at least to a certain extent that unfortunate hermit disposition should be counteracted.

The following is worthy of mention in regard to the development of sexual ideas and impulses in my person:

The earliest forerunners of sexual ideas, so far as I can remember, appeared in the first years of elementary school (six to eight years of age) when schoolmates were struck by the teacher upon the buttocks with a rattan. The preparations for punishment, the faces of the teacher and boy concerned, the latter's plump behind, the whistling and smacking of the stick, and the cries of the chastised boy, left in the sensitive mind of a child witnessing this—a suitable psychic disposition presupposed, of course—an enduring impression, still inexplicable in its satisfaction. I remember clearly even now that once when a woman teacher took charge as an assistant, I waited with a certain curious and almost impatiently agreeable tension to know if she, too, would flog the boy with the cane, which, however, did not happen.

It is also still clear in my memory how I performed masturbation directly before the eyes of the unsuspecting professor of religion by *quietly pressing the thighs together,* that I might obtain fresh power for work and repose through release of nervous tension. The occasion was at the examination upon passing from the elementary school into the gymnasium (ten years of age), when the subject was the well-known one from the New Testament, the stilling of the tempest; in this class in religious instruction, the difficulties which a boy would have in presenting the theme with appropriate style and beauty and the fear of not being ready with the work when the tasks were collected occasioned a momentary compulsive feeling, which led to the onanism. I continued the same practice for some years while preparing school tasks (writing of examinations). The custom of a mathematics professor of calling the pupils' attention to the approaching end of the period for the work by rattling his keys shortly before collecting the papers, had the effect with me, just

as soon as I feared I would not be ready, of a regular release of tension through onanism.

Conscious sensations of pleasure began from about the eleventh year; from this time on, also, onanism was practiced relatively vigorously. It was carried out with flagellation ideas of the chastisement of boys, in which the fantasy was occupied only with good-looking children of good families, who must by all means wear sailor suits or linen knee breeches with navy stripes and be punished with a cane. With the entrance of normal puberty (fifteenth year) there appeared for a time—perhaps a year—natural interest in ideas of normal erotism between man and woman, to give place again at once to a world of ideas entirely of the flagellation type concerning the erotic relations between man and woman. From this it came about that I plunged eagerly and quite instinctively into the reading of corresponding algolagnistic literature.

The normal heterosexual impulse, bound with the algolagnistically oriented form, has remained quite the same from my seventeenth year until the present time; the latter has only become more consolidated and become more conscious. Nothing but these masochistically or sadistically toned "ideas" (for the effect of actual acts of flagellation on the producing of the gratification see below) can set free sexually conscious sensations of pleasure.

These ideas move chiefly in two directions, as follows:

1. My erotic wishes culminate even to-day in the desire for a very large, comely woman, or at least one quite tall, intelligent, strong—preferably blond—(a Brünnhilde type) who will lay me across her knee like a teacher or press me between her thighs and strike me upon the buttocks with a rattan cane or a riding whip; who will at the same time subdue me psychically, and bid me after the whipping to perform cunnilingus or anilingus, in which I must obey unresistingly, otherwise I shall be threatened with fresh blows. I would indeed have no objection to adding also coitus with the "dominating lady," but always with a certain indifference and perhaps fear of impotence. At any rate, I can perform coitus only with a woman who helps me over the technical difficulties by digital aid.

2. The idea is further rendered much more pleasurable if I invent a situation in which buxom young girls or young women or pretty boys are chastised upon the posteriors by an energetic, strapping woman with as long a rattan as possible. Probably voyeur sadism is at the basis of this.

A special characteristic of all persons disposed to flagellation is their wish for as large, white, well-formed buttocks as possible in the woman thought of as the partner. This preference is a very specially marked one with me.

The practical conduct of my sexual life may be outlined as follows:

Under the ideas mentioned above, I carry on onanism—in the absence of other available adequate satisfaction and on account of the endogenous passivity I have spoken of—up to the present time; now, to be sure, relatively with great moderation, for I want to spare my nervous constitution and keep it for other purposes. I cherish the sincere desire to come actually to a real lasting erotic relationship with a woman, for which, it is true, I should need a partner who possesses the necessary understanding of my individuality in the way I have described it.

The simple "unreflecting" coitus of the normal relation between man and woman attracts me very little. Only once in my life (at the age of twenty-one) did I have sexual intercourse (one act only) with a singer in Berlin, when the woman had to help me with her finger to find the entrance to the vagina. I saw nothing particular in the act at the time; it was almost comic and laughable. Besides, the unaccustomed activity, which presupposes a certain technical skillfulness, afforded me more effort than satisfaction.

On other later occasions (very rare in themselves), because of indifference, perhaps also impotence, there was no coitus. In contrast to this it has been medically established, Doctor, that I possess extraordinarily powerful genitalia (large testicles) which almost qualify me as a superman. Furthermore, I may remark that for years I complained of absence of erection and sexual weakness, especially during the time of the war. Recently the erections have been somewhat noticeably improved. Some years ago I maintained a passive-flagellation relationship with a pianist, a woman fourteen years older than I. At the beginning I often received—maybe twenty-five to fifty—blows of a cane upon the buttocks, which were by no means disagreeable to me but yet could not satisfy me, inasmuch as the woman was of ordinary intelligence and had coarse manners, stood for something which was already growing stale, and altogether was lacking in the necessary erotic refinements. Later I again broke off this relationship, which due to my difficulties had lasted for several years, although there had soon been complete indifference on both sides.

During the war I learned to know a good-natured clerk, but with very few mental or physical advantages, who would sometimes let me whip her. The relations ceased here also.

These practices all had the same characteristic, that they came about not so much from erotic need as rather from the striving to copy the procedure of other people as an obligation binding through rational motives, and so in a certain degree to prove the normality of my own personality. They were therefore from the first doomed more or less to be sterile. I must of course remark that the different women mentioned were absolutely not the type toward which I am erotically inclined.

I might add here that I obtain true erotic satisfaction only with cultured women, society women with suitable intelligence. The "pull upward" is particularly desirable for me in love; I want in a certain manner to be dominated and taken by a woman who will feel more than I. For this reason, my meager relations to women thus far were not of the sort to bring satisfaction. They glided rather, after brief pseudoerotic play, into a channel that gave room for every other personal relationship except the erotic; and after a while the last remnants of mutual intercourse were lost through the lack of stimulation and the absence of reciprocal feelings and interests. It is evident from this that in passive, erotically complicated natures, erotization succeeds with great difficulty and only when the ideal heterosexual complement is found. A chief hindrance is naturally also the shyness of a passively disposed man toward making an attachment.

THEORETICAL CONCLUSION

Anger and wrath are the two affects which most keenly arouse the human brain apparatus, the central nervous system. In a nervous system weakened and finally dulled through the pressure of the struggle for existence within cultural humanity on the part of many individuals, particularly those of special hereditary disposition, as the neuropaths, there is need of the strong psychic impressions mentioned above to set free in such persons the pleasurable excitement sought instinctively by all living beings, even those who are weak. Hence, for example, the strong "sensation hunger" of the masochist ("large" women; Brünnhilde, Amazon types); full, "enormous" buttocks; masterful, metallic voices; "energetic" character. Analogies in material pleasures: strong wines, Virginia cigars for habitual smokers, and the like; in in-

tellectual gratifications, bizarre polyphonic orchestral music, the intellectually stimulating music of a Richard Strauss. Highly differentiated culture brings with it automatically a certain degeneration of the purely primitive life force. This process seems to be grounded in the natural law of cyclic persistence. There is no occasion thoughtlessly to give support to the familiar chatter about universal degeneration, uttered with such relish, and which is totally false.

Rousseau's challenge, "Let us return to nature," is psychological nonsense. Rousseau, who was himself a masochist, had not the noble courage to defend his attributes as something organic adhering to his person, granted by nature; but entered into a false abreaction, to use Freud's word, flight into philosophy, in which he set up an ideal of woman which was abhorrent even to his own personal sexual feeling. From the absurd efforts of so many lesser, and, alas, here and there greater, gods among the physicians, to judge psychosexual abnormalities by ethical standards, we may pass on to the business in hand; there are many of the same gentlemen (not merely physicians, but naturally also jurists, philosophers, and so on) who during the war and afterwards were guilty of a good measure of unprincipled conduct and spiritual prostitution in connection with political positions.

Inasmuch as the etiological factor in all these psychosexual abnormalities, the chief characteristic of which is an irritating hunger for increased forms of expression of instinct activity, is found in large part surely in a disposition in the individual concerned, atypically developed as to nervous system and biochemical constitution, it is also explicable that masochistic-sadistic ideational processes usually accompany each other in one and the same person. "Hunger for sensation" is the common feature of both forms of algolagnistic play, in which each individual shares usually disproportionately.

The fact that the masochist is predominately a cerebralist, that is, a person whose erotization is brought about rather through ideas in the brain tracts and not so much through external events, explains why for many masochists the actual flogging by a woman does not make so much, or at least not exclusively, a special impression as does instead the pleasure-toned idea of the "anticipated" chastisement on the part of the woman. The lack of erotic satisfaction and the disappointment of the masochist after artificially arranged adventures with prostitutes and women who have learned how are indeed well-known facts. Such undertakings are

without exception doomed to failure, since they leave out of consideration the psychic complemental situation indispensable even in such case between man and woman.

The erotic reaction may be tested most effectively in men who suffer nervous impotence or believe that they do. An impotent masochist can in my opinion be brought much more readily to stronger erections through the threats of a woman (as perhaps that she will beat him because of this or that failure or because the erection does not come) and through her vivid portrayal of the contemplated act of whipping than, it may be, through the actual delivering of the blows by the woman. Furthermore, the experiment to bring about a sufficiently strong erection may succeed also if the woman on the other hand threatens the man that she will beat him soundly when the erection appears—perhaps under the pretended justification of the unseemly performance. One can wager almost with certainty that the pseudoimpotent masochist will attain a sufficient erection of his organ to enable him to perform coitus with his partner. To be sure, these psychic moves, that is, the putting of them into practice, presuppose a very intelligent woman and one quite ready to coöperate with the man.

In general, one may say that love situations and sexual procedures which last only a short time are in no way suited to the masochistic disposition. Sexual satisfaction of masochists of my type can be attained only in the course of a protracted relationship or in marriage with a highly cultured society woman sadistically oriented toward flagellation, who meets these masochistic tendencies with full understanding.

I have been for a long time in search of such a suitable life companion without having yet found her, which of course with my relative seclusion up to this time is not to be wondered at.

Do you believe, Doctor, that I shall be able to find a woman thus disposed in the walks of society accessible at the present time?

My masochistic inclination tells me of itself that I shall, in consequence of which I have striven to find in actuality, too, a woman who will represent to me the true complement. I believe I shall still be convinced that there are many women in society who could happily complete my relatively common alfolagnistic type; for such a one I would without exaggeration be really "an ideal husband."

Merely the possibility of the actual reciprocal discovery of erotically complementary men and women is very difficult.

The organizing of a quick discovery of partners who belong together is one of the still unsolved problems of our time.

What do you think of the industrial marriage agency in relation particularly to our theme? I cannot think that individual, energetically disposed women will pursue this method.

The diligent frequenting of social institutions, aside from the loss of time and money and the expenditure of nervous force, as to which, precisely in reference to the serious industrial struggle for existence of our present time, we have decidedly to proceed with economy, does not guarantee that relatively complicated natures, of which the masochist's surely is, would find there the definite type of complementary partner, chiefly since such women do not too willingly move in superficial society.

Thus the solution of the marriage problem in the case of masochists, the meeting with the woman who would fulfill their needs, is a fairly difficult matter. Our social arrangements fail completely in this respect.

With the hope that I have furnished a small contribution of use in your studies, may I, dear Doctor, sign myself with friendly greetings,

Most respectfully yours,

L. M.

This interesting life report permits us to penetrate deeply into the psychology of the paraphilia. We see first an intimate relationship between sadism and masochism. Not only that the first impression is frankly sadistic and shows the malicious pleasure of the boy who could observe the whipping scenes described; but the fact that the writer could flog a modest girl reveals the association of the two components, sadism and masochism, which the patient himself realizes and repeatedly emphasizes.

We see further that we have to do with a fantasy person, who recoils in fright from the realization of his desires. The attempts to transform his fantasy into deed come to grief sooner or later. The debasement of the partner makes an end to the situation. Again and again the longing appears for psychic understanding, for a "higher" person. But just these persons are avoided. The tendency to isolation is too strong, the fear of woman and of love too powerful. Like all true

sadomasochists, this patient, also, is really psychically impotent. Coitus can be achieved only through manual aid by the woman; a prearranged unskillfulness permits him to play the passive rôle according to the principle of "pleasure without guilt."

It is interesting that the patient is an only child and says nothing of beatings at home, although the production of erection by means of threats allows us to suspect an infantile scene with the mother. The otherwise so fluent patient is totally silent regarding this important constellation (father-mother). He suffers, as do most of these patients, even in school from anxiety and fear of pollutions. Hirschfeld has called attention in his *Sexualpathologie*[7] to the fact that this is frequently found in the life history of "metatropic" masochists. We know very well the psychology of these pollutions and are aware that the school task becomes a symbol of a far more important sexual responsibility (parapathic trivial occurrence). If you master this task, you will succeed also in much more difficult problems. Its appearance in the class in religion and with the theme "stilling of the tempest" is characteristic. There is no other indication of the never-absent religious complex. A strong feeling of guilt is joined to these school pollutions, which permits us to deduce the forbidden content of the fantasies, which remains in the middle register and does not come to the pupil's consciousness.

The flight from the woman is typical. He does not seek to be cured through analysis, but expects this from a sadistic mistress who will satisfy all his desires. I know such marriages and can only affirm from my experience that they are all unhappy and that the partners separate sooner or later.

The theoretical discussion is striking, which nevertheless is at pains to conceal the psychic roots. What the writer says about the cerebralization of the paraphilia, reveals a keen observer. These people are boundless in their fantasy and in reality shrink from the fulfillment of their wishes. The actual scene is a disillusionment, because it never corresponds to the unconscious desire; and in itself it is a fiction behind which a totally different scene is hiding, while the persons are substi-

tute figures, so that even the rôles are exchanged. But more of this later!

I needed fuller explanation of the material from this knowing person and put further questions to him, which he answered in the following very detailed communication. It contains at the same time a considerable theoretical digression and reflects accurately for us the present position of nonanalytic opinion.

My Dear Doctor:

I will answer your kindly inquiries in the order in which you put them, as follows:

1. Question: Whether I was struck in early youth by parents or teachers?

In answer:

At home I was whipped perhaps now and then but never, in my opinion, in a manner that could be connected with the sado-masochistic feeling complex. My father, for example, was a good-natured person himself, of a rather strong neurasthenic, hypochondriac disposition, in his earlier years an excitable, irascible individual. My parents, by the way, were very young when they married, in 1888—Father not yet twenty-three and Mother not twenty-one years old. My father had determined when I was a little fellow of six or seven to make of me an expert accountant, which he as a merchant evidently considered very important. No doubt it was chiefly, besides this, a mistaken parental ambition for my education which drove him to a comical procedure. He heard my lessons every day and gave me, who had at that time a certain proficiency in these not precisely intellectual arts, regularly a resounding box on the ear whenever the time I took between the giving of a problem in arithmetic and its solution seemed to him too long, a few seconds being enough in his opinion. Yet he stopped this practice after a couple of years. Once during the period mentioned he had a girl apprentice bring him a rattan stick from a basketware shop, which she carried into the room. My father, either dissuaded by my mother, or, as I still seem to remember, frightened by the reflection of his excitability severely felt from a third direction, namely my childish nervousness, made no use of the stick.

As to my general character, I might say that I was of a more melancholy disposition, passive, so-called "good," but that means already a neurasthenic child. My otherwise good-natured mood,

which was especially altogether too easily pleased with its comrades, was roused to violence only by rather exceptionally unpleasant things. Thus when I was three years old (I believe I can still faintly remember the room and the scene there) during the absence of my parents I bit my grandaunt in the breast and rushed upon my granduncle with the hammer, because something had hurt or angered me. Furthermore, I had an unconquerable dislike to children who were ugly or unæsthetic in appearance. One time, when perhaps three or four years of age, I saw a disgustingly disagreeable-looking little girl go by the glass door of the shop of my parents' place of business. Although the little girl was in company of her mother, I ran out to the street quite impulsively and gave her without ado a box on the ear. I did the same thing in the first class in the elementary school, where I set upon a very ugly pupil who sat near me on the bench, perhaps from anger because, as I thought, making a monkey face at me, he had taken away my blotter; and in the midst of the lesson hour I boxed his ears, which so astonished the teacher that he never thought of whipping me.

These were, however, merely exceptional occurrences, for my whole character tendency developed during the school period in the opposite direction (schizothymia already in childhood, shyness, bipolarity). I was a child who had great and wholesome respect for grown persons, relatives, teachers, and the like. Diligence in school was easy for my passive nature, instinctively averse to everything rowdyish. I was always one of the first five among sixty or seventy pupils in the first four years at the elementary school (the pupils were still ranked at that time, 1894-1898, according to merits in achievement, a method which contributed to the intensifying of the child's nervousness). Once I was first among sixty-six pupils—a fact the relative worthlessness of which for later life reveals itself in so far as it is a well-established experience that a favorable combination of constitutional elements, even with smaller intellectual equipment, and of suitable profession and advantageous social environment (protection and the like) are of much greater account for so-called success in life than objective good functioning in intellectual pursuits. The value of good endowment is thereby in no way denied, but it alone is not enough for success in life. My nature physically inhibited (naturally upon a psychic basis!) but intellectually alert remained the same during the entire period in which I attended the humanistic gymnasium. I discharged the gymnasium requirements in the

department of religion (!)—evangelical—to which was added in the higher classes some religious philosophy, with the highest mark (one) and special honorable mention in textual criticism, with good marks in all the other departments (German composition, Greek and modern languages, mathematics—more talent here for astronomy, physics, and stereometry than for algebra and geometry—more synthetic and æsthetic interest than purely abstract-analytic, greater tendency to concrete, plastic analysis). In Latin, a masculine language, which presupposes a more prosaic nature, and in gymnastic exercises I did only average work. As you know, I give these facts for psychological reasons. Psychically inhibited, I went through a veritable martyrdom, as a gymnasium student inexperienced in roughness, especially in the earlier years (puberty and postpuberty), on the part of certain ones of my fellow pupils, who probably instinctively roused by the psychic difference played abominable tricks upon me of all sorts, boxed my ears, put drawing pins on the seat, threw compasses and rulers at me, and so forth. I could not defend myself at that time because of the schizothymic inhibitions and awkwardness, which were plainly in evidence at that period; or if at any time I did so when hard pressed, and in an ineffectual manner, I chose an unfavorable moment, not being in control of the situation, a moment in which regularly the teaching force concerned appeared upon the scene of action and I seemed to be the primary disturber of the peace. Not until later did the leaders who devised these tortures come into notice—usually by accident. These occurrences belong to the gymnasium period between the fourteenth and seventeenth years.

Whipping experiences in the elementary school, 1894-1898.

In the first two years of elementary school our class was conducted by a tall, dashing, rather fantastic instructor, who it was said had erotic relations with the pupils' mothers. I think I am not in error if to-day after long years I believe that this teacher, at that time, 1894-1895, a young man twenty-nine years old, took a certain delight in taking the pupils over his knee, solemnly and quietly stretching their trousers, and letting regularly a large number of heavy blows of the cane rain down upon the buttocks of the pupils concerned. He always did this with a ceremoniousness and a certain haughty pose as if he were staging a play before the class. I can remember yet to-day with what a proud, self-complacent look he would fall upon the pupils, lay them over the bench, the master's desk, or his chair, and with what great fervor

he would then wield the cane, if the victim wept and begged to have the punishment abated. There were scenes in which the boys appealed to the teacher in almost hysterical outbursts begging mercy as if before an oriental despot; the lamentations and cries of the victims were heard, the richly diversified scene being enlivened by the afternoon sun which shone into the room. The pupils from the humbler classes often had to take their punishment, boys from the orphanage, and the like. With students from parents of better position, he did not go so far, perhaps, since conflicts with the parents might easily have arisen. School chastisements were a veritable spectacle for the class; through such a method of education the children's minds, through the terrifying effects, half felt as repugnant, half theatrically accepted, were made acquainted with such means of punishment based upon the principle of the authority of blind fury.

As to my own person, I received from this teacher no blows upon the buttocks, but so much the more so-called "handers," that is, blows with the cane upon the hand, and even for my seeming inattention (which was in fact nothing but the constitutional neurasthenically rapid fatigue of the child, made more comprehensible through the schematic form of school life at that time—perhaps I had already grasped the lesson material or the tedious manner of the class instruction tired me, and I would look out of the window with a certain need for relaxation—a method peculiar to me, which once later in a testimonial for the first year at the gymnasium caused the entry to be made, "Is disposed to dreaming."). My feelings toward the vainglorious, blow-dispensing instructor at the elementary school were at that time very naturally credulous of his authority and really not so hostile as would have been expected and as proud, passionate little boys would ordinarily have cherished in such cases. Official circles in state, society, and church have always especially upheld this sort of back-side-flogging pedagogy from a certain standpoint of utility so that young people will be trained as willing subjects for their purposes. The whippings were considered a matter of fact, as part of the school organization, and were so accepted by the elders; at most there was indignation at the greater or less brutality in carrying out the punishment, which took place on every possible occasion, even harmless ones, as when a boy could not answer a question from the lesson material. The children talked then of the "strictness" of the teacher, which was presumably marked sadism.

2. My first recollections as to my own punishment turn to the

fact that I had a strong feeling of fear before it was carried out and that the frequently mentioned instructor played with his pupils as a cat with a mouse, if the victim tried to escape from the teacher's arm or clenched his hands to fists, which the teacher did not dare trust himself to strike, although this might now and then happen. There were very painful sensations on the palms of the hands after the sound administration of the blows there.

When others were punished I followed the scene with a certain anxiety and in part with an excited curiosity, especially the masterful handling of the boys by the teacher when he struck them on the buttocks. I still recall clearly that we once had a woman teacher, tall and thin, as an assistant, and I pictured to myself how it would be if she should flog the students and whip them on the tense buttocks with the cane. It seemed to me more interesting than to have the teacher do it. The woman teacher, to the disappointment of my craving for sensation, never gave a boy a real flogging. I think I can still reproduce my feelings at that time correctly when I say that an instructress who would have whipped the little boys with the rattan would have seemed more interesting and not quite so coarsely brutal as a male teacher in the same act. At least I should have liked to have a female teacher in charge of the classes; whether I should have preferred her to a man teacher I do not know now, for I had not thought particularly of a comparison of that sort. I still know that the boys used to inform one another with a certain mysterious importance if perhaps it was known or talked about that a male teacher had flogged the girls, stretched their skirts or drawers, which must have been done actually only in very exceptional cases. It was also a matter of sensational discussion among the boys or a malicious teasing on the part of lively girls if it was said of a woman teacher that she was especially strict and she herself had flogged the biggest boys.

A certain unconscious sexually toned respect for the power of such a woman lay at the bottom of talk of this kind. The clearly sexual element of such conversations is naturally mostly unconscious as regards the children, although they talk of these things with a certain pleasure-toned excitement, at least one that is not disagreeable to them.

I was whipped once with the cane upon my buttocks by the teacher who conducted our class during my third and fourth years at the elementary school. That was the only time during my entire school period. I could not help laughing when a pupil sitting near

me during our lesson hour smeared his nose full of ink and presented a comical appearance. This teacher, who I think was not sadistically inclined, had the custom of pressing the pupils between his thighs when he whipped them on the behind. His punishments had something comfortable and contemplative in them and were not so bound with sensational excitement. Furthermore, I found the pain of the blows of the cane upon the buttocks far less disagreeable than the rough hand beating of the former instructor. Nor did I have the great fear before the punishment, but felt much injured afterward in my sense of personal value, yet had no other complaint to make of my teacher. I do not know whether this second teacher noticed that the blows upon the buttocks evidently did not hurt me much. At any rate, he struck me only a couple of times and then stopped at once. As illustration as to how active, more cyclothymic, boys react to such chastisement, in contrast to passive, schizothymic children (to which I belonged) I may cite the case of a later friend of mine among my schoolmates, quite conscious of himself (a medical specialist mentioned later under Number 9) who was taken by this same teacher between the thighs for punishment upon the buttocks. My friend, as he told me later, pushed so hard with the back of his head against the teacher's testicles, purposely of course, that the teacher evidently experienced fearful pain and never again struck the boy, while I quietly acquiesced.

I still remember later, in the first years of the gymnasium, how excited I was when stories were told about boys from the boarding schools, in which boys of the better classes were soundly caned. The occasion for this was that a very good-looking fellow pupil was in such a school. My first strongly *erotic*, pleasure-toned onanistic acts were associated with his round buttocks and pretty little white linen trousers striped with blue and with the tales of the cane from the boarding school. (The purely *physiologically* pleasure-toned onanistic acts with an *anxiety-neurotic* origin occurred earlier, as I have stated in my first report.)

As to the theoretic assumptions, the belief that the sadomasochistic disposition is acquired only through youthful experiences must be incorrect. The acceptance of a direct causal connection of that sort can be explained only from superficial consideration. Certainly it must be acknowledged that such experiences play some rôle as a factor favoring the outbreak in natures thus disposed. The primary thing is and remains the biological connection—perhaps varying greatly according to different individualities—be-

tween the feeling of anxiety and the erotic pleasure (compare, for example, in both, instinctive increase of respiratory activity under spontaneous excitement of the entire nervous system).

It appears especially that witnessing power has an exciting, intoxicating effect, since a strong feeling of anxiety is produced in physiologically, particularly neurologically, weaker-endowed individuals, and already in childhood itself. Anxiety is a psychic movement and as such in itself partly pleasurably toned. Through accidental combination with a pleasure in looking erotically stimulated through the spectacle of power (special tendency of the sado-masochist to muscle-flesh erotism, round buttocks, bodily movements of the persons engaged in the whipping), the feeling of fear passes over into the sexual excitement, so that the latter then enters predominantly into the consciousness of the childish voyeur. For this reason, flagellations are preëminently suited agreeably to disturb the fallow state—probably due to the individual schizoid disposition—in the sexual sphere of individuals who most of the time are crippled in affect. The combination of fear and erotic pleasure is then lastingly fixed, so that the appearance of the latter is always dependent upon the incitement of the former. The masochist becomes eroticized only when he finds the woman whom he pleasurably fears physically and psychically, before whom he has a blissful anxiety. The sadist to become erotized must find a woman, a girl, who fears him with erotically toned anxiety. If it is not the case of an extreme sadist, he will, if the fear of the object at the beginning of the sadistic act is only naturally, not yet erotically, toned at the same time, regularly inspire an erotically colored feeling of fear up to a certain point in the course, say, of the flagellation; or at least he will instinctively work the begging of his object for mercy in what he is doing into his own erotic ecstasy.

The impressiveness of the whipping process increases according to the length of time it continues, purposely prolonged, and the persistence of the pleasure of looking, which gains interest the more time is spent upon the æsthetic carrying out of the flagellation, and especially when there is a distinct ceremoniousness about it. I have gathered this from the tales of friends of my age of their youthful memories of the elementary school. Here belongs, too, the often-depicted custom of English women, familiar from scientific and erotic literature, of instituting some special ceremonial for the erotic excitement of themselves, their husbands, or friends at the whipping of their children. Bloch cites in his

Geschlechtsleben in England (*The Sexual Life in England*) a significant passage from the erotic work *Exhibition of Female Flagellants,* "It is not the impassioned and awkward brandish of a vulgar female that can charm, but the deliberate and elegant manner of a woman of rank and fashion, who displays all that dignity in every action."

To this charm of the ceremonial is attached one of the psychological threads between sadomasochistic sexuality and religion (see below in Number 8). The fact also of the accumulation of erotic pleasure in pluralistic occurrences plays a part that must not be undervalued.

3. I have no stereotyped dreams. My sleep because of the chronic physiological exhaustion of my neurasthenic constitution is now almost regularly dreamless; the daily weariness in itself is so great that it demands always profound refreshment. My sleep is relatively speaking the best if I (who as a nervous person am naturally wide-awake evenings and at night, while mornings physically and mentally tired), after my evening visit to the coffee-house, walk about in the open for an hour or two. The urgency for movement in the natural and transferred, psychoanalytic, sense is very well developed in me (poriomania, psychic unrest, "impulsion to go far away" in spite of *animus revertendi;* basis: sexual repression?). Compare your interesting studies concerning the wandering impulse in the work *Peculiarities of Behavior.*

Perhaps I might speak of stereotyped dreams in my boyhood. See under 4 below.

I will say something here, because of its connection, of my general state of health.

I know nothing of pollutions as expression of physical tension of energy, although in later years relatively infrequently and chiefly only when a certain disgusting depression of spirits or insomnia was present, I have obtained release of tension through onanism. On the whole, there is less interest in the gradual than in the tedious and particularly abstruse method of satisfaction. Furthermore, strange, not unpleasant, but mysterious stuporous conditions have made themselves felt in recent years immediately or some hours after the onanistic act, evidently due to disturbances of the nervous conduction of excitement between brain and heart. The day after, however, my general feeling is better and livelier. My compulsive inclination to reflexive cerebral sexuality has as its result that the erotic ideas appear in consciousness more plainly than in individuals who tend to sexual activity, and they

so associate themselves with the rest of my thought process that there is in general no occasion for flight of unrecognized erotic strivings into the subconscious and into dreams. Now of course I do not know whether my predominantly schizothymic psychic disposition is the primary cause of my specially erotic general psychophysical constitution or whether the reason for the latter is to be sought essentially in purely physiological anomalies of my constitution. Symptoms of disturbance of well-being may be mentioned: General neurasthenia, intermittent attacks of heart neurosis: frequently severe pressure like a stone upon the region of the heart (middle of the body behind the sternum) especially in increase of atmospheric pressure, *asthma cordiale nervosum,* particularly by diminished atmospheric pressure, evident influences of changes of the electric tensions in the atmosphere; feel best, relatively speaking, when a low pressure continues and with a moderately cool, damp ocean climate or with release of atmospheric tensions through mild snowy weather after unpleasant warm thaw winds or storm; spontaneous attacks of great anxiety which permit fears of direct paralysis of heart or brain with fatal result; even severe vasomotor disturbances in consequence of failure of stimulus conduction; in addition to this, perhaps slight chronic weakness of the heart muscle. But according to the diagnosis of different physicians whom I have consulted in the course of the years neither valvular defect nor any sign of premature arterial sclerosis reveals itself. A doctor in Hamburg whom I consulted recently attributes my difficulty to a general impoverishment of the nervous substance in the affected places, an opinion which in part at least may be correct, inasmuch as I have a none too healthy inheritance quota, I believe, in the neuro-organic sense (see below under 7). Moreover, there are evident effects of an existing anemia and a gouty diathesis from my mother's side, which has already made its appearance.[8]

I have the impression as if the physiological energy of the sexuality endogenously inhibited in its active function seeks an outlet in the *choc-en-retour* [shock-in-return] pathway and in part at least has acted as a disturbing force upon the function of the heart activity, which then finds vent in feelings of anxiety. It almost seems as if, when there are serious physiological conditions present in the constitution of a particular individual, nature wanted to make use of the affect of anxiety as an *ultima ratio* for erotization in the hope of rousing through these very strong stimulants of human emotional life the constitution, which in the last analysis

is frigid, of these depicted groups of—neuropathic—individuals. The anxiety affects form then one of the three chief roots of the sadomasochistic complex.

4. Interesting dreams of my life.

A certain stereotypy may be observed in the dreams of my early years. I suffered a good deal with dreams of anxiety and terror. I still remember, for example, a dream which occurred when I was perhaps eleven years old. I learned one day at that time of the violent death of the mother of one of my schoolmates, a much depressed person, who had thrown herself to the street from the window of their dwelling in the fourth floor of a house. For nights after hearing this I had such fearful dreams of terror that on waking in the morning I lay in bed wet with perspiration, with extremities drawn up and fingers clenched. At about twelve (1900) there were, I think, some sporadic dreams which revolved about the whipping of boys, yet I no longer have a clear recollection of the facts and the closer details. I had a dream when I was perhaps fourteen years old which is still clear in my memory today, the content of which was that I was laid in a coffin of green cloth by my mother and an old cook that had been with us for years in a room of the home where we were living at the time; the coffin was closed and I was carried out of the dwelling. These special terrifying dreams, which were occupied with scenes of death, funerals, *being buried alive,* and so on, played on the whole an unpleasant part in my youth. Erotic dreams were relatively rare; some time ago, perhaps a year or two, I had a dream in which there appeared to me a tall woman with a smiling countenance, who held in her hand a cane. Once recently I dreamed, and, as always, this was in the morning when I was going to sleep again, that my mother jokingly embraced me from behind, pressed me to the wall, and laid her hand upon my larynx; further, that I was weighing with my hand the full buttocks of a portly woman of middle age whom I know and stroking their flesh. Besides, I dreamed lately that a young girl who ran by me on the street in Hamburg at the shore of the Outer Elster, with her hinder part bare, looked at me half fearfully, half roguishly, upon which I touched the girl upon her moist genitalia. Here, then, I cannot report anything of importance.

5. The form which my sexual activity has taken since my last statement of October 22, 1921:

The way in which the erotic life is practically conducted depends most of all upon the endogenous psychic constitution of the indi-

vidual and not, as I frequently thought in previous years, upon the unfavorableness of external conditions. No doubt the social seclusion of the family, especially of the parents (which was the case with mine), absence of brothers and sisters, and other outer circumstances make still more difficult both at the time and permanently the introduction of the young person into practical erotic life with women; but the essential thing to be considered is that the manner of life of the pretended erotist, inhibited, that is, blocked, to a great degree or entirely in its erotic activity, must be explained by his restricting schizothymic retirement and shyness, his latent sexual frigidity. This knowledge dawned upon me some time ago but has been further strengthened for me through reading the excellent and instructive work of the Tübinger psychiatrist, Dr. Kretchmer, in his book *Physique and Character*. What Dr. Kretschmer says about the psychophysical sexual development of the schizoid temperament as a whole hits the nail on the head at many points that touch my erotic life. I am, it is true, also something of a cyclothymic nature; that is, perhaps slightly manic-depressive, in which I tend considerably more toward the depressive, constitutionally dejected side; but I have, in my opinion, prominent schizothymic traits. I am therefore a mixed type between the two fundamental dispositions, the characteristics of which are among others: solitary aversion toward the vapid banality of life, especially under the present difficult living conditions, which indeed lead differently disposed natures to resignation; uncertainty of aim in seeking an individually suitable course of life; slowness in seizing practical advantages; and so on.

Schizothymic persons must get into the environment which is particularly suitable for them, professionally, socially, and erotically, otherwise they remain retarded in development like plants without sufficient light.

I have not, generally speaking, had normal sexual intercourse. Now and then I have said to myself that coitus with a charming woman must be something very delightful—that is, as a purely intellectual consideration—but evidently I have not much desire for it, or I should long ago have proceeded to accomplish it. Still as ever the sadomasochistic complex alone engages my erotic interests. My astonishing sexual functional weakness—especially in comparison with my relatively robust external appearance—goes back in a significant measure, according to my opinion, to my neuro-organic weak constitution and its resulting condition,

the chronic exhaustion. Endogenous psychic inhibitions, which may surely be present also, would not, I believe, be strong enough to make coitus impossible, provided that I had the necessary physiological reserve forces and, besides, a suitable woman as a fitting sexual object adequately disposed to flagellation. Especially would it likely be possible in a measure to perform coitus if an intelligent woman gave me digital aid. Perhaps, Doctor, you could recommend me a medical compound as a means for increasing my strength; I am thinking of a nervine, as for example phosphorous in some combination supplemented by a heart tonic in moderate doses (strophanthin, digitalis??)!

As to my actual erotic experiences in Hamburg, only isolated instances come into question.

Thus I met once in a shop a tall, black-haired woman who erotically was not displeasing to me, although in general I take a fancy to blondes or light brunettes. I followed her to the street, spoke to her—which usually I do not care to do. She assented. I went with her into a restaurant and pictured to her superficially my erotic specialties. It is not difficult to lead the conversation somewhat to flagellation, if one first lays stress upon the point that one particularly likes energy in women, which flatters many of them. I suggested my willingness for cunnilingus, which interested her still more. The lady was the wife of a philologist, with whom evidently, according to her account, she lived in rather an indifferent marriage relationship. She was persuaded to go with me to my home. She told me at tea that I was constituted exactly like a psychiatrist she had once known. She then undressed, and I kissed her for a long time freely upon the genitalia, which were kept very clean. I searched for the clitoris but did not allow myself much time for it, because I thought that the woman, roused by the cunnilingus, would be impatient if I stopped. The procedure did not, it is true, at that time exactly release the physiological tension for me, yet after all it satisfied me psychically in a certain measure, perhaps because of the masochistic element in the scene. I had no erection of the member; the erotic excitement was predominantly that of spontaneous adventure and contained no sort of flagellatory stimulation upon which—idea and threat even more perhaps than actual performance—my erotization depends. The erotic experiences are voluntarily produced sensationally, purely through the intellect; a strong erotization could take place only if by lucky chance the woman concerned entered with the same feeling into my ideational erotism. In cunnilingus,

I preferred a kneeling position before the woman. I can make no comparison with the feeling of satisfaction after coitus, in which perhaps the woman lies on top, because practical experience is wanting with me. After repeated acts of cunnilingus my friend took leave—late at night—to go to her home. It seemed to me that she was in a somewhat depressed mood, although she let me give her tongue kisses at parting. I do not know whether I really gave her satisfaction—the affair seemed at any rate to have pleased her to some extent. Perhaps she had expected coitus, the fulfilling of which expectation would have been inopportune for me and probably would not have succeeded, inasmuch as such unpremeditated scenes always produce a certain unrest, and to have successful coitus with a woman, I have to lie long and comfortably in bed with her and bring myself into erotic excitement with her through erotically stimulating conversation. The lady in question wrote me a friendly letter of farewell, giving as her reason for it moral disgust, the correctness of which I had the more reason to doubt since some weeks later—she still visited me after I had assured her that at these times she could not rouse me to any erotic performances—she continued to inform me that I was not the type to stimulate her sexually; perhaps she like myself was also of a schizothymic nature. I met her once more later upon the street, when she greeted me in a friendly manner and talked with me for a little while. Since then I have lost sight of her.

Furthermore, I learned to know a large buxom blonde who had given her address in a newspaper advertisement, who in general made a rather good impression with men and who produced upon me a strong sensual effect on account of her large full figure, her catlike blue-gray eyes, her rich light blonde hair, and her well-rounded buttocks. She manifested, however—like her mother, by whom she was spoken of as a "difficult character"—marked hysterical traits and was thus not the woman to ensnare me. She was in the habit of playing with men. I took her with me occasionally to Munich on a vacation trip to present her to my parents, not in fact as my betrothed, but in a certain manner as the prototype of my future wife. My parents felt burdened by the intrusion of this strange feminine person into their cozy home. Besides, Lola was pregnant at that time, not by me, but either by a music conductor in Hamburg with whom she had had relations or by a forty-four-year-old Jewish business man, who, according to her statement, was almost impotent. The latter had meanwhile

out of his own sexual bondage married the girl of twenty-five to aid her parents in official disguise of the birth of an otherwise illegitimate child. The same lover had previously offered money to have an abortion produced by a specialist, but the girl was afraid of the operation. The hysterical woman was already seeking, ready again with her smiles and charms for men, for a new ground of separation to be free from the unloved husband. During her stay in Munich, Lola passed the time in learning to know the men among my friends in this place. When I hunted her up at her request before she returned to Hamburg—she was ostensibly always in financial straits, although she was being supported by her lover—in her lodgings in a pleasure resort in the Isar valley near Munich, she lay for the hour agreed upon—in bed—and I was allowed to enter her room without restraint. First she was tearful—I half believed and half distrusted her pose—then soon she was laughing and wanted to draw me into bed with her strong, fleshy arms, but mentioned however that she had a discharge. Whether she really feared a gonorrheal infection or was merely playing this to torture me regarding the state of her health I cannot decide. As I heard later, it was probably a harmless discharge which had to do with her pregnancy. Although the young woman stimulated me, the thought of performing coitus was far from me. I have often kissed Lola per tongue and handled her plump buttocks. The relationship came to nothing because of her subsequent marriage, the bonds of which she will probably soon cast off again. She seemed to have had no particular leaning to flagellant erotism. Once also I sought out a pretty Hamburg masseuse in order to excite myself erotically merely through finding out whether and how she would beat me—which she consented to do. I would have let her flagellate me, if the situation otherwise had not been disagreeable (location of the house, personal uncertainty, being observed). I wanted in the same way to be whipped by a tall, blonde masseuse in Hamburg, who, however, after first being willing, refused to do it, for she had made inquiries about me from other of her professional colleagues.

Tongue kisses, *cunnilinctio,* and buttock erotism (from which in part the interest in erotic flagellation springs) are my chief erotic goals, which appeal to me much more than normal coitus, even though one takes into account the amount of masochistic sensation that comes from the position of the woman upon the man, which at any rate is able to erotize me *psychically.*

My erotic wish ideal has crystallized itself to the extent that I

try to find—at least this is the content of the erotic idea—a woman of a really naturally heterosexual disposition, but inclined to Lesbian caresses and with it to sadistic-flagellant procedure, a woman tall and stately or a Lesbian not too terrifying to a man, who would in my presence in the home circle beat a pretty buxom girl of say twelve to nineteen years of age. I would confer upon the woman herself who administers the flagellation Lesbian love services under predominantly masochistic conditions. In this sense I have composed a rather long erotic poem in the style of a student song, which was accepted by a publishing house which is carried on in erotic interests. I always feel strong erotic satisfaction if I am roundly beaten by a woman of a sadistic flagellant disposition, almost more yet if she threatens me that she is going to do it. It would perhaps please me erotically, that is, be agreeable to me, to flog myself a pretty young girl or a mature woman, but it would by no means so stir me emotionally as would the acts I have noted.

Schizothymic idea erotists remain often their life long erotic Odysseus natures, for they are attracted not so much by the woman as a psychic personality, but by the erotic sensation, the erotic drama of the moment, which rouses their frigid, joyless nature to soar in a mental transport of fantasy. Thus after intervals of apathy I betake myself again regularly to the search for the woman constitutionally my complement, which is doubly hard for me with my special erotic inclination and my tendency to social passivity. Now and then, to be sure, one is tempted to follow sober reason, which perhaps views the entire hunt for the flagellant woman as the self-deception of the fundamentally still frigid individual; nevertheless, I have confirmed with certainty from many a marriage in my circle of acquaintances that the neglect of the purely erotic point of view in the choice of the marriage partner seriously avenges itself.

The solution of the woman problem for my personal existence, that is, to find a wife suited to my individuality and economically as securely established as possible—if my constitutional fate has not condemned me to bachelorhood for all time—stands now in the foreground and outweighs the, for academic persons, detestable question of a calling—the latter being less alarming for me because of the possibility of engaging in the enterprises of my parent, but, with the present catastrophic conditions in Germany, having become more and more unremunerative and problematic. I have often thought therefore of making a connection with England, for example, inasmuch as a pronounced tendency to flagel-

lation has often been rumored of the English women, which makes them appear to me as desirable marriage partners. I have just learned through a newspaper advertisement put in by me to know a not unattractive student of medicine, thirty years old, who was the wife of a merchant from her twentieth to her twenty-fifth year and then divorced from him, and since that time, according to her own statement, has lived alone without sexual need. She had always had an aversion to coitus; explained that she would be ready to have a man caress her with cunnilingus. Are these efforts only the psychic errors of a schizoid psychopath or the desired guideposts of nature for the erotization of my inhibited constitution? I cannot myself answer the question, inasmuch as one's own individuality does not have perfect knowledge of itself.

6. Fixation upon the mother:

It is present, although of course not in the sense that we will say the physical or mental type (at least as far as the latter concerns the purely erotic sphere) of the mother is at the basis of my sexual choice; that is, would represent my specific ideal. At any rate, a fixation upon my mother may be thought of in so far as my partially infantile-colored sexual character, which desires in the woman erotically sought a certain care, an influencing, has psychically not become as far removed from the mother as is usual in cyclothymic individuals. I mention here first of all the following tendencies: the need to remain with the mother in a close personal, comprehending association, to share with her my more intimate concerns, to keep her interested in a certain manner in my erotic opinions, to ask her—who it is true is looked upon from the neutral side as an intelligent, shrewd woman of remarkable business ability—for her opinion and advice in various situations of life. It is possible that these close relationships so increase the psychic dependence that no room is left for the *psychic* erotism toward other women—physiologically desired. These factors, also, anchored in the subconscious, may play a certain part with me, factors which might have an effect later—even though no longer so powerfully—if I should have the good fortune to find a woman toward whom I had a similar sense of security.

7. Character of the parents:

a. First, the family history:

The father's family (agnate succession of the family name) an old Alemannic family with some Old Frankish admixture—traceable sporadically to the year 1300. Locality: St. B. in Württemberg (among others, merchants, salt makers, cutlers, physicians,

theologians, travelers). Among them frequently intelligent, poriomanic, enterprising, but on the other hand melancholy, idealistic, and yet irascible, self-willed, and somewhat despotic natures. Family tree is complete since the year 1529. It is related in the chronicle that N., according to the record the oldest authenticated ancestor, was "cast out" from the high council of the city St. B., of which he was a member, and lost his title of nobility, "because he raged violently against the gospel." This apparently has to do with the adoption on the part of the Swabian free cities of the Reformation, against which this ancestor, evidently a rather zealous Catholic, had protested as it seems pretty forcefully. Shortly after this—perhaps about the middle of the sixteenth century, the religious peace of Augsburg, 1555, *"cujus regio, ejus religio"* ["whosoever reigns, his religion"]—the family seem to have gone over to Protestantism and then later manifestly become rather traditionally evangelical.

Tendency to psychic explosiveness or strange taciturnity in living members of other branches of the family sporadically ascertainable—artistic and on the other hand again inhibited, melancholic natures—late erotism, striking choice of women, other psychic peculiarities.

My paternal grandfather, an energetic man, probably predominantly cyclothymic, with a sort of Lloyd George physiognomy, lively nature, married in 1848—whether from erotic inclination or more from need of financial foundation for a new undertaking cannot be determined—but at the age of forty a woman of twenty-seven originally of a Bohemian family on her father's side, who brought to the family a rather unfavorable constitution from the racial-hygienic point of view. Physical characteristics of this woman: large, compact, oval, Slavic form of skull—psychic traits according to her picture and tradition: a domineering nature and yet one withdrawn from life, dissatisfied, ill-humored—apparently strongly schizothymic; she presumably brought into the family the neuro-organic weak constitution, which was handed on especially to my father as the youngest of seven children of the paternal grandparents mentioned, and in part also to me.

b. My father, as the last child of a man fifty-seven years old and a woman forty-four, a marked neurasthenic, and hypochondriac, syphilophobe, in his youth probably an erotically shy individual, has had no sexual relations either before or outside of marriage and, according to what my mother says, soon ceased having regular marital intercourse because of fears for his health, which

my mother on the purely physiological side has not borne particularly well. A fair amount of fear of people and of life always latent, although jolly in society in his earlier years. Compulsive ideas: fear of swallowing needles or stones, especially where a number have not been counted. Outbreak of these ideas at the time of puberty (seventeen); suffered extraordinarily from the age of thirty-five to that of forty with neuralgic headaches, later frequently abdominal neuralgia, intestinal atony. Paralysis agitans has been present for some time, under the influence of which, as well as of an also existing latent gall disorder, a certain physical *marasmus præsenilis*. Mental and character traits: normal intermediate school education; in his time good theoretical ability in chemistry, physics, a sense of optics, photography, graphic art, also some leaning toward music, less talent and comprehension in the field of language and literature. Character: mixture of tender, good-natured sentimentality and passionate self-will. Often violent ill-temper. Strongly inclined to depression, always seeking security. No courage for taking a stand in the face of opposing influences. Always great dependence in the conduct of his life—actually wholly committed to the leadership of his wife, my mother; marked retirement and so-called "solidity" of life habits. Conscientiously fearful, no spirit of enterprise (in complete contrast to his father, who as a member of the municipal board was a good fighter, traveled to London—in the middle of the previous century!—undertook new things, and so on). My father had little ability to make decisions, but on the other hand great capacity for passive endurance. Intellectual, artistic, and natural disposition good in themselves, but often wasted through general awkwardness and schizothymically shy nature. My father has had always as a result of his inhibited personality only a very limited enjoyment of life and is in so far a being to be pitied.

A good portion of this passivity, lack of talent for making life happy, and clumsy awkwardness has passed on to me.

It is not so easy to say from which side I inherit my personal understanding for Slavic melancholy and similarly for sad music (chiefly Scandinavian or Russian-Polish in nature or Hungarian-Mongolian in tone) and my preference for this. In one collateral line in my mother's ancestry—otherwise not well-known—of Frankish-Coburg origin, a Wendish mixture of blood may have been present. I suspect, however, that the disposition described should be considered due chiefly to the Slavic-Bohemian descent of my paternal grandmother.

c. My mother, born 1867; my mother's father, 1821-1878, intelligent, business man, fond of travel like my paternal grandfather, also a visitor in London in the middle of the sixties. I may characterize my mother, without perhaps being in error in my objective judgment through the fixation I have mentioned, as follows:

Energetic, intelligent, good in business, as compared with other women, a woman exceptionally fitted for organization (very masculine type of character and handwriting), to whose forceful activity were due the growth of the parental business to an enterprise designated by a third person as in quality a first-class establishment in the place and the earning of a large income. The latter has naturally been affected by the World War and the financial catastrophe of the German nation; in consequence of the depreciation of currency it has fallen economically to nothing, and the thirty-year, almost forty-year life work of this woman has been in vain. Yet to-day my mother, who will soon be fifty-seven, is still the soul of the firm, despite a constitution of hereditary neurasthenia of the heart and of gout, sorely depleted by the influences of the climacterium and the difficult conditions of the present time. Furthermore, she takes upon herself—notwithstanding insomnia, which is quite understandable from the constant shaking up of her nerves—the care also of the hypochondriac, exacting husband, who because of his paralysis agitans has to be put to bed at night, lifted, and the like, and will not have this done by any one but his wife.

My mother's disposition: Affectionate, considerate, sympathetic even with strangers; more cyclothymic in temperament (energetic, even-tempered), of a deep nature, no signs of typical feminine overtension; if exasperated, now and then flaring up somewhat violently. Aversion toward, and a certain delight in, tormenting affected, conceited persons. Sympathetic regard for religious sentiments, but also for free opinions, somewhat traditionally evangelical, but without Pharisaic or moralistic emphasis; has very good knowledge of people. Fluency of speech, imitation of persons. Grammatical and conversational gifts for foreign languages.

8. Religiousness on my own part, formerly and at the present time (see Number 10, Appendix).

In youth, innocent childish belief in religious articles of faith and commands. No special pressure was exerted in the family in regard to religion, inasmuch as the parents treated the matters which came up with the normal unconcern that is common in many

other families. Although they have clung to the ideas and opinions handed down with a certain lameness of conviction in their religion, they express themselves concerning modern points of view not with disapproval and blame. Perhaps I have had some influence over my parents in this respect. For since the later years at the gymnasium I have gradually completely shaken off the narrow bonds of the confessional faith and stand to-day as an atheist and upon the platform of the natural, scientific explanation of world events, although I have not associated myself with any definite system within modern natural sciences. At the same time, I have from the standpoint of disposition much inclination toward abstract religious sentiment as such, transcendental longings, solemn moods, respect for every profound conception of the world, interest in the spiritual content of the various religions of the world; an interest that finds share in idealistically constituted natures, although a healthy realism preserves me from any particular psychic aberrations; a somewhat Faustian nature for the problem of the goal of existence; tendency to general pessimism regarding life is present to some extent (influence of the more depressive total constitution). On the other hand manifestations of restricted group faiths, as in general of every group cult, like deification of the state, the entire people, or social classes, fascinate me. Disturbances of such unintelligent group organizations, processions, may perhaps call forth a certain sadistic satisfaction; there would be then characteristics belonging to cultural history, to which I would turn my interest thus aroused.

9. Homosexual component.

This must be rather weakly developed in me. A certain æsthetic sense of pleasure in good-looking men with feminine appearance may be present in me. With pretty, erotically attractive boys, there might be even a slight erotic undertone. At any rate, the sadomasochistic feeling complex may at the most bear a part in so far as I can then specifically picture to myself flagellation of a very pretty boy fitted out with elegant trousers as a fascinating performance, if the flogging is carried out by a charming, tall, elegant woman.

I am not conscious of genuinely homosexual feelings sexually toned. I still remember very well one scene which took place with a school friend, perhaps at sixteen or seventeen years of age, when we undressed in the dressing-room cell of a free bath. The boy persuaded me to be the passive object of his onanism—immission of his penis between my thighs from behind—whereby he im-

agined to himself under my well-developed nates the bosom of an opera singer platonically admired by him. This entire act gave me strange pleasure; I did not understand it at all.

I notice, however, that I have much more talent and success in regard to normal friendship with men than in erotism and love toward women. It may be that this, too, is connected with my partly schizothymic disposition. Because of my entire constitution I am forced to seek—in spite often of unwelcome tendencies —until perhaps once more a lucky chance brings me the woman suitably constituted.

10. Theoretical addenda for explanation of the sadomasochistic feeling complex:

A. Masochism has by bringing in the psychologically very important factor of religion three roots:

1. Desire for enjoyment of the sexual amount of anxiety, the latter experienced from one's own person. This, one may understand, permits the wish to appear for complete domination through the other person, the pleasurably toned sense of total dependency upon the power and will of the partner.

In idea-associative connection with this stands:

2. The wish to feel in a manner that strengthens the impression the already normally erotic highly significant actions of touching and handling through a position or situation suited to the mentioned need of subjection toward the dominating member —strengthening of the passive impulse for contraction for heightening of the attraction. The masochist's "lying under" the sadistic woman in the literal physical sense as the outcome of the same psychic condition. This tendency to the increase of the contraction is explained in part also from the need of the sadomasochistically constituted person to seek for the purely genital coitus interests further erotic substitutes which alarm him less.

The most symbolic form of expression of these feelings, for example, the grasping of the head of the masochistic man by the thighs of the woman. The picturing, for example the threat of this scene, on the part of the woman has an erotic effect, because it rouses anxiety. Instinctive normal feminine delight of the man in being overpowered by the woman, on which account the rôle of schoolboy toward the female teacher conceived as tall and powerful is a favorite one. The flagellation itself is not the essential nucleus of these feelings, but merely serves to demonstrate them and is prolonged only far enough for the further increase of the pleasurable feelings which spring from the physical domination of

the woman, as the exciting impression in the sexual center of the erotically perceived dependence through the continuance in time of the flagellation—not necessarily intensive. The erotic wave of feeling, in consequence of the steady reproduction of feelings of fear and dependence which takes place during the flagellation in the brain activity of the person concerned, is naturally of rather long duration. Here the nature of the sadomasochist shows itself to be that of a pronounced cerebral erotist.

3. Furthermore, another psychic factor is usually present—particularly with the masochist specially disposed to flagellation by a woman—this is, the need of avowal to other persons in some regard or other (or a being of the fantasy world: religion!), whereby the acknowledgment becomes a pleasurably toned psychic subordination. The universal comprehension of sensitive individuals (and masochists no doubt preëminently belong here) for absolute religious feeling or sense of holiness, that is, great respect in general for religious sentiments and emotions, plays a part here, even if the person concerned has scientifically and practically turned from a confessional belief. It may be that it is precisely with atheists that these temperamental needs, on the basis of bipolarity or because they feel oppressively the pessimistic end result, from the purely emotional standpoint of the free world philosophy scientifically justified in itself—that these general temperamental needs, which may indeed be in part echoes of earlier training and may be especially also explained through heredity, are particularly strongly developed; from them, then, arises the demand for substitute objects for reverence.

In the erotic field the fundamental psychic mood indicated operates in a certain attitude of humility and surrender—often doubtless undeserved—toward the woman considered and honored as a *substitute divinity;* and upon this ground the masochist purchases formally through flagellation by the woman who dominates him a moral free ticket for the, in a certain degree, newly conceded lack of scruple in his—otherwise, of course—all too shy erotism. The masochist unconsciously solicits acknowledgment of his peculiar sexuality through the woman, almost, in fact, through official society, inasmuch as it affords him a certain gratification to disclose his special disposition in exhibitionistic fashion and to see this formally recognized through society and valued and confirmed as useful in a given instance. For this reason marriage or an otherwise socially acknowledged permanent relation with a woman fitted to be his complement is best suited for the love life of the

masochist; because for the development and counterpoise of these complicated feelings an atmosphere of stability, tranquillity, and routine is required; therefore the purposelessness and want of satisfaction in the apparently adequate adventures of the masochist; therefore the meaninglessness of situations which have been arranged, lack genuineness, and are essentially dishonorable.

Masochistic sensibility includes a certain autosuggestive moralizing process by means of which subconscious inhibitions (traditionally hereditary negativism toward sexual impressions, exaggerated adaptation for centuries of former generations of the family to the atmosphere of Christianity hostile to the erotic, Christianity being itself, according to Wulffe, a spiritual-masochistic world religion; modern psychiatry assumes here perhaps schizoid mental disposition) may be swept aside and thus the erotic emotion be set free. One thinks involuntarily of an analogous transference of chemical laws to the functional laws of the mind, especially of the instinctive life.

Naturally erotic undertones, those among others derived from the normal psychic love life, sound clearly also in the *quasi religious mood* of the masochist toward a woman who is actually his complement. The banality of the objective performance in itself is eliminated through this ethically tending wish for ennoblement and a certain æsthetically tending, half-religious note is brought into the purely erotic actions (for example, cunnilingus of the man with the sadistically inclined woman); under the banner of these tendencies the sheer pleasure may pour forth so much more freely since it now seems to be formally "permitted" from a higher ethical standpoint.

Correlative with A. is

B. with the sadist as follows:

1. The sadist's wish to evoke in his object the feeling of fear or, for example, in a sadomasochistic voyeur, to see fear called forth through a third sadistically inclined person (as in my case the suitably mature woman) in the object affected (in my case the young girl).

The masochist enjoys experiencing the sense of fear himself; the sadist obtains sexual gratification in observing the feeling of fear in others. As is well known, the entreaties of the object made to fear stimulate the sadistic feelings sexually almost to the point of loss of consciousness.

2. Strengthening of the active contractile impulse. Here belong all the flagellation practices, including preparations and ac-

tions at the conclusion, like stroking, biting, or anointing scourged nates. The sadist tries here also to procure for himself extragenital erotic pleasure for the pure genital stimulus denied him or at least at first of less interest to him.

3. The sadist, too, experiences a certain need for moralization, although perhaps less strongly (since in sadistic excitement he must *eo ipso* feel himself as a self-assured personality). A Pharisaic joy in discipline makes itself felt, by which he desires to confirm and justify the impulses and actions felt by him plainly as purely sexual. At least this is often true of the flagellation sadism. The sadist creates for himself through accumulation of emotions which have become vividly erotic by means of the practice of flagellation such an *ecstasy of triumph* that his whole nature—otherwise it may be greatly inhibited—is strongly roused to vital activity. The sense of well-being due to this purely personal victory and the submission offered where possible from the flagellated object himself to the will of the sadist are in part the reasons why the latter autosuggestively believes in himself ultimately as the representative of a moral power in his "disciplinary activity" and systematically spurs himself on to the pursuance of his methods.

(Compare the erotically disguised moral argumentations of English women who outwardly appear uninterested erotically but in fact are disposed to flagellation, known from English family journals, erotic literature—the descriptions of the persons are surely taken in part from actual life.)

C. The simultaneous appearance of both radiations of the sadomasochistic feeling complex in one and the same person is explained therefore from the following common principles:

1. Individual disposition: psychic and physical constitutional variants, perhaps anomalies of internal secretion, conditions of irritation, in consequence of which sensibility of the nervous system; schizoid mental attitude and entire temperament; swing of the pendulum between physical and psychic sexual frigidity on the one hand and spasmodic hunger for sensation on the other. As a result of the schizothymic total constitution, erotization "by jerks" with intervals of time in which the sexuality lies fallow. Therefore:

2. Impulse for psychic strengthening of the sexual energies:

a. Bringing in of the feelings of anxiety as erogenous factors for the purpose of spurring on and keeping warm the anormal

weak, frigid *libido sexualis*—that is, increase of the erotic pleasure of attack.

b. Strengthening of the contraction impulse for deepening the sexual impression.

c. Appearance of an ethically toned sublimation impulse for the setting aside of the intellectual inhibitions or those arising from any unconscious remnants of official moral opinions.

The masochist in a certain measure shoves over upon the woman, to whom he "leaves" himself and the entire conduct of the erotic act, the responsibility for the enjoyment of erotic freedom. The sadist pushes the responsibility for the pleasure in the sadistic action (flagellation) upon the official views of society concerning educational policy.

D. As to the problem of the exclusiveness of the sadomasochistic disposition:

The assertion is worth considering that so far as acts of coitus and so on are performed on the part of the sadomasochistic pair, especially after erotic procedures in which they are concerned, the acts represent merely a continuance of the already initiated orgasm; these concluding erotic acts have indeed a totally different basis of psychic stimulation and are inaugurated through feeling complexes which cannot be compared with the fore-pleasure ideas of normal sexual intercourse. I say this to guard against the false conclusion that because the sadomasochistic partners occasionally do perform coitus there might or could exist a normal capacity for excitement along with the sadomasochistic disposition —which then would be branded merely as a form of erotic dalliance—which generally must be ruled out. Such an assumption would be wholly contrary to the special laws of psychic function, which stand or fall with the sadomasochistic condition of the mechanism of erotization. The acts involved (coitus, cunnilingus, and so on) of the sadomasochistically oriented pair are either pure final acts of a preceding orgasm, that is, one set in motion by flagellation, or they are carried out under psychological sadomasochistic accompanying procedures (such as the upper position of the woman during coitus, erotically alluring threats on her part, her demand for cunnilingus from the man, and the like).

This second report brings us some important information. We see here the well-known type of ear-boxing father, who wants to force the talent of his son into a definite profession, because he has made of him a subordinate branch of his own

unfulfilled ambition. The strong aggressiveness and the infantile sadism are nevertheless very plainly in evidence. He bites his grandmother, rushes upon his great-uncle with a hammer, slaps a little girl and a schoolmate. The training of his father, one observes, bears its first fruits. He changes to a masochist because of his consciousness of guilt and passes through a genuine period of suffering in his adolescent years. We can assume that a certain martyrdom plays in this the chief rôle. The portrayal of the sadistic teacher has a frightful effect upon the artless child. This was a veritable school of sadomasochism. It would be interesting to discover how many of these pupils later became flagellants. Our informant shows at a very early age a well-developed daydreaming; his testimony contains the significant remark: Disposed to dreams. We shall see that all sadomasochists are daydreamers and are never able to reconcile themselves with reality. We find also reference to the fantasy of the mother's womb (being buried alive!), the importance of which for the sadomasochistic complex we will evaluate later. He himself feels at times that his paraphilia is a self-deception and that he might save himself in actuality. He could find salvation in marriage; he rationalizes his resistances. The relation of his paraphilia to his mother becomes somewhat more transparent after the second report. The following supplement to his account speaks for his objectivity:

A very good friend of mine, F. H., jurist, of the same age with me (thirty-five years); schizoid nature, with similar difficulty in attaining the erotic, but not oriented to flagellation; a somewhat shy, friendly person, very well endowed intellectually; comprehensive and solid information in other spheres, especially literature, philosophy, medicine, passed through an acute schizophrenic psychosis after the death of his mother in 1910, at the age of forty-nine, from cancer—marked cerebral neurasthenia, blunting of affect, professional failure, constitutional depression, for example, ideas of persecution and obsessions. The depression was not much in evidence outwardly, but was unmistakably present in the subconscious. His condition improved gradually throughout the course of years, so that now for a long time he has been psychically normal.

For years his mother has appeared in my friend's dreams, which

were repeatedly of the day's content, although in his waking consciousness he was not often occupied with his mother; a fixation of this sort cannot be externally confirmed, and my friend, furthermore, is not conscious of it (although he has in his time highly esteemed his mother and also at the present time thinks back upon her with devotion, but in a natural degree).

He has recently had, as he told me, a dream that his father recommended marriage to him, as formerly happened repeatedly, for in regard to women my friend reveals the same schizothymic irresolution as I. At the same moment, suddenly his dead mother appeared, entering the dream like a *deus ex machina* as the formal image of the woman and wife worthy to be recommended.

My friend, who is likewise interested in your investigations, urged me to inform you of these things.

The writer makes a confession in this report. It is possible that one may be fixed upon the mother without being able to recognize it in consciousness. His mother was the stronger and more active member in the marriage, while the father was irresolute and passive. The family constellation is brilliantly reproduced. We learn certain facts about his attitude toward religion which reveal the existence of an infantile religiousness. He recognizes plainly the connection between paraphilia and religion. The never-absent homosexual component is evidently strongly repressed.

Very significant is the admission that he really seeks not the scenes, but the affect of fear. I have previously stressed the fact that it is the intoxication of affect which the paraphiliac seeks. The affect is experienced in an altered scene, but it permits the identification with the specific original situation of the past (quite similar to the *déjà vu*).

We see quite plainly in this case what enormous effect the emotion of fear has. *The secret of masochism is the fear of pain.*[9] This fear creates the excitement in which the pain is changed to pleasure. But the relation of the anxiety scene in the beating to the development of anxiety in school tasks is evident and suggests a common *third* that hides behind both scenes and which discloses the *fear* as *desire*.

That this is a forbidden wish makes the anxiety comprehensible. That it is a sinful desire helps us to understand the pun-

ishment through blows. He speaks himself of an *ecstasy of triumph* and thereby unmasks the true nature of sadism.

Every masochist has a definite scene that expresses his will to submission and his lack of opposition. In this case the situation is the pressing of the head by the woman's thighs. It is clear that this is a scene like that at birth. Cunnilingus creates a similar situation, a practice which appears to the writer so desirable. Here there seems to be a merging of the mother image with that of the Mother of God.

The notion of the *substitute divinity* is also of importance, as the entire life history affords us deep insight into the psyche of such a patient. There is certainly an inner religiousness which leads to flight from sin and from that instrument of the Devil, woman. His diffident attempts to find a partner distinguish the individual who because of internal resistances must and will fail in this task. His retreat to the organic is characteristic, his enthusiastic acceptance of Kretschmer's theories, which permits him to conceal from himself his most important complexes.

This blending of unconsciously religious motives with sado-masochism comes out very clearly in the next case.

Motives of fetishism, homosexuality, in short, all the manifold forms of paraphiliac impulses are mingled in strange manner in the clinical picture in every case of masochism. Flight from the woman and her debasement remain characteristic. If the patients can be brought to normal sexual relations, the paraphiliac impulses recede into the background.

The following clinical history, which I reproduce in the words of the patient, unfolds a clear picture of this strange intermingling.

Case Number 2.

I will try to give as accurate a description as possible of my entire sexual life and of any other events which seem to me important. I am nineteen years old and *without a creed*. Various occurrences from my earliest childhood still remain in my memory. For example: My aunt took me out as usual in my baby carriage. Suddenly in a narrow street an auto came along at a wild pace. My aunt made a hasty retreat and took me to the pave-

ment, where she stood with me under a scaffolding. She leaned on it with her arm, and all at once a beam came loose and fell upon my head. I was brought after the accident into a house to a well, where they washed my head and bound my wound. This accident is still very clearly remembered. I recall quite well the following scene. It might have been when I was five years old, surely not later, but rather earlier. One of my two cousins, a girl four or five years older than I, lay upon a wine cellar in the grass. I was alone with her and was playing and scuffling with her. After a little while, I began to lift her skirt and stuck my head under it. My cousin let me do it, but she soon saw the aunt coming and promised me I could go on the next time. In a few days we again had the opportunity to be alone. This time I tried to go further with my head and in fact I wanted to get in between her feet. I could not, however, because a disgusting odor which came toward me kept me from it.

One incident which I cannot in the least recollect was the following: I was well guarded at home. Yet often, as a three-year-old child, I succeeded in making my escape. I would go about in my birthplace until my parents would notice my departure and find me as soon as possible. Once they found me only after searching for hours. I was standing almost at the top of a tall ladder. My father would not call me, for fear of frightening me, and so he slowly climbed after me and brought me down. My aunt told me of this. To-day I could not possibly climb a ladder; I would at once be dizzy. One time in M. I mounted to the bell tower of the orphanage church. I had gone scarcely eight or nine rungs when I could go no further. I looked through the large open tower window far down to the church grounds. A terrible fear seized me. I could not climb up or down, but held fast with superhuman strength to the iron ladder. After some minutes I succeeded in clambering down, with eyes closed and slowly feeling my way. I was quite frequently in similar situations. If I look down from any high building, I immediately experience a feeling of dizziness. I was afraid in the tower that it might fall; on a mountain I have the fear of plunging over; on the giant wheel in the Prater I am in fear lest the car in which I am sitting will give way. It cost me a tremendous struggle before I could make up my mind to enter the big wheel. I was afraid before climbing up, and still I had no rest until I had reached the highest point. I held fast convulsively to the seat and was glad to see the car come down again.

At six years of age I came to M. to the orphanage, for my father went to America. My mother entered the insane asylum three years later, where she died 1915. I will now begin the actual description of my sexual life.

At the age of seven or eight, I once climbed upon a bed in the institution and seated myself like a rider. I felt thereby an agreeable sensation. I repeated this scene several times, but could no longer produce the pleasant feeling. At eight or nine years I reached onanism. How I came to it I cannot recollect. I practiced it very often for years, frequently several times a day. I will speak of this later. At the age of ten I was once chastised with a rod by a nun on account of failures in work. (The institute was under the church.) They thought ill of me that I did not cry and said I was not sorry; it actually caused me no particular distress. The rod did not yet play a rôle in my fantasy. I can no longer recall my fantasies of this time with onanism.

At thirteen I fell violently in love with a pupil two years younger than I. This love was purely platonic and lasted half a year. During this time I often felt the desire to strike my friend. I succeeded through every possible pretense in getting him to agree. I gradually obtained the pleasure of carrying out this procedure upon other pupils also. I succeeded further in enticing others to it. When I entered the third class in the town school, I found pleasure in being beaten myself. I discovered one pupil in my class who would whip me as much as I pleased. I had three or four fellows who were always at my disposal and beat me when I desired it.

At fourteen I began to attend the conservatory. I had at fifteen like most of the students made my first female acquaintance. She was a fellow pupil in the three classes of the town school. From this time my interest in boys rapidly diminished. There was only one comrade with whom for a while I was madly infatuated. I often lay in bed with him and touched his body all over, especially at the back. I often borrowed his underdrawers on the pretext that I preferred short underdrawers and put them on. Yet that interest in him also passed away. In the year 1916, I entered the navy. My sexual life from this time on is clear to my memory. Once when I was playing the piano at a ball in the marine casino, a waiter pressed against me in the pauses and began to handle my genitals. At first I warded him off. He was more insistent, however, and succeeded in persuading me to go with him after the ball to a closet, as he said, to play with me. (At that time I had

no suspicion of homosexuality.) He first put ten kronen into my blouse. I went then with him to a closet where it was pitch-dark. He said that I should take down my trousers. I protested against his wish and wanted to run away. But again he was successful in making me do what he wanted. He pulled down my trousers, put his member at the back, and performed the act until the semen was discharged. He warned me to keep the strictest secrecy and told me what the consequences would otherwise be. I always kept this scene to myself.

In the marine band there was a music master named R. He was an accomplished violinist, concert master, and even more a serious composer. He gave instruction to all young talented musicians up to the highest degree. He discovered my great talent for music and gave me further lessons upon the piano. He was friendly in every way, but he could also torture his pupils with sadistic cruelty. I learned much with him that was interesting and came upon two books, Forel's *Sexual Problem* and Bloch's *Sexual Life of Our Time.* I now began to take an interest in books of this sort. I found my masochistic disposition confirmed there and came upon the chapter on homosexuality. Mr. R. began to tell me of homosexuals. I secured from Max Spohr in Leipzig the entire works of Hirschfeld and very many others and became a member of the W.-H.-K. I had a perfect rage for collecting books upon sexual questions. Later I learned to know a colleague through conversation more closely and came into the position where I could be intimately engaged with him. I was able to bring him to the point where he would strike me as much as I pleased with a rod. He tried once when I was alone with him in the woods near P., while I was undressed and lay on my belly, to penetrate me with his member. I was afraid of that and kept him away.

The great urge to be beaten by a woman had its beginning at this time. I concluded after long struggle to visit a prostitute. I could not, however, the first time screw up my courage to gratify my wishes and so went away crestfallen. As I went I said to myself: *Be brave or else you will get the rod that hangs there!* These words gave me courage to express my desire the next time. After a short time I again sought the prostitute. Now I let her beat me, which was very agreeable to me but did not afford the stimulus expected. *I would not perform coitus in any case,* because I have a frightful dread of infection. (I believe that after an infection I would never be able again to have a relation with a woman.) I

went away unsatisfied, since I could not reach ejaculation. This prostitute gave me no rest, for she was a strikingly beautiful woman. So I visited her again and begged her to lie down naked upon the bed. Then I began to kiss her whole body, for she was of charming physical form. Inasmuch as I did not want to keep on going away unsatisfied, *I rubbed my organ upon her foot* until I brought about a seminal discharge. *I liked best to see the prostitute in underdrawers.*

Now my fantasy was busy the whole day long. I thought for hours at a time upon scenes which could not be carried out. I pictured to myself my acquaintance, with whom I was corresponding actively, as a *queen.* I thought of a room in which a throne was set up, in which she and her friends, whom I represented to myself as her subjects, formed a court of law. She as the queen presided; her friends carried out the punishments. I was led before her throne on account of treason against her majesty. After a brief trial, she pronounced sentence. I was beaten with rods and every possible kind of scourging instrument. I thought of the final blows as always administered by her herself. Such fantasies and others like them were going through my head often for days together.

I accidentally learned to know a charming girl, who fell in love with me. When I came to Vienna on a vacation, I spent the entire eight days with her in her home. That gave me the opportunity to wear her drawers. When I returned to Vienna after the revolution, I went at once to her and lived in a small room. Now I had the opportunity to indulge my craving. Her mother went out of the house and she herself to the office. I was alone in the house and began to dress myself in her linen. First I would put on short white underdrawers. In getting into them and particularly when I felt them on my body, I trembled with pleasure and excitement. Then I would put on stockings, chemise, corset, shoes, skirt, and blouse, and it would give me extraordinary delight, just as it pleases me when I put on a pair of trousers which fit well and tightly, with which I almost always have an erection. I had everything except that I lacked the most important thing, the woman who should beat me. I was compelled therefore to whip myself. I took a ruler, raised my skirt, laid myself upon the divan, and flogged myself. When I had beaten myself sufficiently, I masturbated, and afterward it all seemed to me ridiculous and stupid. I repeated this any number of times. I succeeded in time in initiating my love into my pleasures; only she must not know of

my masochistic tendencies. She permitted me to make use of her clothing. One day I took her drawers, chemise, and stockings and sought a prostitute. With her I changed my clothing, let her strike me, and again went away unsatisfied.

I was never happy with my loved one. After hours of the greatest love, there would be *quarreling, disputing, and hatred* for some slight cause. She could not understand my so extravagant interest in politics, art, and the like, and I could not comprehend how she could be interested in cheap operettas and Mahler romances. There was not the least compatibility in intellectual things, which is very important on my part.

I in time reached the point where I could lie down with her in bed and press her closely, which threw me into rapture. I experienced a great stimulus when I saw her uncovered breast. I was tormented with a fearful jealousy. I was jealous upon every occasion. If a card came to her; if she came home later than usual; if she spoke to any one; I was always ready to believe that a secret admirer must be lurking there. It tormented me to see her dressing up to go out. I would think: now she is undressed and washing herself. I wanted her to bathe and dress as charmingly as possible. But it always seemed to me that she dressed herself up for others, and I could not bear the thought. Jealousy never ceased to torture me, a fearful passion, which, however, did not spring from great love. Life became more unendurable and gloomy for me. Nevertheless, I could not get away from my acquaintance; was always wanting to have her around me and to kiss her, in spite of all the misery and suffering. She often took it ill of me that I would not kiss the hand of her relatives and friends (women) or that I would not address them properly. With the best will, I could not do it. I can kiss a woman's hand only when I am alone with her, and then I like to do it. It is impossible for me to kiss a woman's hand before others, because it would seem to me that my abasement would be read from my face. I can be courteous to a woman when no one is looking at me. I always make fun of any one who does kiss a woman's hand, but I should be happy myself to be able at all times to kiss their hands. It is just the same in other things. If any one is struck, a horse, a child, or some one else, I am indignant at the coarse action, but I myself want to be beaten.

If pain is caused a woman, I often have a secret joy. It seems to me that sadistic as well as masochistic feelings dwell in me.

I have always had a strong sadistic desire and indeed I wanted

with my first love to undress her completely, bind her naked with straps to the divan, and flog her unmercifully, so that I could enjoy her outcries and her helplessness. This wish appeared, I believe, after the separation. I wanted to torture her as I had never done, but only out of love. Life was more unbearable for me than ever, but I learned to know another girl, with whom I was seen once, and therefore no choice remained for me. I had to break off and go away. After several days of torment I did so. My new acquaintance meant nothing to me, for in a few days it was all over. The period in which I was alone was most frightful for me. I suffered from a state of anxiety, which now has entirely passed away but appeared in violent form at that time when I had no acquaintance. I was afraid when I came home in the evening that a thief or a robber might be concealed under my bed or in the chest. I could not go to sleep until I had investigated. Even then I often had no rest. This compulsive action has again disappeared since my most recent acquaintanceship. I lay myself down daily without giving the least thought to it. I think of it now and then, but I am usually already in bed and I have to laugh at it and think that he (the thief or robber) will have to stay there under the bed as long as he wants to. There are some other obsessions from which I do still suffer. For example, I cannot walk if a man is walking behind me. I must either let him go ahead or cross to the other side of the street, for the fear seizes me that he might stab me or intercept me. Since I have read something about this in the Doctor's book *Onanie und Sexualität* it is somewhat better, as I can explain my fear to myself. Often formerly I could not be alone in any place. Another compulsive action is the following: I am constrained to carry out many acts and manipulations four times. I cannot explain to myself the reason for this obsession. If I taste of a certain food, I must taste it four times. If I wanted to go on tasting it, I would go up to seven, then to eleven, but no further, because then I began again from the beginning. I perform and have performed a goodly number of actions four times. If I now often catch myself falling back into my old habit, I carry out the act as a protest instead of four, three or five times. I have tremendous fear of coming too late. I arrive almost always exactly upon the minute.

As a child I always had the obsessive idea when I was praying that Jesus urinated down from the cross; even with Mary I had this thought. My attitude toward woman is quite peculiar. I cannot understand, even though I am a passionate champion of

socialistic ideas, how the socialistic theorists can wish to give woman equal rights with man. I cannot see how a woman could be admitted to the office of judge. A woman is too much under the dominion of passions to be an impartial judge. I am very much annoyed when I read of women delegates and physicians. I cannot tolerate the thought that a woman is over me. I might, it is true, have a woman over me, but in a room, a woman with a rod; no other will I have thus. When last year I entered the New Vienna Conservatory my one concern was to come under no woman's instruction, for I could not have borne it and should have had to leave. They wanted to give me a woman teacher for the piano, but since I had made considerable progress, I went to a professor. I have an enthhsiastic respect for men of science, art, politics, music; for champions of freedom and other great ones, especially for Beethoven and Richard Wagner; for socialists, like Adler, Liebknecht, Trotsky, Haase, Ledebour, and others. Just as formerly I had a craze for collecting books, I had also the desire to procure pictures of famous men. I wanted also to enter many societies, but beside the W.-H.-K. I joined only the society for the reform of marriage laws. Three months ago I made another new acquaintance, with whom I have fared ever so much better. I have much in common with her in sexual relations, which is a prerequisite for me of a happy love. I had to find out her entire previous life and was especially interested to know whether she was a virgin or not. She told me everything. I was happy to learn that she had already been deflowered by her first lover. Nothing would be more disagreeable to me than to have to take a girl's virginity from her.

At last I had occasion to visit a hotel with her in order to become clear as to my condition, since up till this time I had never had sexual intercourse. It took considerable time before I could decide to make the attempt. I wore a condom but could not get the member in, for I was so awkward, and in the meantime the erection had passed. This happened three or four times. I was frightfully tired, for I had not come to the hotel until after the concert, about eleven o'clock. I went to sleep in the hope that in the morning I should succeed with coitus. There were only a few hours left, since it was already nearly four o'clock. Early in the morning the act was successful, after one more mishap, with an enormous sensation of pleasure. I do not know whether I can perform coitus only early in the morning, or whether my poor position was at fault. I believe that it was the latter, because

I had an erection each time, but could not enter well and besides made unskillful movements. The pleasure was nevertheless greater than with onanism.

In the days that followed I had a slight aversion to intercourse. This feeling has left me again. Yet jealousy plays the greatest rôle with me, some days less, almost none, other days increased nearly to an unbearable point. I have to assure myself continually of the absolute fidelity of my beloved. I desire faithfulness but have been unfaithful myself at every occasion. I do not enjoy society, am always in a bad humor in company without knowing why. I suffer fearful tortures at a ball, when I see so many lovely women and cannot have one for my purposes. I am frightfully sensually disposed and would gladly be at the service of every charming woman. I am willing to carry out all her commands and to be beaten at every opportunity with the rod. The urgent demand to find my ideal has increased in the last weeks to a fearful degree. I have looked among the announcements of the daily paper, in the marriage journal and in the chronicler, but could find nothing suitable. Some weeks ago I was once more with the prostitute I have mentioned, allowed myself to be beaten, and reached an ejaculation. I was not entirely satisfied, for my ideal is no prostitute but a somewhat sadistically inclined woman. But this will be hard to find, for the woman herself will want to be dominated.

I have been suffering lately from profound psychic depression, for I realize the hopelessness of my desires. I am totally incapable of study and cannot practice quietly for ten minutes. Frequently I have no pleasure at all in eating. I am always thinking of the woman I am unable to find. When I awaken early, my first thought is, will I find her to-day or not? Every day shows me afresh how difficult it is to have such desires fulfilled. It is frightful what I have to endure in a single day. I often take a rod and strike myself. If I masturbate, I am at peace for two or three hours at the most, to be driven on again then by my fantasies. I masturbated very frequently up to the end of the previous year, but I can only say that with onanism I feel as fresh as if newborn. Onanism does me this service that I see my unfulfilled desires gratified in mind at least, so that I can have respite from them. I almost always have only masochistic fantasies during onanism, while I am seldom able to picture to myself coitus. I could probably get my beloved to whip me, as she signified with her flower when I spoke of it. That is, she is ready to make far-reaching

concessions. But I may not tell my wishes, for chastisement by her would not be so pleasurable as from a *strange* woman. I did try once to win a woman to my purposes, but in vain. But I cannot come to rest if I am set on fire by every pretty woman on the street and want straightway to go with her. I should like to know whether if I attained my goal I should actually be as happy as I think. I have not resorted to onanism at all since the beginning of this year, because I am trying with all my might to seek satisfaction only in *coition*. Many times my condition gets to the point of being intolerable, and it is impossible to keep my thoughts upon my studies.

I will mention a few more habits: If I throw away anything, say old pieces of paper, I have to look several times to see that I have not thrown away banknotes with them. Then objects which stand at the left I must change to the right. If I push a bell I can do it only with the right hand, and I must always hang my cloak on the third hook.

I will give some dreams that I still remember: I dreamed once that I was running after an electric car and could not catch up with it. At another time I was waiting at a corner for one and sprang up quickly so that it would not get away from me. I will note here that I have an uncomfortable feeling when I miss an electric, because I think that with the next one I will be too late at the appointed place. I have an enormous interest in railways and street railways. I know so accurately the work of a motorman that I could guide a car without any trouble. I remember a dream in which I had to climb a high narrow staircase to reach a certain place. I was already halfway up when I thought I was going to plunge down, and I had now to get to the place by a long way round. *In two dreams I was beaten by men,* the second of these dreams having to do with my conductor with whom I play, and who is an out-and-out Don Juan. One dream showed me my present beloved with the request that I would have intercourse with her. Another revealed to me my own person opening an umbrella in the rain, which seemed to me an audacious thing to do. The last dream which has remained in memory is the following:

My first sweetheart asked me in the presence of her friends to perform coitus with her. I answered, happy at her request, that I had dirty feet and must first wash them. I went to seek a bath, but could not find one, and after a long search I went into a coffeehouse. A piano stood in this coffeehouse, to which I

went at once and began to test it. Suddenly I saw quite far back a tub bath and a douche bath. I started toward them, as soon as I had removed a desk which stood in the way, but saw that the tub did not stand in a cabinet but out in the open. The head waiter said when I questioned him that the tub did stand in a cabinet, upon which I went forward and was able to convince myself of what he had said. Before the cabinet the water rushed down in streams. I went into the cabinet, climbed into the tub, and woke without reaching coitus in the dream.

I have told all that I know of my sexual life. I beg and entreat you, dear Doctor, a thousand times, to help me to bring my sexual life into an orderly path, to free me from my often almost unendurable jealousy, and make it possible for me halfway to forget my masochistic fantasies so that I can once more have pleasure and delight in study and in life in general. Please, dear Doctor, save me!"

It strikes us in the very first lines that the youth who was brought up in a cloister is without a creed. He imagines himself a freethinker and atheist. Analysis readily proved that a strongly toned inner piety controls his psychic life.

He manifests the impulse to run away when he is still a child of three (wandering impulse). We know the psychogenesis of this impulse from *Peculiarities of Behavior.* He does not feel happy in his parents' home and has the desire to cause his parents pain. The marriage was unhappy; there were dreadful scenes. His mother was seriously pathological and the father saved himself from the unhappy marriage by flight to America. The fact that his father did not concern himself about the boy may have determined his fate. At any rate it led him to an attitude of rebellion against every authority and as a logical result to an atheistic world philosophy. His original activity shows itself in the climbing of the tall ladder, while now in all situations he prefers passivity. His fear of high places is the fear of falling into sin, which manifests itself in two types: 1. fear of woman; 2, fear of homosexuality. Like all masochists, he is an extreme onanist and began the practice of onanism at an early age. Beating with a rod seems to have made no impression upon him. Nor could it be proved in the analysis that the scene with the nun had given rein to the flagel-

lant ideas. It is certain that he had revived it in a regressive fantasy and made use of it for the building up of his paraphilia (illusory recollection).

His first relation was a homosexual one, in which the original sadistic character of his paraphilia comes plainly to light. Sadism does not change to masochism for some years. He had pleasure in being beaten himself. The homosexual attitude gradually recedes. He tries to twist himself into the heterosexual position, in which, however, passionate fondness for a friend reveals the strength of the homosexual component.

The first homosexual trauma (seduction by a waiter) follows soon. He also interests himself theoretically in homosexuality. An experienced prostitute notices in his shy behavior the inclination to masochistic scenes and treats him, cleverly, like a little child. He permits himself to be whipped, but like all these parapathics refrains from coitus. In the greatest excitement, he rubs his penis upon the woman's foot (penis substitute) and likes best to see her in drawers (mask of homosexuality).

Here the overvaluation of woman enters. He sees his ideal as queen; he is accused of crime against her majesty (sacrilege!) and beaten with rods. At last he attempts to pass over to active heterosexuality. The homosexual component manifests itself in this connection through the torment of jealousy. Reality and fantasy show a remarkable contrast. He cannot openly kiss the hand of any woman, as if ashamed of this submissive gesture. Behind this submissiveness lurks his hatred toward woman. He has a malicious pleasure when women suffer. In fact—he wanted to bind his first beloved and flog her unmercifully.

The causes of this masochistic attitude are precisely this primary sadism and his blasphemous thoughts (the urinating Jesus). As a true sadist who has changed to a masochist, he shrinks from defloration. He tries to avoid the great sin—coitus—through awkward movements. Feelings of disgust also appear.

It is an old scene which he repeats. The strange woman probably stands for the mother. The various obsessive actions reveal the transition to an obsessive parapathy and point to the obsessive character of the paraphilia.

One compulsive action is worthy of notice. He is afraid of throwing away something of value. Fear of betraying a secret! He does not want to lose his parapathy. Then he places everything from left to right. He has to correct anything that is at the *left*. We shall see later that he actually has an important attitude to correct.

He dares not perform coitus, because he has a dirty foot. He is not worthy to have intercourse with a woman. He must first purify himself. Streams of water are necessary for this purification. This reveals a profound consciousness of guilt. He feels himself to be a base, filthy person.

The other dreams will become intelligible when we shall have learned to know the patient better.

Now follows a very characteristic letter from the patient.

During the three nights that followed after I brought the doctor the history of my illness, I had dreams, only one of which I still remember, which I forgot to relate at the last consultation hour. The dream was as follows:

I came to the doctor at the hour of treatment and found the house totally changed. A young man opened for me the door of the consultation room, the walls of which were of wood. Writing tables stood in this room along the walls, arranged as closely as in the post office. At each table sat (stood) a person; I believe they were only men. The doctor sat at one table busy with a younger man, the doctor being very much excited. Near each table hung a wire on which was fastened a receiver in the manner of a telephone receiver. I asked the servant what was the purpose of these things. He answered that each patient must put a receiver to his ear, and he would hear from the apparatus a ticking like that of a pendulum clock. Each patient must give careful attention how often the ticking occurs and report the exact number of ticks to the doctor, who will then be able to determine whether the patient is heterosexual or homosexual. I was half forced to laugh at this answer and I half believed it.—This was the entire dream.

Since the last consultation hour I have taken pains to reproduce each dream as well as possible. The very next night after the last treatment I dreamed again of the doctor, but I could not note the dream. In the night from the eighth to the ninth, I dreamed

that the head waiter at the coffeehouse at which I play had died. I was in fact at his house, since I give his eight-year-old daughter piano lessons. The wife and child did not seem to be particularly troubled at the death of the husband and father, for the little one asked her mother what a pound of corned beef would cost, and they both talked with me without the least thought of the death.— The next dream occurred in the night from the ninth to the tenth. I dreamed that I was asleep in a stall near an *ox which had once been a man and had then changed again into an ox,* which happened several times during the night. I lay with this monster under a cover, and it threatened to bite me if I tried to escape. This ox-man then called my attention to the fact that he had with him 12,000 marks. Cows and oxen stood in the stable in a row close to one another. The third cow was always falling down and had to be lifted up. Early in the morning I tried to get away, but the ox-man caught me by my clothing. Later he let me (also) out. But he ran after me in the stable and told me that he missed a *Fahnl.* I asked what that was, upon which he said that he missed a 100-mark note. When I asked him to count over again, he left me alone. I went to a closet and came back again, but instead of the stable it was the café in which I have a position. There I received a letter from a Hungarian woman, which the band master half jokingly took away from me and threw into a money box, from which I secured it again.

Then I dreamed again that a man of my acquaintance felt with his hand either my hair or the genitalia, which produced a pleasant sensation. The next night I dreamed that I had had an invitation from my first acquaintance. Besides me, there was another gentleman present. After a short time, I attempted to steal from the girl women's white underdrawers, in which to my annoyance I did not succeed. I have one more dream to mention, which again took place in the café. In the coffeehouse they were hunting for a mouse. It remained standing by a seat and no one had the courage to kill it. I called to a gentleman that he must climb on it firmly, which he did. But the *mouse* was not yet quite dead; a woman took pity on it and lifted it up, upon which, as the woman was about to take it on her arm, it *changed into a canary bird* and escaped. One more short dream I can report, in which I was polishing my shoes by an open window in a little room, and I was asked to play the *Little Grandmother* (violin solo). Then the dream of last night, in which I was busy all the time with horses. I was afraid of every horse that I passed, that it might

snap at me, and each one as a matter of fact did snap at me and me only.

I had again my usual fantasies. One thing has surprised me, that after the hour of treatment with the doctor I am more at peace and even at times seem to be free from sex which, however, does not last long. Sometimes I had the desire to be beaten by a woman. This longing for blows appeared so strong that I was compelled to masturbate, inasmuch as I cannot permit myself to be forced to a prostitute. Masturbation is therefore in the strictest sense a distinctive means of protection.—If I saw a beautiful woman, I would involuntarily consider her for a long time, and immediately the wish would appear to be dominated by her. I experience the greatest satisfaction in onanism when I picture to myself my first acquaintance wearing red reform trousers with silk stockings, when she must beat me.—These are my fantasies of the past week.

In giving the history of my illness I have forgotten to mention my almost morbid fear of dogs. I have the greatest horror of black dogs. They seem to me like most treacherous criminals. When a dog without a muzzle barks at me, I cannot move from the spot, for I think he is going to bite me. I am then compelled to be nice to him or give him a piece of bread. He appears to me like a criminal [10] who would not harm one, if one freely gives him something. But if I see that a dog is friendly, my fear changes to liking for the dog, and then I can occupy myself with him by the hour.

Last Sunday I saw a small dog run over by an automobile. The people were all abusing the chauffeur, and I was the only one who defended him, on the ground that he could not stand still upon three meters. I observed myself quite carefully and was able to determine that I had no need to defend the chauffeur, but that I obtained satisfaction from the killing of the dog and the distress of the woman, which surely is very closely connected with my sadism.

The homosexual transference sets in at once in the first dream. He manifests the well-known primitive reaction which I have described in *Peculiarities of Behavior*. He hopes that I will play with his genital until he gets a tickling sensation (ticking—tickling; the patient knows English).

In the second dream he has the father (head waiter) die, for he has now found a father substitute in the physician. A char-

acteristic dream is that of the ox-man. He himself is a man that feels the beast within him, against which he struggles with all his might. The animal is decidedly homosexual, really intersexual like an ox, which is in fact castrated. The *Fahnl* denotes a penis. Finally the dream passes off into the scene of the primitive reaction. A man he knows seizes him by the genitalia, which calls forth an agreeable sensation (tickling). The dream discloses kleptomanic impulses in which he wants to steal a woman's drawers. Expression of bisexual tendencies—ox-man. He goes on transforming homosexual tendencies into heterosexual ones. In the next dream he reverses the situation. The mouse, a well-known vaginal symbol, is changed into a bird (penis). The wish to be dominated by a woman corresponds to his desire to overcome his homosexuality. Fear of dogs expresses his dread of being overpowered by his animal impulses. His sadistic attitude appears from the pleasure he felt when the dog was run over.

Inasmuch as he cannot come every day for analysis and produces violent resistances when he should bring free associations, I try hypnosis. It is easy to bring about. I ask him to recall those scenes which drove him into the paraphilia.

I will give the result in his own words:

"I am a child. I am seven years old. A man takes me between his legs and beats me on the naked popo."

"A nun, she is young and pretty, takes me between her legs; she strikes me with a rod. I feel no pain."—Pause. "A man . . . he takes me between his legs and plays with my organ. It is very good. Oh . . . very good. I beg him to do it again. I do not know now whether the woman plays with me. Both scenes melt into one recollection."

After the discovery of these infantile scenes and the bringing of them to consciousness, the masochistic ideas recede greatly.

The next dreams bring new illumination:

I went in company with two colleagues to Laxenburg to row upon the pond, which is my favorite occupation. But I found the pond very much changed. We came to a great iron gate, which was barred. The only person to be seen was a man who

was picking flowers (or he was the gardener). Upon my inquiry he explained to me that the gate had just been closed and would not be opened again until nine o'clock the next day. Then I remembered that I had seen the gate keeper himself going away. I tried to open the gate, succeeding by means of the so-called "one-kreutzer key," upon which the left wing of the gate sprang so wide open that one could go straight through. We now saw the pond in front of us. It was cloudy and a storm began to arise, accompanied by wild roaring. It became half dark and commenced to rain gently. A mysteriously creepy and solemn mood prevailed. I had the feeling that an invisible power compelled us in any danger to go upon the pond. A woman whom I suddenly saw in our company (I believe it was the prostitute with whom I was in bed one night) went up to the boathouse to bring out the boats we needed. This woman was clothed in just one large mantle, which reached to the ground.

She held a large staff in her right hand, her hair hung down, so that *she seemed to me like death.* She pushed out the first boat, into which I was to climb. But this boat was made of dark blue-violet reed work, into which the water ran. She shoved out a second boat, which again I could not board, as it was of rotten wood. She was going to bring out a third, when the dream broke off.

In Wipplinger Street there was a large procession of the masses, in which I remained behind alone and went to a bridge, from which I hoped to see the entire procession.

(When the relics of Clemens Hofbauer were being carried I came by chance into Wipplinger Street, where the procession was. I had to stop involuntarily and look at it, but went away before the priests came with the urn. I had a feeling of rebellion, and I might easily be roused on such occasions against those about me.)

I was examined in religion and had no idea of anything.

I came to a meadow which had a small ravine, where I remained standing. About a hundred meters away I saw an iceberg in the form of a lookout tower. There was a man's figure at the very peak standing on one point and turning round and round in a circle toward the right like a top.

I received a letter from my father in America, in which he asked me what flour I wished in the dollar package. (I have written to my father in America, having obtained his address from a detective bureau. But so far I have received no answer, for it is only five weeks since I wrote.)

The first dream evidently contains death motives. He stands before the gate of Paradise, before the gate of love. But he fears the storms. The woman is death. He thereby plainly expresses his fear of woman. The woman is also sin. He can attain to Paradise, that is to eternal bliss, only by renouncing woman. Then he sees again the procession which on the previous day he had viewed with feelings of rebellion. This repetition of the same scene gives him opportunity to correct his false attitude. (This pertains to all dreams which simply repeat a situation of the day before. They allow the dreamer to make better use of the situation.) An examination in religion follows immediately in the next dream, in which he does very badly. This dream contains a warning and shows the voice of religious conscience. But the greatest danger threatens him from homosexuality (the man on the iceberg). The Heavenly Father must aid him. He must become reconciled with his father. He receives in the dream a letter from the actual father, which we must understand thus: God gives me a sign that I must change. He confirms these interpretations in hypnosis and says that in childhood he had repeatedly made a vow to remain chaste. In fact, he once promised that he would be a priest or a monk. "I will suffer pain, for I must punish myself for my sins."

This vacillation between church and freedom is expressed also in the next dreams:

I was with my girl in a church, in which a scientific sexual lecture was being delivered by a physician. The physician (I believe it was my doctor) was standing at the right of the altar and speaking to a large group of people. The audience had books with them, from which they were at the same time reading the lecture. These books were not, however, written by the physician who was lecturing, although he said that what he was telling them was from his own investigation. The doctor kept making mistakes with the foreign words, so that the listeners at each slip *shouted at him* the correct word.

I was with my conductor in a hotel. He put on his bathing trunks, and I watched him while he did it. I had a great feeling of pleasure when I saw his fine physical form. After he had dressed himself again, we went together into the last story of

the hotel, where I had my midday meal, which I had to take at a separate table.

I went with my aunt by a cemetery, in which was a church. My aunt went to a grave and said, That is the grave of my parents. Then she railed at the gardener, who had left the grave quite bare. Next she prayed for some time. A statue of the height of a medium-sized person, which stood by the grave, was not in the position to suit her and she turned it toward the right. Then she wanted me to pray, but I answered that it would not do any good. She now went away and I removed my hat and made as if to pray.

I promised the violin obbligatist, who plays with me and with whom I have often spoken of the doctor, to point out the latter to him at the next opportunity. Now while I was walking with the violinist, I saw the doctor standing at a waiting place of the street railway. He was wearing a cowl, which astonished me. I forgot thereupon to call the attention of my colleague to the physician.

I was in the orphanage at M. One day two trees were stolen. They began to search for the thief, and all the inmates had to be sent to the tailor, where they had to open their trousers and have their genitals investigated.

I was riding on a stagecoach and sat in front with the driver. I looked around, peered into the carriage, and saw to my astonishment an iron barrel of *American oil.* I bought a quarter of a liter for twenty kronen and drank it up, for it had an excellent taste. Then I climbed out and went further with the street car, because I had something to do at the opera, and it was already very late. There I told them of the oil.—I awoke and noticed a feeling of disgust and nausea. My stomach was in disorder; the region of the lower intestine, the stomach, the left side, everything was mixed up. At one time everything seemed to be all right; then I was in distress again. I often am nauseated at the present time; the stool is hard; hypochondriac symptoms appear in the foreground.

His religious attitude is plainly in evidence in these dreams. Hatred and tendency to debasement of the analyst announce themselves at the same time. In the first dream he is in a church. The preacher would be his rightful physician. The books are prayer books. In the condensation of the dream I

am the preacher, who uses false words so that the correct ones have to be shouted at him.

The homosexual position toward me appears in the next dream. I am the conductor, from whom, however, he separates. Wish to be invited by me to eat.

The churchyard symbolizes the place where his religiousness is buried. The statue is Christ. He takes the attitude as if he would pray. He shows in life, too, many masks of his religious attitude. He makes himself out a freethinker, while in fact he is devout.

In the next dream I am again a monk. Meaning of this dream: Only a priest could release me from my vows.

Castration ideas and the disguised primitive reaction are in the next dream.

The final dream of American oil reveals an extraordinary condensation. I had just returned from America. My teaching is the American oil, which he might vomit up. Besides, urolagniac and coprophiliac tendencies manifest themselves and explain the intensive nausea.

Relations to the father complex are found in all the dreams; the analyst becomes the father image (conductor-father). Doubts arise whether he is even the son of his father. Would an actual father be so heartless and never trouble himself about his child? Slowly the image of his mother arises from the dark background of his memory. He shows a bipolar attitude toward her as toward the Virgin Mary.—All that concerned his mother has so far lain in the amnestic zone.—Now he recalls something that his aunt has said: "Your father had a hard life! Your mother acted rather badly; she was not normal!" He has often brooded over this, but he was afraid of transgressing the Fourth * Commandment (see the compulsions to do everything four times).

The blending of religion and masochism appears more and more clearly in the analysis. The following dreams show this:

I was walking in the church grounds of the Mödlinger orphanage church and met a nun, whom I told of the successful cure of my illness. She said to me, "You have a grievous history"; to

*Fifth in English Bible (Translator).

which I responded that it was only the jealousy that still troubled me greatly. Then she asked me to play for her upon the organ my newly composed *Song of the Heart of Jesus,* which I did at once, while she kneeled and performed her devotions.

I was alone with a gentleman in a large sleeping room. Suddenly a wild bull burst in through the door, upon which we both took to flight and ran across a wonderfully beautiful green meadow. There was a great flood at the end of this meadow. We waded as fast as we could through the water and came again to a meadow, where the bull, prevented by the water, could not follow us. This happened to us twice.

I went to the second ward by street car, standing on the front platform. All at once everything was yellowish and immediately after total darkness set in. In a short time it was light again. I climbed out, went into the car, and seated myself with feet inverted upon the long free side seat. After some minutes a lady sat down by me, who pressed herself violently against me and gave me a little book, whereupon she got out. I showed the little book to a colleague at home and said to him that she had certainly put down a rendezvous for me. He laughed at that and said: "That was in fact a prostitute who has given you her police book." I tried to deny it and said it was a scientific book. (There were in it, that is, *measures for safety* and *directions in regard to infectious diseases.*)

We see plainly in the first dream his regression to religion. In the second, passion is symbolized as a bull, from which a large body of water separates him. With water he associates baptism. The Virgin Mary appears to him in the third dream and puts a prayer book into his hand. The dream refers to his blasphemies. He delights in making fun of religion and especially to joke about the immaculate conception. He had drawn a comparison also between the Virgin and a prostitute, which was always forcing itself upon him. In this dream the Mother of God protects him from the dangers of love. First his heart was dark, and now it has become light.

We see here clearly his bipolar attitude toward woman: Virgin Mary—prostitute.

He becomes conscious of his piety and feels better every day. His morbid jealousy disappears; normal sexual intercourse gives him pleasure.

Yet he directs a strange question to me. Whether there are really respectable and true women? This question is very odd for a masochist who is willing to submit to a woman and permits himself to be beaten by women. But we have observed his bipolar attitude toward woman (see the fantasy of treason). Neither can he accustom himself to the thought that women should be judges.

The association of mother and prostitute is always making itself evident in the dream. Did the mother perhaps deceive the father, and is that the reason he fled to America?

I try my luck again with hypnosis. It must be remembered that the patient could come to me only very seldom, and we had to carry on the analysis at rare intervals.

I requested him in hypnosis to bring associations with the last dream.

"What does the *total darkness* mean?"

"I have forgotten something of which I do not want to think. . . ."

"What occurs to you with the woman who has a little book and discloses herself as a prostitute?"

"This woman is my mother."

"Now think of your mother! Tell me everything that you know of her!"

(After a pause) "Must I speak? I will not sin against the Fourth [Fifth] Commandment?"

"You *must* tell the truth in order to get well! Your mother was in fact mentally ill."

"I have often heard my father shout at my mother: *You are just an ordinary whore, and you run around with any man.*" I never knew at that time what this meant. But I did know that my mother was not faithful. I knew many of her lovers and have even a faint recollection as if I had witnessed coitus.

Now the overvaluation of the woman is clear. It is merely the result of a repression. He hates and despises women; he sees the prostitute in the mother and in all women. He has reversed the situation from his striving to forget these facts. The morbid attitude toward woman arises from the knowledge that his mother was a prostitute.

He has lost a divinity and created for himself a "substitute divinity."

We understand now his hatred toward women, whom he would like to bind and strike, and his masochistic position as pathological overcompensation.[11]

The next dreams bring further disclosures:

I came to the orphanage at M. for a visit and inquired of a guardian if the beating of the children had been abolished. I cannot remember his answer; I only know that there was no more whipping. Then it suddenly occurred to me that a girl had promised to beat me. I was looking for this girl in company with a woman *who was carrying a child.*

I dreamed of a colleague, from whom I had borrowed a volume of Heine's poems, that he had demanded in a furious letter the return of the volume, otherwise he threatened me with scandal. (I would note here that I did actually borrow from a friend a volume of Heine's poems, only they did not belong to him but to a friend of his. I really received a request from this latter friend to return him the book.) It is very significant, however, that in the dream the demand was made by him. This colleague, that is, was with me in the Marine Band. When he came back once from leave of absence and still had on his new uniform, I suddenly had an erection and wanted to embrace and kiss him; I was able to restrain myself, although I did throw out some hints. Until nearly Christmas I had only friendly relations with my colleague. *About this time I gave his mother a promise which I could not keep,* and from that time on I went no longer to him, for I was very uncomfortable. But I often had the longing to seek him out under some pretext, which thus far I had not yet done. (The book in the dream was probably to bring about an arrangement and to play the intermediary.)

I was in a large hall of a theater in which an enormously large crowd was gathered. As I did not know what was being played, I asked my neighbor, who explained to me that twelve women would lie down upon the large floor of the stage. These twelve women would select from the *public their sexual partners,* who must then openly perform the sexual act with them. This did not happen, however.

I was in the sacristy of the orphanage church, because as organist I had to ask the priest what hymns were to be played at Mass. After receiving my instructions, the priest requested me not to

go to the choir through the yard but through the interior of the church. A Mass was just then being performed and so I had to pass before the worshipers and by the altar, which cost me a struggle, for I was observed by every one present without exception.

The first dream with the child shows the origin of his masochism as punishment for his sins. The woman with the child is Mary with the child Jesus. Then the priest demands of him that he shall not go out of his way, but openly confess his faith.

Beside the religious significance there are in this dream evident relations to the mother [12] and to the determining trauma of his early years. Heine's poems seem to him beautiful but frivolous; they stand in relationship to the prostitute complex. He does not return the booklet, which in all his dreams is the prostitute's book, which prostitutes in Vienna must have. In the wonderful theater performance, he sees twelve women publicly having coitus at once. These twelve represent the mother. Mass, too, has a sexual meaning and reminds him of the desecration of his most sacred feelings.

It becomes clear to him that he hated his mother and at that time was very jealous. He believes that he frequently disturbed the mother. The man who came to his mind in the first hypnosis, and who had struck him, was a lover of his mother, whom he had offended and disturbed. The mother had quietly permitted the whipping. The little child could not understand this. He hated her and wished that he could do something to her. Not until later did he realize that her immorality was the result of her mental illness. In the beating scene, he preserves the memory of the first humiliation. This acts then like an ever-present warning: *Guard yourself from women!*

A determining scene is revealed in the memory that he had disturbed the mother at coitus with a paramour. It was for this that he was beaten by the lover. This scene is forever graven in his mind. The original hatred toward the mother has become a hatred toward all women. His longing for a pure mother manifests itself in the craving to be completely in submission to a woman.

After his masochistic complex has been overcome, the original sadism, which goes back to hatred of his parents, makes itself known.

Complete cure of the paraphilia. He promises to marry in a few months.

The next case of sadism can also be traced back to an attitude of hatred in childhood.

Case Number 3.

Fritz K., a twenty-four-year-old jurist of asthenic habitus complains of complete impotence, which has existed for two years. His capacity for erection is totally lost. His member remains flaccid even at onanism. He gives as causes early onanism and excessive overstimulation. He has since his sixteenth year had relations with any number of girls, in which ejaculation was brought about by various forms of play. Coitus was successful temporarily in his twentieth year, for he was in love at that time with a girl named Grete, who became the unhappiness of his life. He conceived a great passion for her. When near her he was tormented by almost painful erections, but intercourse never took place. She kissed and stroked him until he ejaculated. At last Grete consented to give herself to him. It was in the woods in a quite undisturbed spot, but he failed utterly; the ejaculation came when he touched her thigh. As he arose, he saw a tall man in a straw hat and eyeglasses pass by, which later proved itself an hallucination. He could never recover from this disgrace. Grete became untrue to him and is now engaged to one of his friends. For two years he has been unable to study. He broods continuously over the problem how he may punish the faithless Grete and revenge himself upon her. His whole day is consumed in part by fantasies of Grete, in part by new love adventures. It is characteristic in this respect that he always goes with two girls and in the end makes the attempt, which regularly fails, on that one of the two who pleases him less. He reluctantly admits that he is sadistic in his attitude toward woman, and a large part of his fantasies are occupied with the punishment and humiliation of unfaithful women. If he should yield to his impulse, he would have to torture the women without restraint, drag them around the room by their hair, beat them, and compel them to the most debasing services to him. They would have to lick his feet, per-

form anilingus upon him, and he would cast into their faces the coarsest and commonest invectives while they did it.

Analysis shows that in his early days he was surrounded merely by women, who coddled him in every possible way. His father was a weak man who had nothing to say in the home, and whose voice was entirely lost in a chorus of the four women's voices. There was a hysterical mother who was always complaining of all sorts of diseases, continually fretted, and systematically made a hypochondriac of him with her anxiousness. (He is the type of "whiner" and at once grasps the fact that in this respect he has identified himself with the mother.) There was also a strict grandmother, a bigoted Catholic, who on one hand was the moral guardian of the home, and on the other likewise spoiled the boy excessively. Then there was a hysterical, sensuously disposed aunt, who carried her insatiable craving for love over to the beautiful boy, took entirely upon herself the care of him in severe illnesses, slept in the same bed with him during scarlet fever. He had a sister, too, six years older, who petted him as a baby. Until his seventh year he slept by turn in bed with one or the other of the members of the family mentioned, but later he had to produce attacks of fear to attain this goal. It surprised the patient himself in the course of the analysis that he had no childhood memories. His first recollection had to do with the engagement of his sister, when she was eighteen years old. He was naughty at that time and was punished for it (eleven years old).

Analysis gave a strong bond toward the sister and the significant fact that after her marriage he had suffered profound depression and suicidal tendencies. *The engagement of his sister was a severe trauma for him.* In all his relationships he prefers girls between sixteen and seventeen years, whom he then loses when they become eighteen. He brings about a return of the same situation. I recognized from a number of dreams that something must have happened between him and the sister, which in the beginning he stubbornly denied. Finally the fog lifted which had lain over the past. He recalled that he came to his sister in bed in his eleventh and twelfth years and did this until one morning his mother found him in the bed and banished him to another room (before that he had slept in the same room with his sister). In the end comes the memory that his sister, whose purity and rigid morality he had strenuously protested, had let him gratify her with cunnilingus. He then felt her engagement as a mon-

strous treachery and busied himself extraordinarily in fantasy with her sexual life. A homosexual transference to his brother-in-law made possible a half-way good relationship, but became the source of a new paraphilia: he wanted to be present at the coitus of a pair of lovers, and he himself was to be observed during a love play (see hallucination at the time of his experience with Grete, with whom on that occasion he performed cunnilingus; it is as if the brother-in-law, who wears a straw hat and glasses, would watch him in his play with the sister). His strongest hatred toward women dated from his sister's wedding, which he conceived as a shameful betrayal. The hate component was split off from the sister and carried over to other women.

Yet the loss of the sister was only the repetition of a disillusionment of love which lay much further back. He had been his aunt's pleasure boy, who had made use particularly of the long period of illness, during which he was isolated from the rest of the family, to win the boy entirely for herself. Besides other forms of dalliance, she had performed fellatio upon him, still clearly recalled. So much the greater was his pain when, shortly after the scarlet fever, a strange man came to the house, upon whose lap the aunt sat and who asked him to call him uncle, which he absolutely refused. The aunt's wedding, which followed soon after, was the first severe trauma of his life; really from that time on he hated all women. We must seek the first root of his sadism in this experience.

Besides this, the mother frequently whipped him and he despised the weak father because he had not sufficiently protected him. He would be no woman's slave like his father.

In this case we see a number of motives working together to create the typical picture of sadism. The patient is impotent with women. He experiences pleasure only when he practices onanism with the sadistic fantasies described. Analysis found a strong impulsive life as constitutional cause. But under other circumstances, in a normal environment, he would have conquered the sadism. His world picture was determined through the constellation of his early years. A weak man dominated by four women. Involuntarily the tendency was inevitably established: *I will be no woman's slave! The women must obey me!* The endless petting awakened prematurely an insatiable craving for love. He was tormented by jealousy and wanted

to keep his love objects for himself alone. We see his first loss in the marriage of his aunt. He was rude and ill-behaved toward the new uncle, so that his mother had to punish him. This occurrence was repeated at the marriage of the sister, after which a severe depression appeared as the reaction to the definitive loss of love. The absence of a profound religious feeling prevented the alteration of sadism to physical masochism, which manifested itself now psychically as joy in suffering, pleasure in misery, and delight in humiliations and disgrace, which he himself arranges. He was not willing to love and trembled lest he should fall into the power of some woman. For this reason, he always loved two girls at once and chose for sexual intercourse the one that pleased him less. He could then picture to himself the one he desired and in this subtle manner hold fast his impotence. He considered his sister's engagement and marriage as a "horrible" event. He clings to the sister in his fiction. Dreams disclose thoughts of hatred toward his brother-in-law and ideas of putting him out of the way.

The passing over to all other women of the hatred originally directed toward the mother who struck him and toward the sister and aunt who proved false to him is very clear. This family constellation will be demonstrable in very many cases. Hate toward the other sex has its origin in a great disillusionment in love of the early years. In the one case the mother was a prostitute and betrayed the father; in the other, a "betrayal" was staged. In both of these cases the conclusion was: Women are false and faithless. The masochistic musician attempted an "overcompensation" of the prostitute in the "exalted woman," for which transformation religious elements provided a favorable setting. The latter case affords us an example of unalterable hate. *In both cases the motive of hatred was repressed and was made conscious only through the analysis.*

Those cases are interesting in which the paraphilia has not been present since childhood, but breaks out in mature years. They show us quite plainly the mechanism of regression under the influence of an active disillusionment in love. The following case presents such a picture to us and reveals besides a great number of remarkable features:

Case Number 4. Otto X., a manufacturer, fifty-three years old, was referred to me by his family physician for the cure of impotence. The impotence had existed for two years. Temporarily weak morning erections. Objective examination showed symptoms of a beginning tabes dorsalis. Inasmuch as there were present also insomnia, depression, lack of interest in work, analysis was undertaken. I will bring merely a few of the important facts from the interesting analysis.

Otto's sexual instinct awoke very early. He was not brought up in his parents' home but with an aunt, whom he passionately loved. He was conscious of sexual feelings in relation to his aunt at five years old. He often slept in her bed. He snuggled close to her and had then violent erections. At a later age, there were timid aggressions toward the sister. . . . When he was thirteen he came to his parents' home. His father was an earnest, morose, hard-working man, who had laboriously worked himself up. He was never cordial with Otto, never gave him a friendly word, and took pleasure in a stern method of education, which betrayed the marked sadist. If Otto had done anything—such an occasion was soon found—then the punishment must be carried out according to a definite ceremonial. The father bid him first fetch the stick. Then he must take off his trousers and drawers. Now began a wild chase through three rooms, in which Otto was always struck upon the bare nates. At the close he must fall on his knees before his father, beg his forgiveness, and thank him most graciously for his punishment, whereby a kiss upon his hand must not be omitted. The shy interference of the mother was powerless against the fixed will of the household tyrant. Later the father barred the door so that the mother could not enter, and she stood trembling before the door. She was a weak, gentle woman, who, like her children, quailed before the husband.

When he was fourteen, Otto decided to escape from his parents' house. He broke open a chest in which his mother kept her money and his bank book. He let his mother's money lie and took only his bank book, drew out the money, and fled directly to Switzerland. In Zürich, even at the station, he fell into the hands of a sharper. The latter represented himself as an honest Swiss who wanted to help him, took him to a hotel, where the boy was persuaded to drink. Finally he was led to a prostitute, who took all his money from him and besides presented him with gonorrhea and an *ulcus molle*. He was in a desperate condition. He had to

telegraph his father for money, which he got by return message. He went home at once, was met by his father at the station, and, arrived at home, was murderously beaten. His treatment otherwise, too, was bad. He, the son of a rich merchant, had to do the hardest work and toil like a slave until late at night to earn his bread. His work was of a humiliating sort. He had the task of sorting the various woolen pieces. An older worker, a withered and otherwise little attractive woman, shared this labor. She was sorry for him and yielded herself to him. They had to proceed with all haste. He performed coitus standing in a corner of the room where they worked, trembling always lest they be discovered. Yet he learned now to know the joy of regular intercourse and turned his attention to prettier girls. He was seventeen years old, young, passionate, and energetic. He fell in love with a remarkably lovely fellow worker, who took him to her home, where he could have had coitus in peace and quiet. But to his shame he was completely impotent (as analysis showed, because she strikingly resembled his sister). His mortification was increased by the behavior of the girl. She cried out, "Any one who is such a stupid as that leaves the girls alone!" The disgrace continued to sting him; it was a long time before he could overcome it. He slowly worked his way up in the factory, became an office-holder, had a good salary, but did not spend his money, avoided the society of girls; he feared his impotence. He learned to know a girl whose lot was like his own. She had been mistreated in similar fashion by a harsh sadistic mother, as he had by his father. They decided to marry to escape their parents' tyranny. But he was afraid he would disgrace himself and confessed to his betrothed that he was no sexual hero. If she was very passionate, she might be much disappointed. She answered that she was a "cold nature," she would be satisfied with anything that he could offer her. Despite his fears, he was entirely potent and happy in his marriage. One day he was alone at home. His wife had gone away for a few days. The idea came to him to open her writing desk. Here he found a bundle of letters which left him no doubt that she "had deceived him even before her marriage." He made this discovery after eight years of happy marriage! The suspicion arose in him that his wife might even now be false to him. He began to have her watched and gathered proofs that she actually had a lover. When she returned from her journey, he confronted her with her faithlessness. She told him coolly to his face: "You have never been able to satisfy me! I never learned what love

was until with my lover at the present time. . . ." He pursued the inevitable course, compelled his wife to leave his house and return to her mother, and instituted divorce proceedings.

He could not remain in his home town. He was driven forth until the affair of the divorce was over. He came to Vienna and felt himself forsaken. He wanted to go home and forgive his wife. Then a telegram surprised him announcing the arrival of his wife in Vienna. Her lover had left her shamefully in the lurch. She wanted to win over her husband again. He would not hear of a reconciliation. Thereupon his wife became ill and went to a sanatorium. Her days were numbered. Her sickness was incurable.

He had to remain in Vienna and visit her twice a day. At this time he met a beautiful girl on the street. He spoke to her, they met frequently, and she gave herself to him, after he had promised to marry her. His wife died shortly after this, and he married the girl, with whom he was quite extraordinarily potent. He could perform coitus several times a day. Everything seemed to be going exceedingly well. He had a son from his first marriage, whom his wife treated exceptionally well. But he soon began to brood over the question whether she had been a virgin on the wedding night. A torturing jealousy concerning the past took possession of him. He harassed her so long to tell him the truth that she finally admitted that before her marriage she had lived the life of a prostitute and had yielded herself to more than forty men. She asserted that she had not done it for money but to indulge her "insatiable passion."

This declaration threw him into inexpressible excitement. What to do? The first thought was again divorce. But should he take this step a second time? The death of his first wife—there was talk of poisoning; that is, suicide—had left him with a moral burden. Besides, he made an unpleasant discovery. He found that his wife's story put him into a state of greatest sexual excitement and gave him a painful, but at the same time delightful, gratification. He had his wife picture to him to the last detail all her adventures and thereby reached an orgasm. She had to describe the individual phases, the variations, the characteristics of the different men, all as exactly as possible. He felt himself into the situation of his wife. He experienced with her the entire past and had with it always this painful, sweet delight, which evidently meant more to him than coitus; for it was over with his potency. (The thought of the size of another's phallus, the potency of

the other men, strengthened his feeling of inferiority and made him impotent.) In order to gratify his wife, he came upon the most bizarre ideas. He performed cunnilingus two or three times daily. He allowed her to go to Vienna to procure a *Godamiche*. She had to satisfy herself before his eyes, or he took over this function. He trembled at the thought that she might be untrue to him and give herself to another man.

One day he proposed that she should flagellate him. She did it and had an orgasm, which filled him with unmeasured bliss. At last he hit upon the strange combination of having himself beaten during cunnilingus. She did this in the most brutal manner. Masturbating at the same time, he reached an orgasm. But he was always tormenting his wife with the question whether she was longing for a large penis. It gave him satisfaction to put this question in the coarsest manner (coprolalia). Finally his wife admitted that the *Godamiche* could not take the place of the living flesh. His homosexual component was now powerfully excited. The idea of a third person fixed itself in his brain. They came to the conclusion that they would look around for a third person. He made only one stipulation: he must be present and look on at everything which the two would do together. It was her task to find the man who would comply with this condition.

They came to Vienna and the woman made use of her past experiences to find the third party, and soon succeeded. It is easy to understand the psychic motivation of Otto's demand. He wanted to revive the past and now be a witness to the scenes; he wanted also to pass through the unfaithfulness of his first wife and convince himself with his own eyes whether she had betrayed him. Infantile motives from deeper levels were also mixed in.[13] But back to the scene. His wife introduced the third person to Otto. They hired two rooms at a hotel. Then they came together in one room and undressed. Otto performed cunnilingus upon his wife according to program without letting himself be whipped. Then the third person was to go into action. The woman laid herself upon the bed. Otto looked over at her covetously. She had a terrible expression. She showed her teeth like a wild beast and made inarticulate noises. Otto was greatly alarmed and overpowered by horror and disgust. The third person flung himself upon the woman. Soon, however, he explained that he could not adapt himself to the situation. The husband must leave the room. Otto dressed and went into a neighboring

café. There he felt the horribleness, the humiliation and shame of the affair and suffered frightful, terrible tortures of jealousy. At last he went back to the hotel and found his wife alone. She was immediately asked for a description of what had taken place. She thought "there was nothing special about it."

"Just why did you hunt up this man? What attracted you to him?"

"The circumstance that he was shaved. I am crazy for men without beards."

The next morning Otto came into his wife's room quite altered, having sacrificed whiskers and mustache. She was enraptured at this proof of her husband's love, embraced him passionately, and was more affectionate than she had ever been before. He had a strong erection and the impotence was conquered. He had the happiest three weeks of his life. He was potent and satisfied his wife; they lived like turtledoves, and both wanted to forget the ugly adventure. At that time his wife became pregnant.

Unfortunately the happiness did not last. The latent homosexuality arose once more. He was tortured by ideas that his wife was longing for other men. He had no use for a faithful wife. He wanted to have possession of a prostitute. He craved the torment of humiliation and jealousy. In the end he permitted her to go to Vienna and hunt for men. Only one condition, absolute honesty. The wife must swear to that. She secured different men for herself from the street and finally found her ideal, the man with the enormous penis. For two days she had meetings with the man, then told her husband how wonderful the sensation was to be completely filled, although she did not reach the orgasm. At the third rendezvous the man was impotent and declared to the woman that she was a "common semen vampire." This expression now pursued him as a troublesome obsessive idea: "Your wife is a common semen vampire!"

I will pass over a number of filthy stories which would show us how deep an otherwise ethically respectable, cultured man can sink. But the grievous reaction had to come soon. It was in Berlin. His wife went out in her sleeping robe to go to the toilet room. There chanced to be a young man in the corridor. She threw him a coquettish look, upon which he came to her, kissed her, and asked her to come into his room. She came back to her husband and asked his permission. She was eager for the new experience and he gave his consent. When she returned, she found

her husband dissolved in tears. He could not endure this dog's life any longer. She defended herself and said that she had done it to please him. In brief, they decided finally to give up these adventures.

Peace could not last long. He found excuses himself to taste again the sweet torture of jealousy mingled with sexual ideas. He rationalized this by saying that his wife was suffering; he was impotent; he did not have the right to restrict her freedom; and so on. . . .

An opportunity would soon be found again. He went with her to balls and allowed her to dance with other men. She danced also with one of his nephews and confessed to her husband that during the whole time of a "shimmy" she had felt the erected organ of her partner and was very much excited by it sensually (evidently a common feature of the modern dances!). This fact threw Otto into a high degree of stimulation. He tormented his wife with the question, "Do you want him? Do you want him?"—At last she said yes, and he requested her to invite the nephew for the next afternoon. Everything was prepared for Otto to watch the love scene. He was hidden behind a screen; his wife waited in seductive negligee for the desired man. He came an hour later and she asked him jokingly:

"Why so late? Did you perhaps come from your beloved?"

"You have guessed it. I have been talking with her and she is waiting downstairs for me. I merely came to ask you to excuse me."

Otto had sunk so far that he felt the rejection of his wife as an offense. And then he had lost the expected gratification. But he had found a new sport. He took his wife to all the dance entertainments possible and sought to learn whether the men had erections and ejaculations in dancing.

At one of these "popular" balls, his wife found a simple man who had erections the whole time that he was dancing. They arranged to be at another ball. This game continued for some weeks; then, with Otto's consent, she became his mistress. She related wonders of the potency of this new lover. Otto fell into depression and despair; his condition grew worse; he became sleepless, took veronal and adalin, and in this condition came to Vienna for treatment by me.

Here he became aware of the pathological nature of his experience. His wife was summoned to Vienna. She declared she

would gladly give up the new lover and live entirely for Otto if he would stop inciting her fantasy and continually questioning her. His potency became normal again except for a deviation of the member toward the left, which was evidently due to an *induratio luetica plastica* and did not hinder him in coitus.

The masochism revealed itself as the outcome of his sense of guilt. He had driven his first wife to death. The flagellation ideas disappeared entirely during the analysis. The unearthing of the homosexual component worked wonders. Jealousy and the compulsion to ask questions vanished never to return. We see here a regression to flagellation under the influence of disillusionment in love. Hatred toward women is changed because of the consciousness of guilt into hatred toward the ego. The masochistic psychic torture is brought about through the most subtle psychic means of torment. In a normal marriage this would never have reached such regression. But he repeats the scenes with the father. His wife becomes the stern master, while he is the child that performs anilingus upon his father, the symbol of complete subjection. It was the father's penis which he was always seeking in his fantasy.

Let us look back at the four cases presented. I have not without a purpose given first a case that had not been analyzed. We see in Case 1 a highly intelligent individual who took the trouble intellectually to penetrate the enigma of his paraphilia. He studies all the books that bear upon it, searches with rare attention to detail through all his family history to discover the traces of heredity. His suffering is his destiny, and he seeks satisfaction within the borders of his paraphilia; but he overlooks the fact that he will never find this satisfaction. The psychogenesis of his trouble is completely hidden.

How very different appear cases 2, 3, and 4! In Case 2, we see fearful traumata at the beginning of life: the mother faithless, a prostitute, pathological, ending in an insane asylum; the father fleeing from home and founding a new life; the boy growing up among strangers in an orphanage. And yet! He overcomes his homosexuality; he struggles successfully against his masochistic and fetishistic attitude and at last finds satisfac-

tion in normal intercourse. After a relatively brief analysis, he is able to master his infantilisms.

In Case 3 we find events as traumata which would have no significance for the normal child. The engagement of the aunt, the marriage of the sister, even the affection which the mother and father interchange, are considered as a betrayal of his love. He has the right, the sole right, to the family's love. His infantile attitude of hatred continues; he will not look into the causes; he breaks off the analysis because it is unmasking him as an actor who has staged his debasement in the most subtle fashion. His boundless egoism represents his hereditary disposition. The coddling by four women, the weakness of his father, are the evils of his environment. Both disposition and surroundings act together and permit him to hold fast to his infantile-sadistic position, through which the sister's marriage is annulled in the unconscious and the fiction of winning her again is maintained.

Case 4 is interesting because, despite the harmful training of his sadistic father, there is evident a strong, healthy tendency; the sexual impulse was normal after puberty; the masochistic attitude seemed to be completely overcome. This man would probably have never fallen into a paraphilia had he been happily married to a faithful wife. He regressed to the infantile stages of sexuality, which were again cast off after a successful analysis, only under the influence of an actual disillusionment in love, which happened a second time. He put away the regression after a completed analysis.

Thus the four cases supplement one another and show us how important is the analytic investigation of each one. Sadomasochists are fond of representing themselves as victims of heredity.

Analysis reveals that we have to do with a form of obsessive parapathy, which can be psychogenetically explained and under favorable circumstances cured. It is important to recognize the *trisexuality*. The sadomasochist is a child; he avoids the problem man or woman through flight into childhood. Case 2 had conquered his childhood; case 3 will remain a child. Case 4 had become a man and reverted to his childhood. The cure of a sadomasochist means the mastering of his infantilism.

My experience has shown, however, that these patients oppose the greatest resistance to being cured. They behave themselves quite like homosexuals and fetishists, with whom they have many traits in common. We must therefore, before we become absorbed in more analyses, discuss the relation between sadomasochism and homosexuality.

V

RELATION OF SADOMASOCHISM TO HOMOSEXUALITY

> He who makes morality the only goal of mankind seems to me like one who considers the only requirement of a clock that it shall not go incorrectly. But the first thing about a timepiece is that it should go; not going wrong is added as a regulative condition. If not going were the highest aim in clocks, those that were not set up would be the best.
>
> GRILLPARZER.

I have spoken in detail of the relations of sadism to homosexuality in my book *Onanie und Homosexualität*. The homosexual hates the woman and flees from her, lest he become a criminal toward her. I have furnished proof from a number of analyses that the homosexual in most cases represses his sadistic component, but that in various cases it comes clearly to light.

The relation between homosexuality and sadism becomes still more evident when one goes deeply into the different forms of the sadomasochistic complex.

We have still a few things to present before we enter into this theme.

It is not a part of our task nor of this book to repeat things that are well known. I refer my readers who desire to inform themselves concerning previous opinions regarding sadism and masochism to the distinguished works of Krafft-Ebing,[1] Eulenburg,[2] Bloch,[3] and Havelock Ellis.[4]

We find in these books countless examples which may serve us also as proof for the connections we bring forward. To be sure, they treat of cases which are considered in a purely descriptive manner, without paying attention to the psychogenesis. The deep investigation of analysis is wanting.

The fundamental error of the old method of regarding these paraphilias up to the present time was the fact that sadism and masochism were described and evaluated as two different funda-

mental forms of sexual perversion. One circumstance alone should make us think; namely, that frequently even to superficial observation masochism and sadism are found in one and the same person. Krafft-Ebing describes such a case, to which we will come back as a rarity. Analysis shows that it is a matter of the regular association of the two currents, the bipolar expression of one and the same energy.

It lies in the nature of *bipolarity* that there is no sadism without masochism and no masochism without sadism. All psychic manifestations depend upon this twofold capacity for reaction. The question therefore which force is primary would be superfluous. Nevertheless, it has a certain significance. More of this later. The nature of the bipolarity is such that all reactions in the love life must manifest themselves negatively and positively. Fear and desire, disgust and longing, hate and love, are the most familiar forms of expression. Bisexuality itself is the eloquent manifestation of bipolarity. Social life has brought it about that in the canon of the normal the man tends more to the side of sadism, the woman to that of masochism. Man's love is domination, woman's submission. Where we find the opposite, this is felt as unnatural. Adler has laid particular stress upon this contrast, masculine and feminine, and explains all the reactions of the parapathic by the hidden instinctive force of the masculine, which, as we know, he calls the *masculine protest.* Yet experience shows us continually the incorrectness and one-sidedness of this conception. Certainly, there is a masculine protest. There would then be a feminine protest, too, and this not only with women but also with men. In the earlier volumes of this work we have learned to know a number of parapathic reactions (especially those of many fetishists) which could all be derived from the suppressed or open wish: I should like to be a woman! I refer here to the phenomenon of transvestitism, which Hirschfeld has penetratingly described. Men feel themselves happy when they can wear women's clothing, and women the converse. Adler calls this the masculine protest with feminine means. Then it is no longer a masculine protest. Should the wish, "I want to be a woman!" only conceal the still stronger one, to

be completely a man? Analytic experience does not confirm this.

We shall not be able to do justice to the facts of these paraphilias unless we refer back to the two fundamental forms discussed in earlier chapters in which the sexuality must manifest itself. All psychic processes stand in the service of two forces, which in part maintain a balance, in part predominate alternately. They are *the will to power* and *the will to submission.*

These relationships particularly struck Krafft-Ebing, without his being able precisely to grasp them. He says: "Under masochism I understand a peculiar perversion of the psychic *vita sexualis* which consists in this, that the individual affected by it is dominated in his sexual feelings and thought by the idea of being completely and unconditionally subjected to the will of a person of the other sex, of being treated domineeringly by this person, humiliated, and even mishandled. This idea is toned with pleasure; the person seized with it revels in fantasies in which he pictures to himself situations of this sort; he seeks to make them actual and not infrequently becomes through this perversion of his sexual instinct more or less psychically impotent for the normal stimulus of the opposite sex. This psychic impotence does not then rest at all upon a *horror sexus alterius* [fear of the other sex], but only upon the fact that for the perverse impulse another satisfaction than the normal, one indeed through the woman, but not through coitus, is adequate."

Krafft-Ebing, the fine observer, notes that the masochist (for the sake of simplification we will speak for the present only of the male masochist) is really impotent and must deny himself possession of the woman. But he emphasizes the normal attitude toward the woman and never forgets even in the clinical histories to point out that the patient is not homosexual. . . . Masochism, according to him, is a reaction form which develops only upon the basis of a psychopathic individuality usually with a bad inheritance. The essential thing for him is the direction of the sexual impulse to the circle of ideas of subjection to the sexual partner and mistreatment by the latter.

We, however, recognize as the important fact in masochism the avoidance of the normal sex act. The psychic impotence of the masochist appears to us no longer to be the consequence of his masochism, but the masochism the result of his impotence. The masochist seeks quite another object than the woman whom he has before him and with whom he shows himself to be impotent; and the masochism serves merely to veil this secret sexual goal. We may hope to find here forms of parapathic disguise similar to those which I have demonstrated in my discussions of fetishism.

Masochism, according to my conception, is not congenital, not a sign of degeneration, but a parapathy. It is a compromise arising out of conflicting sexual forces, a way out from an insoluble problem. It is flight away from the demands of the impulse into an illness.

Masochism reveals the closest relationship to homosexuality. We have already remarked that Krafft-Ebing lays emphasis upon the normal heterosexual feeling of his masochists. There is no *horror sexus alterius.* One can of course readily reach such a conclusion if one accepts the anamnesis in the hitherto usual form. In this way, Hirschfeld, too, was unable to discover in his masculine transvestites any trace of homosexuality, which, as we have seen, does not correspond with the facts.[5]

If we start from the idea of bisexuality, we must indeed attribute to the will to subjection a feminine reaction form; that is, acknowledge the presence of homosexual instinctive forces. Krafft-Ebing has himself stated this very clearly. He sees in masochism a feminizing of the man. "The woman," he says, "from nature out connects with love the idea of service, of subjection. The man who in his love exaggerates and makes fixed the normal submission of the one who is in love, becomes a woman; he has assumed the feminine forms of reaction." "So one might almost," he goes on to say, "look upon masochism in general as a pathological overgrowth of specifically feminine elements, as a morbid heightening of individual traits of the feminine psychic sexual character and seek its primary origin in this sex" (p. 152). Or in another place: "While sadism can be looked upon as a pathological increase of the masculine sexual character in its psychic accessory, masochism represents

rather a pathologic degeneration of specifically feminine psychic characteristics."

Krafft-Ebing then has the brilliant idea that we men bear within us also the engrams of countless women. We must therefore undoubtedly represent the feminine characteristics of our ancestors as well as the masculine ones. "If one assumes that 'sexual submission' is a phenomenon that may be observed much more frequently and in greater degree in the female sex than in the male, the thought forces itself upon one that masochism (if not always, yet as a rule) is an inheritance from the 'submissiveness' of our female ancestors. It enters then into a *relationship*—even if a very remote one—*with the contrary sexual feeling* as if something really belonging to the woman passed over to the man as a perversion." Here he acknowledges the relation of masochism to homosexuality, but at once limits it in what follows: "It must however be stressed that 'submission' also plays no small part within the male *vita sexualis* and masochism therefore can be explained even without such a passing of feminine elements to the man. But we must consider here that masochism as well as sadism, its counterpart, appears in irregular combination with contrary sexual feeling." Krafft-Ebing comments also upon the close relationship of the two paraphilias to homosexuality, but restricts it to irregular combinations.

The marked participation of homosexuality in masochism is to be noted also in many other observations. Thus: "The individual of masochistic feeling seeks and finds, too, a fulfillment for his purpose in the fact that he ascribes to his partner *male* psychic sexual characters—here also in perverse, exaggerated manner in so far as the sadistic woman represents his ideal. The conclusion may be drawn from such facts that masochism is really a rudimentary form of the contrary sexual feeling, a partial feminization, which has affected only the secondary sexual characters of the psychic *vita sexualis*. This assumption finds support in the circumstance that heterosexual masochists reveal themselves more as natures of feminine feeling and actually present feminine features to observation. Thus it comes to be understood why masochistic traits are so very frequently to be met with in men with homosexual feel-

ings. But such relation to the contrary sexual feeling is found also in feminine masochism. Thus a woman masochist (Case 85) has the feeling in her dream life that she is a male slave (!) toward the man in the fantasy picture, and wonders that she never appears in the rôle of female slave. The explanation which she has attempted of this fact of her consciousness which has its echoes in her waking life is as follows: She thinks of herself as a man who by nature is indeed proud and stands high, because in this way the abasement before the man she loves seems so much greater. This explanation is not to be accepted. That it is not a matter of sexual submission (illusory form of masochism) is seen in this, that the woman expresses herself: "I picture to myself also that I am a female slave; that does not satisfy me, however; any woman can do that, serve her husband as a slave."

The study of Krafft-Ebing's published cases also shows us in masochists the strong homosexual attitude, the withdrawal from the sexual partner. Men are impotent, women with pronounced masochistic attitude anæsthetic, at coitus. It is true that the fulfilling of the masochistic fantasy brings with it the orgasm. Yet the analysis of such fantasy shows us again and again that it is precisely the homosexual elements of the fantasy that release the orgasm. I simply refer to Moll's case, which Krafft-Ebing also cites. A woman of twenty-six years of age, who practiced cunnilingus and coprolagnia obtained an orgasm in that way but remained frigid at coitus. She had always tended toward the masculine, liked to appear as a man among men, smoked a good deal, drank much beer. She had the greatest orgasm when she was bitten in the lobe of the ear to the point of pain and swelling of the part.

I might likewise emphasize here a fact which has struck me with all parapathics, but which plays a great part especially with masochists. The organic readiness of the individual for this form of parapathy seems to me again to be a physical accentuation of the bisexuality. This confirms my opinion that all paraphilias are in a certain sense "phenomena of reversion." Their innate sadistic component is stronger than that of normal persons.

So the patient mentioned by Moll had weakly developed mammæ, large hands and feet. . . .

If we look into the cases of masochism which we find in Krafft-Ebing for proof of the accentuation of the organic and psychic homosexuality, we come in each instance upon very striking factors.

Observation Number 50, a man of twenty-nine years, who beside fetishistic tendencies adored flagellation, in general strove for situations in which the chief fact was subjection to the will of a woman. This patient was truly a victim of "pagism." The notion of being a page to a lovely girl, who should be chaste and piquant so that the relation would be a platonic one, forms a certain contrast to masochism. Pagism represents for him the ideal, masochism the gross sensual, love. Krafft-Ebing reports of his habitus: "His pelvis is abnormally broad, has flat iliac fossæ, is abnormally inclined and distinctively feminine." Here we see the organic emphasis of the feminism. The patient, however, refers to his *having tickling and sensations of pleasure in the anus* and that he can obtain satisfaction from this erogenous zone by means of his finger. That means, in other words, he performs onanism with a homosexual fantasy, he is a masked homosexual, and his masochism is a roundabout way which saves him from normal coitus, because the latter can bring him no orgasm. We will later discuss the nature of this masochism and the reason for this indirect way, at present merely mentioning the fact.

Krafft-Ebing finds in "pagism" only a "symbolic masochism," which leads to a fantastic exaltation of the perverse idea, while coitus is scorned as an inadequate act.

We must pause here and call attention to a very important factor. As I have already insisted in another place, to affirm bisexuality is not to exhaust the nature of mankind. We must acknowledge a trialism of sexuality.

The human being does not consist of man and woman, but of man, woman, and child. The healthy person completes the union of these three components, in which the heterosexual gives the direction and the others follow along. The sick person cannot find these compromises. The illness is an unsuc-

cessful attempt at this compromise formation. Thus in our patient the *man* appears quite *rudimentary* (his inability for coitus!); the *woman* manifests itself as *masochism;* the *child* as *pagism.* The pagism has the form of the infantile attitude toward the parents. The relation is like that toward the mother, a chaste, a platonic, surrender. I will attempt in later discussion to show how these three forces must express themselves symbolically in case of masochism. His fetish, a woman's foot encased in an elegant shoe and a calf of the leg clothed (nudity has no charm for him!), is also a symbolic representation of the compulsion which he has laid upon himself through his paraphilia.[6] We will for the present pass over the significance of the flagellation. The appearance in the fifth year might speak falsely of an inherited disposition. Our experience shows that the process of repression sets in just in these years.

We seek in vain in this case for the sadistic component, which in fact is never absent. Of course it is only brought to light through the analysis. . . . We find merely a slight suggestion in his zoöphilia, a passionate fondness for cats. This is extraordinarily common with sadists. The cat is then the symbol of the beast of prey. The cat is an "enoptric phenomenon" (Silberer).

I should like in discussing this case to call attention further to the fact that it depends upon our conception whether we want to consider the flagellation as a sadistic act directed against the person himself or not. This is my point of view, and I *see in masochism the sadism directed toward the person himself.*

How does this introversion of sadism come to pass? Only through the consciousness of guilt. The primary thing is always a strong sadistic trait, which is absent from no masochist. This sadism is changed to masochism through all sorts of moral-religious influences of childhood.

This takes place upon the path of talion. He who wanted to scourge other persons, then scourges himself! The accent of pleasure is then transferred upon the punishment, which as a consequence of the splitting of the ego into three components

affords fantasy the widest field in which to play. The "ego" is the chastiser (sadist and man); it experiences the pain as child and the pleasure as woman and child.

Punishment is pleasure-toned in all paraphilias, inasmuch as it is merely the negative (bipolar) form of expression of the positive desire. The pleasure which depends upon the scourging associates itself then with the being scourged, which, in truth, hides within itself also the positive fantasy of scourging. I have already stressed the fact that because of the high affective tension the pain is felt solely as pleasure.

Thus masochism appears to us as sadism transformed through inner religious attitude.[7]

From my standpoint, that every child conceals within him the instincts of primitive man, sadism and hate appear as the primary force. I have presented this in detail in my work *The Language of the Dream.* But as the child's ethical training begins, the sadistic component must fall under repression. It persists in overwhelming degree only in seriously degenerated individuals with ativistically strong impulsive life and in particular parapathic forms, of which we will later make a fuller study.

Now after this digression, back to our case. We were able to determine the anus as the erogenous zone, an organic disposition to femininity, a homosexual form of onanism, which contrasted harshly with the specific masochistic fantasies.

Let us turn to the second case, Krafft-Ebing's Observation 51.

Case Number 5. It has to do with a twenty-six-year-old man, who is psychically impotent because his entire effort is devoted to being subdued and humiliated by a "mistress." One of his fantasies is: "I shall be employed by her in debasing services, must wait upon her when she gets up, at her bath, at urination. At the latter performance she occasionally uses my face and compels me to drink of the fluid."

A friend urges him to coitus. The attempt ends as in all these cases in a fiasco, for the paraphilia indeed serves to discredit the woman for coitus through the overvaluation, to conceal the homosexual disposition, and to mask the sexual aim. Disquieting fear

and repugnance appeared even on the way to the brothel, excitement, trembling of the legs, outbreak of sweating in the lupanar, so that there was no erection.

The normal impulse toward a woman was completely wanting in this patient. Krafft-Ebing found a small penis, incomplete descent of the right testicle; that is, inferiority of the genital. The first masochistic fantasies concerned boys as well as girls; the first sexual excitement (apart from autoerotic stimulation) appeared in seeing *boys* whipping, when one boy sat like a rider upon another. The choice of a delicately built female ideal is also a transparent mask of homosexuality.

The next cases, too, suggest the homosexual basis of masochism. Indeed, the case in Observation 55 suffers contrary sexual feeling. "For various reasons he was not in a position to gratify himself with a man, in spite of great sexual need. Occasionally he dreamed that a woman was beating him. Then he would have a pollution. Through this dream he *allowed himself to be mistreated by a prostitute as a surrogate for male-masculine love.*"

This case solves for us one of the riddles of masochism. It is a surrogate, a substitute for homosexuality. It will interest us now to learn through what procedure this man must pass to reach an orgasm. He has a prostitute come to him, disrobes completely, while she must keep on some covering, then has her tread on him with her feet, whip him, beat him. In the height of excitement he then licks her foot, upon which ejaculation with a great orgasm ensues. Immediately afterward disgust, and he quickly makes an end of the degrading situation.

We will make a note of this case and come back to it when we have some new light upon masochism. The case is of the greatest importance for us, as a classic example of the passing of the contrary sexual feeling into masochism.

One finds very often in the life histories of masochists that they were whipped as children; they like to attribute their paraphilia to the impressions of childhood. Now I am certainly not of the opinion that we ought to undervalue the first impressions in the sexual life. But we must accept the statements of the patients with some reserve and submit them to a critical examination. One objection may at once be raised: How many children receive beatings upon the nates and how few of them

become masochists? I have already in discussing fetishism referred to the fact that we choose from our memories those which fit in our system and that traumata must fall upon a suitable disposition. To come back to the famous example of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He was already a masochist when he experienced the blows of his instructress as pleasure; he was not made a flagellant through these whippings.[8] As I said in Chapter XXV of my *Infantile Psychosexuality,* in the analysis of Rousseau's exhibitionism, an earlier flogging scene was hidden behind this. His father chastised his brother; Rousseau threw himself between them and received the blows designed for his brother.

I have been able to hear repeatedly in my consultation hour the same idea expressed which Krafft-Ebing's patient (Observation 56) stresses: "Masochism according to my experience is under all circumstances congenital and in no way the product of individual training. *I know positively that I have never been beaten upon the buttocks* and that my masochistic notions have been evident since my earliest years. It is characteristic that these ideas were already present before there was, generally speaking, any libido there. They had no sexual content at that time. I recall that it greatly thrilled (not to say excited) me as a boy when an older boy addressed me familiarly as Thou, while I formally called him You. I strove to converse with him and took care that this mutual address should occur as frequently as possible. Later, when I became more sexual, that sort of thing was stimulating to me when it had some connection with a woman and in fact an older woman (relatively)."[9]

We see quite plainly in this case also the transition of the paraphilia from the homosexual object to a heterosexual one. For it is only a false judgment of the observer that these first forms of excitement were not sexual. We find very frequently in the anamneses of our cases that the patients do not want to consider various stimulations as sexual, but only as nonsexual, excitement. In this factor lies the repression of the homosexual attitude characteristic of these cases.

Let us seek further proof in Krafft-Ebing for the significance of the homosexual disposition. Observation 58 concerns

a man who is quite without hair on his trunk and reveals a horror of coitus, such a horror as we so frequently and so characteristically find in homosexuals. He dreams that he is a fiery horse and is being ridden by a beautiful woman. This favorite fantasy of all masochists has a specific meaning. We will come back to it again.

Observation 61, an artist of sixty-nine years, stresses the fact that he had an inclination toward his own sex from the eleventh to the eighteenth year. We hear the customary weakening of statement of all those who have repressed their homosexuality: "It never overstepped the bounds of the enthusiastic friendship of youth." He entertained the wish also in this homosexual period to be beaten by a *friend*.

Observation 67 has at first sadistic and masochistic ideas of boys who forcibly masturbate one another and cut off the genitals.[10] He often put himself in the rôle of such a boy, now in the passive, now in the active, part. Later he was occupied with pictures of girls and women who exhibited before one another; situations floated before him where the housemaid pulled apart the thighs of another girl, others in which boys behaved brutally to girls, stuck them, pinched their genitals. . . .

Here we see the connection of sadism and masochism which we have stressed and the transition from homosexual fantasies to heterosexual. The patient admits also that the sadism became weaker and weaker, while the masochism came to the front. Again the sense of guilt changes the active form into the passive. One who is cruel becomes one who suffers; a torturer becomes the tortured. . . . This man's inclination to coitus is minimal. He is psychically impotent like all disguised homosexuals. Krafft-Ebing reports concerning his attempts: "Inasmuch as the patient had heard that he would be free from his gradually burdensome sexual imaginations if he would accustom himself to a natural sexual gratification, he tried twice within the course of the last year and a half to perform coitus, although he had only aversion toward it and did not expect success. The attempt ended each time in a complete fiasco. The second time he felt such repugnance that he pushed the girl from him and took to flight."

Like every disgust, this disgust of the masochist is suspicious

and seems to have its origin in a repression. The masochist represses beside his homosexual component also a sadistic attitude toward the woman, or he has an unconscious, incestuous sexual goal.

Before I go more closely into this noteworthy association between masochism and the fear of woman, I will give two more cases of masochism from the interesting collection of Merzbach, which show us how far effeminacy may go with masochists.

Case Number 6. "Some years ago a young man visited at night the coffeehouses of the Berlin Latin quarter and accompanied some one of the girls who resorted there to her home. There he manifested a very excited bearing, then suddenly drew forth a sharp-edged razor and wanted the girl to cut off his scrotum and testicles. He promised a large sum of money to any one who would without fear undertake the mutilation. Although he repeated his strange offer to a large number of girls and on account of it became well known in their circle, none of them dared to earn the large sum, not perhaps out of pity, as one of the girls assured us, but from dread of the unpleasantnesses that might arise from the affair."

Here we see a castration complex as a symbolic expression of feminization. It is the organic fulfillment of the wish: That I might be a woman. . . .

This desire has its place with another masochist, and by reason of its importance I will give it here in the words of Merzbach:

A physician forty-five years of age presents a case of metamorphosis, changing himself as a masochist into a girl named Elisabeth and directing the following lines to a "very strict teacher and mistress" of Berlin, well known also in scientific circles:

"Highly Honored and Austere Lady, Cruel Mistress:

"Alas, I have again acted contrary to your command, for only to-day instead of yesterday do I apologize for my rudeness in not having greeted you upon the street. (The recipient of the letter had without ceremony knocked his hat from his head as he went by her upon the street without speaking to her, and then ordered him to ask her pardon for the neglected greeting.—Author.)

"I know that I have committed a grievous fault toward my mis-

tress, toward my cruelest lady, who is thinking day and night to what new tortures she can subject Elisabeth, and for this I reward her with insolence and disobedience. I will and must atone for this, and I beg you, stern Mistress, soon to appoint a day of torment on which I shall be submitted to a good hard beating.

"I hope to be reconciled to you through new and severe penalty, which I will bear without flinching, and would only wish, after I have girded my body sevenfold with spiked girdles, that I might bend my back before you, my cruel Goddess, and receive a scourging from you of 360 blows of a whip.

"When then I shall have borne without a sound this fearful chastisement, by which my blood should flow at your feet, I hope that you, stern Mistress, will be appeased and will admit Elisabeth as one of your devoted slaves and reward her again with fresh girdles and with new instruments of martyrdom."

Another letter of Elisabeth's may be added just here, since both of these pieces of writing contain so much which affords a more fundamental insight into the nature of masochism than long theoretical discussions, which remain difficult of understanding to many a reader if he cannot put himself, if need be calling up at the same time some corresponding fantasy, into the masochist's world of sexual fantasies.

"Honored and most Severe Lady, Cruel Mistress:

"I hereby announce myself to you as you have bid me and beg that you will carry out upon me the strict treatment intended. I realize, my kind Mistress, how badly I have behaved toward you through my disobedience, and that I can only compensate for it by submitting to the most frightful martyrdom which you can inflict upon me.

"I shall be grateful to you for every blow when I shall stand before you in the splendor of my girdles; every stroke will signify for me a happy hour in my life, and I merely entreat you, if the torture shall prove satisfactory to you, to grant me your forgiveness by performing the martyrdom upon me once more without delay.

"Your faithfully devoted servant and slave,

"ELISABETH."

These letters acquaint us with the most important points in the realm of masochistic fantasies. We have to do with a

forty-four-year-old man in the serious walks of life, scientifically educated, a physician who must be better informed concerning his morbid passion than other sexual psychopathic autodidacts. Nevertheless he seeks in it his sexual satisfaction; nevertheless he plays a sorry, pitiable rôle in a comedy of which he is author, chief actor, and manager, while the severe mistress naturally only performs her part as her "client" wants to have it played.

We see the masochistic abasement even in the assuming of the name Elisabeth, by which the letter writer strips off all manhood and takes the humiliating position of woman, servant, slave. The rôle of mere servant does not satisfy him; he makes himself a servant who through neglect and through disobedience toward her mistress sins grievously. This wrongdoing deserves punishment, which with the dreaded severity of the mistress must naturally be a very hard one. The penalty must consist of a brutal scourging of 360 blows, so that the blood runs.

It has not escaped Hirschfeld [11] either that many masochists in youth reveal an evident homosexual period. But he means that this age is not yet differentiated in the sexual sense. Now it is true that all persons are bisexual and before puberty a homosexual period is clearly manifest. Not, however, because they are still undifferentiated, but because they have not yet repressed their homosexuality. Hirschfeld affirms that masochists often present in childhood similar prestages to those of true homosexuals. The homosexual then, according to this author, directs himself completely and exclusively to the same sex. Hirschfeld does not take into account the important phenomenon of repression. For this reason there is no place for discussion. He takes the patient's statements literally . . . we submit them to analysis; he does not see the positive forces which lie behind disgust toward the same sex; he does not notice that the homosexual must also repress the love toward the other sex, that there is neither purely homosexual nor purely heterosexual, but only bisexual.[12] Hirschfeld cannot therefore reckon masochists among homosexuals, if they later direct their masochistic impulse toward woman. He numbers them among a peculiar type, that of "gynandromorphy." The

androgynous male type, he says, and the gynandrous female type are in no way connected with homosexuality. "There are certain types which have been designated as eunuchoid; without having been emasculated, they give the impression of castrates, possess feminine physical form, high voices, beardless faces. Usually there is azoöspermia, frequently anorchism. There are women who correspond to them, who have physically much that is masculine. These strikingly feminine men and masculine women are often taken for homosexual, but are not infrequently completely heterosexual in so far as they find the complement for their individuality among types which belong to the opposite sex. These types which attract them are, to be sure, also androgynous."

This reasoning is not consistent. For Hirschfeld himself admits that the feminine man seeks the masculine woman and frequently finds her, too. In these forms there is only a masked homosexuality, as I have fully described it. . . . Then Hirschfeld grants the fact: "Many of these men, whom even a skilled expert at first from external appearance and behavior takes for urnings, are *masochists.*"

Finally Hirschfeld says: "One very often finds among men and women urnings those who are *masochistically* disposed."

Thus the connection postulated by us is also confirmed from another side as present. The importance of this connection will be discussed later. I will cite here a case from Kind:[18]

Case Number 7. "Mrs. Y. found herself in her earliest years in an environment which because of defective training and supervision tended to erotic licence. Sexually stimulating performances began at the age of eight with boys and girls of the same age, as well as with adults. If a disposition to heterosexuality had been present, it ought to have manifested itself here. But on the contrary: at ten years old she watched secretly through the window when the maids in her father's inn were used in coitus by the guests and masturbated afterwards with the idea that *she* was the *man* in question. She had even at that time an orgasm when she gratified other girls by the hand and tongue, *without* in any way touching herself. She went with her family as a wheel rider from one variety show to another and often had to let men force

themselves upon her, whose actions she coolly let pass without participating in them. Women on the other hand at once brought her to a state of excitation. Even the pleasure of looking at her fellow players backstage clothed in their tights had such an effect that she would have a complete orgasm while riding her wheel before the public. She needed (and still needs) only to sit in the street car opposite an attractive woman to suddenly 'swim away.'

Meanwhile, the masochistic tone of her libido is also fully developed. The impulse is present in Y. to procure for her partner an orgasm at any price, and in just such a manner that she is a blindly yielding instrument of satisfaction to the latter; she permits herself in the most reckless manner to be used for such a purpose and is willing to be the slave who must gratify every brutal mood and every unæsthetic whim which will give pleasure to her mistress.

She has found in the course of the years a great number of partners, almost purely heterosexual women, who partly at her request, partly from their own initiative, have taken over the corresponding counter-rôle. The pleasurable performances which take place between the two partners move in a familiar circle. Y. is covered with verbal insults of the commonest sort, beaten, trodden upon, scratched, pricked, licks the feet, vulva, anus of the friend, offers her mouth for urination, and so on, and then is present and assists when coitus is performed. Scenes of the latter sort led besides, through misunderstanding of the subjective ground for these actions, to a very severe judgment upon Y. from Paragraph 180 of the penal code. It must be added that the husband of Y., who had married her three years previously, plays the merely secondary rôle of a surrogate in this erotic system. Y. remains completely frigid in cohabitation if she is not at the same time roughly treated, pricked, insulted, or spit upon. She then quickly imagines a woman as instigator of such algolagnistic activity and experiences the desired orgasm, although in lesser degree.

Y.'s masochistic tendency, her insensitivity to pain, the transformation of the sensation of pain to that of pleasure, is directed absolutely only to the sexual relationship. If she strikes herself unexpectedly, say on the corner of the table, she cries out. Scolding or blows from a man drive her into a rage. On the other hand, she will receive these from a *woman*, even when beaten until the blood runs, with quiet rapture."

We observe here a connection between masochism and homosexuality which surely needs explanation. We shall later learn to know the counterpart to this case, a male sadist. This sadist, too, is a pronounced homosexual.

It is clear that Hirschfeld must at any price defend his thesis of congenital homosexuality. Mixed forms, which demonstrate the law of universal bisexuality, are forced by him into a system which preserves the idol homosexuality in its highest sovereignty. In his *Sexualpathologie* [14] he speaks in the third part of "Intermediate Sexual Stages" (the masculine woman and the feminine man). He includes in these intermediate stages the true hermaphrodites, androgyny, transvestitism, homosexuality, and "metatropism." A sadistic man and a masochistic woman are for him only the heightening of the normal activity and aggressiveness of the man and the passivity and submissiveness of the woman. On the other hand, the masochistic man and the sadistic woman manifest a sort of inversion of their original sexual character; they are subjects of a reversed sexual tropism, therefore the name *metatropism.* He says: "From the standpoint of sexual psychology the masochism of the woman and the masochism of the man are two fundamentally different things, and likewise the sadism of the man and that of the woman. In one case the matter is one of an excess, in the other of an inversion; one case denotes merely an increase, the other, however, a complete reversal of the true sex type."

Into such a blind alley does one come, if one overlooks the results of analysis. This division is artificial. For at bottom there is an increase only of sadism. The masochistic phenomena are the inversion of sadism. The relation to homosexuality is quite evident. The masochist reveals the same fundamental attitude which I was able to demonstrate in the case of homosexuals (I am speaking now of male masochists). He hates woman—often with a single exception. This hatred drives him to homosexuality. He therefore *either* becomes a homosexual *or* he flees into infancy; he regresses and becomes a child. *Trisexuality* leaves three ways open for every sexual being: man, woman, child. The masochist (the sadist, too, under certain conditions) becomes a child. The infantilism

grants him zoantropic tendencies (rich material in *Infantile Psychosexuality*). He becomes a dog, a horse, or an inanimate object (animism). He is envious of the chair, the toilet, the chamber, upon which the "noble mistress" sits. He enacts the scenes of childhood. He seeks a stern teacher, sets himself tasks, has himself put in the corner. But his masochism merely conceals the original sadism. Hirschfeld himself lays emphasis upon the fact that masochists who willingly subject themselves to women are in life sadists.[15] The homosexual component of sadomasochists should have struck Hirschfeld. He reports a Berlin sadist, a woman, who made use of a richly provided torture chamber. He visited her out of scientific interest and surprised her at midday in bed with a female person upon whom she was lavishing the tenderest names of endearment.[16]

"As I was discussing this case later with Eulenburg," Hirschfeld relates, "he expressed the opinion that according to his considerable experience the great number of those women who *professionally* torture masochists are on the whole not sadists but *Lesbians.*"

Hirschfeld, too, knows quite well that masochists seek the masculine woman and women sadists the feminine man. The masochistic play betrays the infantilism. The masochist likes best to be a "pupil." [17]

It is evident that the flight into infancy means retreat from the normal sexual function. One should not, however, explain this flight solely by the feeling of inferiority, as Kronfeld [18] has done recently, relying upon Adler.

Kronfeld has concluded from his own observations that the cruelty arises from an overstimulated, powerless self-consciousness. "It is clear," he says, "that psychologically the lability of sexual self-assertion and self-representation bound with feelings of weakness either leads through a protest of resentment (Adler) and so to sadistic attitudes; or it is accepted submissively and may itself become a source of pleasure, so that the ego revels in the feeling of weakness and of defenselessness against it, from which then masochism may arise. It has always seemed to me meaningless to assume with Freud a sadistic and a masochistic partial component of the libido as

original congenital partial impulse, for such an assumption explains nothing and is in itself inexplicable."

He finds the paraphilia in sadistic women also as a counterplay of a profound uncertainty in consciousness of one's own erotic value.

These observations, correct in and for themselves, which we, too, shall confirm in a large number of examples, afford only *one* contribution to the psychogenesis of the phenomenon of sadism. Careful analysis indicates the significance of the individual history of development. The feeling of inferiority is increased through physical anomalies, but it is always founded upon a consciousness of guilt. This sense of guilt drives the paraphiliac back to childhood. It gives him the opportunity to begin his life over again, and to begin just where his pathological reaction set in.

It is correct that the sadomasochist stands between man and woman and cannot decide which direction to take. We shall therefore always be able to observe a flight from normal sexual satisfaction and a regression into the infantile. One might say: The sadomasochist leaves every way open for himself. He is still standing before the final choice of love object. In most cases he is not at all aware of his homosexual attitude.

Let us now turn back to our case histories, which should demonstrate to us the connection between sadomasochism and homosexuality.

The case of Zastrow, which I find in Krafft-Ebing, also belongs in this chapter:

"In the circumstance that an almost regularly accompanying manifestation of the contrary sexual feeling is a morbidly increased sexual life, voluptuous-cruel *sadistic* acts are readily possible in the gratification of the libido. A characteristic example in this regard is the case of Zastrow (Casper-Liman, 7th Ed., Vol. 1, Vol. 160, II, p. 487) who bit one of his victims, a boy, until he tore away the prepuce, slit the anus, and strangled the child.

"Z. came from a psychopathic grandfather, melancholic mother; his brother indulged in abnormal sexual practices and committed suicide.

"Z. was a born urning, masculine in habitus and occupation,

afflicted with phimosis, a physically weak, quite eccentric, socially incompetent man. He had a horror of women, felt himself in his dreams as a woman toward a man, was painfully conscious of the lack of normal sexual feeling and of the presence of the perverse impulse; sought satisfaction through mutual onanism and frequently had pederastic desires."

Some very interesting statements are made by Moll concerning the homosexual component in masochists and fetishists.

"I have been able to learn something likewise regarding fetishistic, masochistic, and sadistic tendencies in women with contrary sexual feelings. I know concerning the homosexual relation of two women that one of them, the active one, at the wish of the passive one, goes about the house in man's clothes, even in short velvet trousers."

"It is often enough represented in theatrical pieces and in novels how the woman loves only the man whose physical superiority over her she herself recognizes. This may go so far that the woman's love is the most violent toward the man whose physical strength she has experienced upon her own body, even if it has been in blows received. One may consider these cases perverse and pathological, another normal; the question will not concern us here. The fact is that this is a sufficiently frequent occurrence. We see in analogous manner that also in many homosexual love relationships of women, the one partner is completely subservient to the other. This may extend so far that mistreatment of the one member by the other not only does not cause the love to cool, but is the very thing that rekindles it. It is considered as quite a matter of course in a number of homosexual relationships between women of which I know that one partner is frequently punished by the other by blows at any dispute that may occur. In other cases there is no strict apportionment of rôles; but beatings now and then, in which both take part in equal manner, serve to enhance the love. These cases seem to me to afford less interest than the former ones where a strict division of parts is present."

"But in all these cases we have to do with manifestations that show something pathological in the homosexuality itself, in which, however, the beating need not be conceived as anything especially morbid. Striking and disputing are here to a certain degree means of strengthening the love. It is otherwise in the cases where the flogging itself furnishes the sexual stimulus, and where another kind of gratification either is not sought or is considered

merely as supplementary. *We find procedures of this sort precisely upon homosexual grounds.* Such women have their enjoyment either in themselves whipping the beloved woman or in other ways chastising her, or the excitement lies in their receiving the blows themselves."

"There can be no doubt that, furthermore, just like the whipping of boys, so the whipping of girls by their mistresses, school authorities, and others is undertaken for the satisfaction derived. He who has read the detailed work of Cooper[19] will consider such an explanation for many places in this book as correct. In a very erotic and in large part obscene little book, the wildest orgies are depicted connected with homosexual punishments of young girls through their instructress."[20] (Moll, *Die konträre Sexualempfindung* [*Contrary Sexual Feeling*], p. 564.)

I might add here one case from my own observation:

Case Number 8. Mr. Z. R. reports the following form of paraphilia. He finds his satisfaction only when his partner debases herself before him. The more humiliating her action, the greater his enjoyment. He never had the courage until now to secure other women than prostitutes, whom he could buy and compel to enter into these degrading performances. He has them carry out the pots which he has filled, has them use them, and directs them to kneel before him and kiss his feet. The scene which he likes best to enact proceeds as follows. He enters the room, and all the prostitutes present throw themselves to the floor and cry: "We greet thee, O Lord! We kiss the hem of thy garment! We kiss thy feet!" He merely nods graciously to them and busies himself with the chosen favorite, who will be better paid than the other performers, in a separate room. Here she must humbly and submissively kiss his hand, at which light blows are delivered upon her back. They are really not blows but only movements which would correspond to blows. Then he allows himself to be entirely undressed by the woman. He has her take off not only his shoes, but all his garments until he is stark naked. Then defecation follows, at which his partner must assist him. She must clean him and carry out the excreta. The idea that she licks up his spittle, kisses him upon the anus, brings about a great increase in libido. We see here clearly fixation upon a definite infantile scene. The patient is evidently thinking of a time when he lorded it over his parents' home, of the blissful infancy when the mother performed all these services for him. He was ex-

cessively coddled, for he was the first boy after five girls and heir to a proud name. The mother made of him a little god who ruled the house like a tyrant. She died when he was only eight years old. He now had a stepmother, who treated him very kindly but at the same time was very energetic and would tolerate no mischief. He would gladly have made her his slave as he had been accustomed to do until this time, but he met with insuperable resistance.

His flight into illness dates from that time on. He always resorted to headaches if his wishes were not granted. At first it was a pretence and a game to escape study and all other disagreeable duties; then he began to believe in his headaches himself. They became so violent that he had to remain alone in a dark room and bar himself from all the world. He was taken to many famous physicians, none of whom knew what to advise. He even underwent trepanation; punctures of the spinal cord were performed . . . all without result. He began to be a taker of antipyrin and phenacetin. These substances gave place to aspirin, of which he has taken two to three grams daily for I do not know how long. He states that he has an hour or two of rest after a tablet.

Homosexuality is openly admitted by this patient. He maintained relations in childhood with others of his own age. Later, in the gymnasium, he had an affair with a schoolmate. He feels himself even now drawn to men and is better able to admire a good-looking man than a woman. The sadistic tendencies which we have pictured disappear in his relations to men. He would be ashamed to have a man serve him in this way. On the other hand, he has often toyed with the thought of doing this for a man. If it were a man of importance, this would indeed be no disgrace.

Ideas of being a savior play a great part in his fantasies. He is the Savior, the Redeemer, he can save mankind through his headaches. He knows that these are only childish fantasies, and yet he likes to cling to such thoughts. At the brothel he acts Biblical scenes. *He is Christ who lets Magdalene kiss his feet.* He is interested in the prostitutes and would like to deliver them from their sinful life. He has thought of marrying a prostitute, who, out of gratitude that he had saved her from the sinful mire, would be in complete subjection to him. He frequently dreams that he is raising up fallen girls.

The sadistic scene is to give him the possibility of lending a bit of reality to his fantasies. For at home he has long since

ceased to be master. Since he amounts to nothing and lives only from his father's money, he feels himself humiliated and despised. He is sensitive and easily falls into a rage if any one does not believe in his headaches. At the same time, his sexual desire increases day by day. He has to go daily to his prostitute; the sexual thoughts submerge his feeble attempts to work and study. He begins to show that irresistible compulsion toward prostitutes which we can recognize as masked homosexuality. The circumstance that the end of the comedy is an immission of the member into the anus points also to this source for his paraphilia. It seems as if the scene is also the reverse of one which has never been experienced: he will serve the father; he will be his prostitute, perform for him the most degrading service. He wanted to displace the first mother and offer his father all the love which he needed. One understands that he hates the stepmother and repeatedly plays with the thought of poisoning her in order to be free from the troublesome rival.

The next case affords us deep insight into the life of a masochist; it was placed at my disposal by Dr. Stoltenhoff, who after the analysis here before us studied in Vienna under my guidance. The case takes us into the depths of human life. One would not think it possible that a masochistic disposition could lead so far. The relation to homosexuality was obscure to the patient, and he became conscious of it only through the analysis.

Case Number 9. N. P. came into my care with the diagnosis "morbus Basedowii," which had been made a number of times. Physical examination showed: exophthalmus of medium grade; bilateral enlargement of the thyroid; heart normal in size, tones pure; pulse at rest 100-120, irregular; skin and tendon reflexes very active; slight corpulence; marked tremor of the hands; the other organs needing no remark.

Previous treatment: iodine, thyroid preparations, galvanization, baths (pine-needle, alternating current, carbonic acid), digitalis, morphine (!); all without result. The chief complaints of the patient had to do with the "heart attacks," which appeared at irregular intervals, yet rather frequently, and in varying degree; usually they began with such severe anxiety states that they made the patient's life a torture.

A few brief questions for orientation showed me that P.'s sexuality manifested very many abnormal and paraphiliac fea-

tures. Having had my attention called to the connection between sexuality and anxiety heart attacks through Dr. Stekel's publication *Nervous Anxiety States and Their Treatment,* 3d edition, I proposed psychoanalytic treatment to P., to which he consented gladly.

The complexity of the illness together with the brief time at my disposal for the treatment (five weeks) made it impossible to make a thorough analytic investigation of *all* the symptoms, although I succeeded in freeing P. from his heart attacks. At any rate, the case presented such an abundance of interesting details and relationships that a publication, especially from the point of view of clinical report, seems justified. P. at my request wrote the story of his life for me and after treatment added to it an extensive supplement. I will reproduce this now in abstract and interpolate the places worthy of note from the first story under "I."

I was born in T. in Switzerland. Since I was conceived illegitimately and my mother came to the parents' house for her confinement, it is natural that her parents reproached her severely and that she tried afterward by lacing to conceal her condition from the outside world until the last moment. The conception as such represented an act of seduction committed by my father; my *mother was at that time sixteen years old,* my father at the time of procreation of the age of forty-four, so that there was a difference of almost twenty-eight years between my parents. I must have been a quiet, gentle child. I was nourished by the bottle; did not therefore have the satisfaction of my mother's milk. My father married my mother later and she went to him, while I remained in the home of my grandparents. Scarcely had I outgrown my swaddling clothes when I was taken by my grandfather, who loved me exceedingly, to sleep with him in his bed. Unfortunately, I can no longer determine to what age I slept with my grandfather, yet I recall that time very vividly even now. My childish love turned entirely to my grandparents, whom I regarded as my parents, and only very much later did I officially assume the name P. I remember, although very dimly, that I also slept in bed with my aunt, when she would sing me a song that sounded very sad to me; it ended with a hunter's stabbing his loved one, upon which I usually fell asleep.

According to what my relatives say, I fell at the age of one and a half years from my high chair and knocked out some teeth. When I was two years old, while attending to my needs,

a brown, clay chamber pot broke under me, by which I was severely wounded in the back, of which a great long scar may still be seen. At three years old (not as given in my first history, at six) I was circumcised by two doctors under narcosis according to the Jewish rite, which I still faintly remember.

At the age of five I went to the town kindergarten at the convent, then into the elementary school; I remember that I purposely learned very badly. I had private tutors and women instructors, and despite the many whippings I had, chiefly from my grandmother, I remained a lazy, deceitful child, could not keep quiet, and always did the opposite to what I really should have done. My grandmother, an extraordinarily despotic woman, brought me up in hostility toward my father, toward my brothers and sisters, who up to that time I scarcely knew. With groans and lamentations I was moved from one class to another, until after a year, during the first vacation, I traveled with my grandmother to R. Here I learned to know better the brothers and sisters otherwise so hated by me, who were much older than I, but without changing my opinion of them in any way. I already knew at that time that my grandmother was not my mother, and yet my own mother was so indifferent to me that once in my presence the two women fell into a dispute as to which one had a mother's authority. I knew how to make use of these differences of opinion and soon obtained from my mother what the grandmother had refused and *vice versa.* My grandfather remained always the same kind man, tenderly affectionate toward me, but troubled himself very little about my bringing up.

I had a peculiar dream at the age of five. I. Near our home there lived an ugly old woman, who was always dreadfully made fun of by us children. We were terrified by this woman, and she often ran after us with a stick when we went too far in our mischief. I now dreamed of this old woman, that I was made prisoner by her and mistreated. She sat upon my breast and, mocking me and beating me, fed me with human and animal feces. I begged in vain to be set free. I have never all my life been able to forget this dream.

I remember another sign of my sexuality, that we had a maid servant under whose clothes I instinctively crept and inhaled a sharp penetrating odor of flesh and clothing. This smell gave me a sense of comfort; I can still feel that to-day, but have never experienced it with any other woman. I remember also that at six I was in love with a girl who cast eyes at me and had a beau-

tiful round behind. I always wanted to be allowed to kiss this bottom. How strange! This girl lives now as a married woman in T. and to see her always creates in me a feeling of disgust.

I saw the genital parts for the first time at five years old on a friend, a little girl who was perhaps only five years old, as she squatted with her knees bent upon the hole of a closet and showed me the fiery red line between her legs. I felt no desire to touch or smell them, but I was greatly astonished at the sight and behaved mysteriously about it. The relation with my friend F. must have taken place about this time. We used to go together into the closet, take each other's sexual parts into the mouth, urinate into the mouth or lick each other's anus.[21] I remember another interesting incident of my fifth year. An aunt, a sister of my mother, returned from a sanatorium for lung diseases and slept upon a sofa; I crept under the covers and licked her rather ill-smelling feet. Asked what I was doing, I answered that I wanted to play I was a dog. I began gradually to know about things; I became aware of the distinction between the sexes, and I was unbelievably modest. The relation to F. began to weaken, but the desire for it was always vividly enough present, for I used to fight with boys in the meadow who were much weaker than I, and yet I would let myself be worsted so that the victor could sit upon my breast.

Then I went to my parents' home shortly before my oldest sister was married, where I followed an unrecognized impulse, observed the urine of my sister, perhaps also drank it; I sniffed around in our cook's bed; I was always seeking I did not know what. I fell in love with a cousin of mine; the girl, of my own age, was, however, much better behaved than I. She was plump and only once did I have opportunity to put my hand on her round bottom, clothed, which was a genuine pleasure for me. After this I went to C. to the college, where I pursued my studies zealously.

I made friends with a classmate named B. In spite of the fact that I had one friend in a higher class who had pictured to me the horrors of onanism, with locomotor ataxia, general paresis, and so on as its consequences, yet my friend B. initiated me into its secrets. Strangely, I was not immediately successful with it, but obtained an orgasm, though not yet an ejaculation, only after I had overcome great feelings of anxiety within myself and B. had repeatedly masturbated before me. For a long time I did not masturbate, but later, instigated through association with my col-

leagues at the boarding school, I allowed myself to be masturbated, masturbated my friends, and finally came to coitus by mouth. Nevertheless, here I always tried to prevent the ejaculation, because I was afraid of it for some reason which I still cannot explain; my friend, on the contrary, ejaculated directly into my mouth, which produced great nausea in me.

I was at first so incensed regarding the moral condition of the boarding house that I wrote to my parents about it; yet they had no idea what it was like, and as I had to remain in this youthful mire, I became a victim of it. I have always defended myself against coitus through the anus, although a comrade once wanted to attempt it upon me. I remember that an adult roommate called my attention to the size of the buttocks of the daughter of the boarding house and remarked that such women very greatly enjoyed coitus. She was a beautiful, well-formed girl, and when I was with great difficulty promoted to the higher classes, I came into the older boys' room, where my bed was placed directly against the door that communicated with the family's living room. Nights, when every one had gone to rest, I would listen at the door; the girl's every movement, every word, so excited me that I manually masturbated at the thought of her. When I received a telegram of my father's death, she accompanied me to the station and gave me the first and the last kiss.

I actually enjoyed the trip to W., although my father's death was tragic enough, for in the first place I felt myself to have escaped the horrors at C., and in the second place I seemed to myself of tremendous importance since, as the only son, I was my father's heir. Besides the fact that I admired everything which I saw, my father's death had not affected me, for I had scarcely known him. The crying of the people was painful to me and still more painful was the circumstance that with the best will I could not weep, and only after the funeral was taken with a severe fit of weeping, totally without rhyme or reason. I returned to C., the old tune began again, my studies became burdensome, and so did the relation with my friends, so that I was very happy when my mother summoned me home. I must here confess that I felt absolutely no love for my mother, which both she and I admitted with sorrow. I secretly suspected that she had love affairs with men at home and abroad, and I was often hostile to her.

Puberty now set in in full force. I had coitus for the first time though in original form and manner. In a brothel I learned to

know Annie, who was directly excited by my innocence. I was so roused by contact with her that I was afraid and behaved very awkwardly. Finally, she would sit upon me and guide my member into her vagina, and in this way she satisfied me. Sexual intercourse alone was not enough for me; with the idea of having coitus with some beautiful woman, I threw myself into masturbation, to which I added a thousand variations. At any rate, I masturbated at that time more than I indulged in coitus and reached about 200 masturbations to one coitus. It is interesting that I kept on with the sniffing around the bed of our cook and that the odor of dried bits of feces in her linen or the taste of yellow spots in the coverlet excited me terribly. I would let the kitchen maid always go upstairs ahead of me and thus I would bring my nose so near her buttocks that I could detect the fecal odor. My wish to kiss and smell the girl's bottom was so intensive that I would dream of it at night, but without coming to a pollution. I have never my whole life long, even to this day, had a complete pollution—at most an orgasm. I was accessible to my sisters only with difficulty, on account of my hatred toward them, for which I really had no reason; but when my married sister came back to B., I was suddenly seized by wild sensual desire for her. I often had to accompany her home during her pregnancy and so had occasion to come in contact with her colossal body, which excited me greatly. If I found an opportunity which she would permit, I smelled of it—the lovely natural odor drove me mad and I would masturbate. I must mention also a petticoat which my sister wore at home which had spots on it. I often wrapped this skirt around my penis and have ejaculated into it, even with the danger of being discovered, taking at the same time into my mouth the part of the skirt which I thought would have been nearest to my sister's abdomen. I was somewhat more hostile to my sister who at that time was still unmarried. I was so absorbed at this period in my sensuality that I was very forgetful, distracted, and heedless.

After the marriage of my younger sister, my new brother-in-law brought me to G., where I attended a school for industrial arts. My artistic achievements were minimal; but I yielded myself completely to the freedom, for I was a zealous "Corps" student and was second noncommissioned officer. For all this, I still masturbated and, rarely, went to a brothel. I paid the girl well so that the coitus should not seem mechanical. At that time I cultivated an enormous delusion of greatness, imagining myself to be

president of a military court, but spoke of it only to the girls with whom I had intercourse from time to time. Anna, the daughter of a goldsmith, was my ideal, yet I never attempted to have coitus with her, but talked a great deal of morality and good conduct. Rosa, too, a maiden lady of thirty years, I loved on account of her beautiful behind, but the most I did was to touch it; we never came to coitus. I visited my aunt at B. for a short time during my holidays, where a young man took me to K. street, at that time a nest of cocottes. I am suddenly disgusted at the professional woman who will not undress even for my money, but is in a hurry. I remembered later, however, that I saw a whip lying in her room, the significance of which I did not then know.

I returned home some years later and entered the firm as a fellow member, but my work consisted merely in doing nothing but wasting my time.

I had a number of rendezvous with different girls in one day, but almost every night was with a public woman; I spent huge sums of money. One woman whom I might particularly mention played a very great part in my sexual life.

I learned to know Irene on the occasion of a raid through the prostitution quarter. She was a picturesquely beautiful gypsy girl, full grown, with piercing black eyes, which expressed sensuousness and humility at the same time. I went to her, and obeying an impulse which I cannot even to-day explain, asked her to undress and pass her buttocks over my penis, to which she proceeded in a businesslike manner. I had an orgasm immediately as soon as I took the woman on my lap with her back to me, and after she had moved back and forth several times, an ejaculation.

I paid the girl a princely sum; and when I came to her the second time, about eight days later, I requested that I might practice cunnilingus upon her. To my astonishment she pushed forward with her foot a small stool that was under the bed, upon which I took my place; she seated herself upon the edge of the bed and I began in spite of horrible disgust and continual nausea the procedure with the prostitute. I visited this woman very frequently; yet only very rarely, when she asked for it, did I perform cunnilingus, but on the contrary always gratified myself with her by having her put her buttocks upon my face, which excited me greatly; and meanwhile I was masturbated by her.

Despite all this, I masturbated further, since I had complete

satisfaction only in masturbation with interruption. I had no such relation with any other girl at that time as with Irene; I performed coitus with relative ease, but had an erection only when the woman played around upon my sexual parts. I entered the war out of pure idealism, cherishing the earnest hope that I would be freed from my passions, and after long delay came to my garrison, after one more friend of this place had tried unsuccessfully to make a homosexual attack upon me. I spent the pleasantest time with the army at the garrison. A woman whom I loved very greatly, a cousin of mine, visited me and I had with her what is perhaps for the last time complete normal sexual intercourse with a tremendous orgasm and strong ejaculation—only once, however, and never again despite repeated attempts. In 1915, I was wounded and taken prisoner. Banished to a horribly tedious existence, I began again to masturbate with thought of the scenes experienced with Irene. The beginning of my illness was doubtless September, 1916, one night in the hospital in Siberia. I should note that a short time before this a comrade had died of pneumonia. I could not fall asleep and had formed the habit of inducing sleep through masturbation. I detected just before satisfaction or directly after it palpitation of the heart and frightened my physician, who gave me bromide. Now began horrible suffering! Heart palpitation at night, practically no sleep and anxiety states which cannot be described in words. Thus it went until my stay in Denmark, where I was sent from prison in exchange. Here I made a splendid recovery, masturbated but little, and was then transported to W. as a semi-invalid not fit for war service.[22]

As soon as I had obtained my freedom, I visited a brothel, where I had intercourse with two girls, one licking my penis and the other feeling around with her tongue upon my body. I was, however, already actually impotent, inasmuch as all attempts to have normal coitus failed suddenly. When I visited the brothel the second time, two girls again came into the room, and while one took the penis once more into her mouth the other said to me that I was her slave; she leaped upon me, brought her sexual parts to my mouth, and compelled me to kiss them.

One evening in the summer of 1918 I met Anastasia, accosting her on the street. Anastasia was one of those women who occasionally, perhaps more out of sport, give themselves to prostitution. I went with her to her home. We undressed, and as there were two beds there, I lay down in one, Anastasia in the other.

Gradually we came closer, and although I kissed her many times upon her bosom, her mouth, her round arms, she declared that my organ did not stiffen, although I was trembling with excitement. I no longer remember what we said at the time, but I know that Anastasia told me among other things that a major had intercourse with her whom she had to flog till the blood ran to bring him to sexual satisfaction, and at last she asked me whether I should not like to be beaten by her. I do not remember any longer whether I at once took up her offer, but I am still plainly aware that as she reached for a small rod from a chest I was fearfully excited. I turned over; she sat astride upon my back so that my breath was soon gone and began to flagellate me, which caused me great pain. My attempts to defend myself were of no use, for she at once increased the pressure upon my back and only stopped when I began to groan, for the pain had become unbearable. While Anastasia now changed her procedure, boxing my ears without any resistance on my part, I masturbated with my hand in order in this way to bring about with all my might a successful gratification.

I must frankly admit that the flagellation exercised upon me absolutely no sexual stimulus; the violence which was done me, on the other hand, that is, the sitting upon my back, the boxing of my ears, whereby she also pulled my hair, roused me exceedingly, but not sexually (!). The excitement was an internal one, a deep psychic experience, something mysterious and yet entrancing, and in my further intercourse with Anastasia I actually pursued nothing but this goal, debasing myself, reducing myself far below the level of the beast. Recalling the descriptions by Krafft-Ebing, I wrote to Anastasia begging her to increase the measure of these humiliations. The very writing of these pornographic letters aroused within me a mad craving for degradation; I trembled as I wrote them and never read what I had written, for I did not want to think them over quietly and reasonably. Anastasia did to me as I wished; she had indeed a wonderful comprehension of the whole affair. She received me with various complaints and scenes of jealousy, upon which she would slap me. I had to undress her, lay myself under the bed in such a way that my head was outside, and then she would place her naked foot upon my mouth with the demand that I lick her toes. Her feet had no odor of perspiration and were always kept fairly clean. Finally she would stick half her foot into my mouth. Then I had to lick her vagina, which she liked very much, during

which she brought her sexual parts to my mouth, sitting over me in a squatting position.

Then I had her ride me on all fours through the room, while she whipped me on the buttocks. I usually collapsed, through her weight, which did not prevent her from urging me on by means of blows. Next she urinated into my mouth, and I drank the urine until I became nauseated, upon which she always made the attempt to defecate into my mouth, in which she never succeeded. I had to masturbate even during the urination, but not until she wanted to defecate did the ejaculation appear. Immediate disgust followed ejaculation; with shame I recognized my actions as madness, but this did not prevent me from indulging in the same procedure several times during the night.

I did not visit Anastasia very often, for I was terribly ashamed of myself; yet it was enough; I went to her, and many times she wanted to bring a female friend of hers or another perverted man to our performance, but to this I did not consent. Once when she met me on the street and reproached me for not coming to her she said: "Come with me into the gate of the next house so that I can give you a few slaps, or I will give them to you right here," upon which I begged her to desist or I should have to stab her if she laid hands upon me in the open street.

This is the woman to whom I owe my perverse disposition, for from this time on my desire for humiliation through the woman became more and more active; yet I can say that I was not then a pronounced masochist, since, for example, I would absolutely not permit myself to be bound, had fairly normal relations with other girls or through cunnilingus, and had no suspicion to what an abyss these continuous cravings would lead me.

I should not fail to mention that during this period I was suffering a direct delusion of greatness.

There was a collapse and I fled to O. I did not remain long in O. and journeyed again to R., stopping where my mother lived with my eldest sister in C. The worst of it was that I did no work, but kept on idling away my time. My sister, who took everything upon herself so that my life could be arranged as agreeably as possible, was very dear to me, but there was no further trace of a sexual inclination toward her. My mother as well as I continued in such poor health that at the advice of physicians of all sorts we decided to go abroad, which we did in May of the same year. I repaired to a brothel in T. and was there mistreated by a girl after many entreaties.

I learned to know Hermine during my stay in M. She was so dazzlingly beautiful that I fell madly in love with the poor orphan foster daughter of a painter; she also confessed her love to me with tears in her eyes. The funny thing about it was that I loved her merely psychically and never thought of sexual intercourse, normal or abnormal, in spite of favorable opportunity, which I attributed to impotence.

I tried to persuade myself at the beginning that I did not touch Hermine only out of consideration for her ingenuousness; but actually I sought intercourse with prostitutes, which never took place without some masochistic performance, and I knew well enough that I simply had become impotent. When at last I could no longer avoid it, I was disgraced, for it proved that I was completely impotent. This disaster resulted unavoidably in a rupture between Hermine and me, which was complete when another woman came into my life.

Driven by frantic sensuality, I tore about all Central Europe, appearing everywhere as the grand seignior, industriously visited brothels, started love affairs here and there. I came also to O., where a prostitute for the first time defecated in my mouth, at which I experienced such disgust that I resolved never again to permit anything of that sort. I discovered by chance the street of the brothels, and a girl told me that there was a torture chamber there. All my attempts at normal intercourse failed, so that I decided to visit this place. The procedure was the same as that already described except with the difference that surroundings in the torture chamber, where all the objects were designed for the treatment of perverts, made upon me a great and mysterious impression. Since I had a short time before not been able to withstand the defecation in my mouth, I laid a piece of paper upon my face. Life became unendurable and just at the New Year, being entirely without money, I wanted to end this messed-up life by a leap from the window, but at the very last my courage failed; passion again gained the victory over reason.

I once learned to know a prostitute in B. to whom I had described my perversions by letter. We had agreed upon a rendezvous at eight in the evening. She came a quarter of an hour late and brought with her in a package whips, sticks, ropes, and the like. When we were together in a small room with one bed, she said: "I cannot think that you are indeed so perverse. But this room is also much too small. If you had gone home with me I would have tied you, beaten you, ridden around with you, and

then I have a dog; if you had attempted to defend yourself, I would have set him upon you. I would have castrated you so that you would have screamed, and with me you can scream as much as you please; no one will hear you," and so on. These threats of the woman so terrified me that I lost all desire, and except that she flogged me upon my buttocks, for which her instrument, a long coachman's whip, was much too large and unwieldy, nothing else took place between us.

On the occasion of a walk in S. I learned to know Mary. She visited me, and the first attempt to have normal intercourse came to grief because her sex organ had a very strong odor; she was greatly excited and although I quieted her with cunnilingus, I was thoroughly disgusted with it. She came to me several times, but the affair always ended in nothing. I then went to live with her, as my means were gone, and we were very fond of each other; and what was a miracle, I began to have normal intercourse again, although I had to call my masochistic fantasies to my aid. Later I practiced cunnilingus upon her, and she likewise took my organ in her mouth without disgust. The longer our relation lasted, the more fond we were of each other; she made the greatest physical and financial sacrifices for me and totally ruined herself for my sake. All other women were objects of indifference to me during this period, which lasted a year and a half, although now and then I masturbated. Unfortunately, conditions made it necessary for me to leave, as I was offered a position in F.

Erna was large, strong, muscular. She would boast in her strength, "If any one lay under my bones, he would feel something." This was enough to decide me. I went with her to her room. She took a long cord from a chest, which she bound together like a rod; she undressed completely and ordered me to kiss her buttocks, which I did submissively. Then she slapped me and began to beat me so that at once I had red stripes upon my back. She masturbated me and when I wanted to gratify myself a second time, in which she, too, wanted to share, it did not succeed; then she sprang with her shoes upon my body in such a way that the heels bored into my flesh. The pain was so intensive that I lost all desire to carry this comedy any further.

I found a girl in another house of ill fame, the only one who treated me properly. She flogged me without mercy, boxed my ears till I saw stars, rode upon me, and finally pricked me with a hairpin during the erection and ejaculation brought about by manual masturbation.

I had opportunity again in F. to have masochistic coitus, was treated by a number of girls in one and the same manner, only that there was no flagellation, and in its place appeared scratching and pinching of my testicles. Palpitation of the heart set in again, only now with this difference, that the heart would stop; it functioned irregularly. I was trying to live a steady life, did not masturbate, and yet the palpitation was there. I suffered frightfully; the doctor gave me intravenously digipuratum and at last morphine, which however afforded no relief. As the heart anomalies progressed there were anxiety attacks of the worst sort; I was a wreck mentally and physically. On one hand the pressure toward perversions, on the other the heart attacks and the warning of conscience, the problem of my existence, and the failure of every form of energy, and as the trump of it all, my fear of death.

I thereupon undertook the journey to S., where I remained about six weeks.

The result of psychoanalytic treatment was very significant, for suddenly the troublesome heart attacks ceased entirely, the general condition was considerably improved, and above all my sexual life began to enter a different state, one better controlled by reason, although on the whole no change has appeared in my masochistic ideas. Under the spell of actual quiet reflection I have recognized as the final result of my treatment that I could survey my thoughts concerning my sexual life in all calmness, which was not the case formerly. In this way a very rapid disillusionment appears either directly before or after masochistic intercourse, which prevents me from ascribing any mystic significance to my situation. I can affirm, moreover, with a serene conscience that the longing for pain during coitus has practically disappeared, although the desire for humiliation of all sorts at the hands of the woman still exists.

Epicrisis. I must first add in order to complete this picture what revealed itself during analysis as the most important thing in regard to his chief symptom, the heart attacks. (I learned most about the masochism through letters after the analysis and from the manuscript given above.) The connected events, the discovery of which resulted in a prompt and lasting disappearance of the distressing seizures, were as follows: P., who had possessed a very large number of the most different kinds of women—he recounted only the most important affairs—mostly prostitutes, who had loved or thought

himself in love so many times, who hastened restlessly from one woman to another, but never, with one exception, of which I will speak later, continued for any length of time, was a latent homosexual. He was unable to find satisfaction with women, because he—a second Don Juan—was seeking the man. He who was very indolent toward all other sexual aberrations and errors, was positively inclined toward masochism, felt disgust and unconquerable abhorrence of homosexuality. This reaction, which plainly bears the character of an overcompensation for originally strong pleasure and desire, showed me furthermore the way to the cause of his heart and anxiety attacks. The bar of security, "disgust-abhorrence," functioned well; P. had never in later years had a homosexual relationship but—the more you drive out nature, the more does she return—the strongly repressed impulse forced itself to the front again and again, after once the security had well-nigh failed, and his heart crises were the reaction of his moral ego, his evil conscience, and his deeply hidden feeling of guilt. The first attack of his heart took place in Siberia during his imprisonment, and his "Morbus Basedowii" also dates from this moment. He had been sitting up at that time with a comrade who had a severe pneumonia and was approaching death. In the loneliness of the sickroom, in the stillness of the night, "all sorts of stupid thoughts" had arisen in P., one of them to drink of the patient's wine, and wine meant to him "a long-denied, very rare indulgence." He got up softly and stole to the bed of his sick friend; the latter opened his eyes in fever and looked at him with a long, reproachful look. At that moment—not as he had written before the analysis, some days later when alone in bed in the evening he had performed onanism—an acute palpitation of the heart set in, feelings of anxiety rushed over him, and so on. Since that time, such conditions have repeated themselves at irregular intervals and by their intensity have made P. unhappy and incapable of active life. The wish for the patient's wine, as became evident in the course of the analysis and as P. then saw plainly himself, had another meaning, namely this, that he should make a homosexual attack upon the defenseless man, of whom he knew, furthermore, that he was homosexually disposed. He would

soon die and could not tell anything, were the quieting thoughts which made it possible for the repressed ideas to arise. The reproachful look—who knows whether it really was reproachful—was related by the subconscious to the impulse laden with the feeling of guilt; consciousness could easily shove it upon the secondary longing for the wine, upon the substitute action.

I learned all this only after the following statement had been made: Questioned repeatedly concerning the form and manner of the heart attacks, P. told me that the first thing he detected in his heart was a feeling like the "stroke of a brush," which was absolutely inexplicable to him. Under the greatest resistances there appeared then the homosexual play at the age of five, which has been already given in the history. These scenes had been totally forgotten; the brush stroke brought them back into consciousness; for this was precisely the same sensation which he had felt on his part as a child, when the tongue of his little playmate had moved along the anus. This memory with its strong pleasure tone craved reactivation with all the force residing in it, as in all childhood experiences because of their great kinetic and potential energy. But the inhibitions were too strong; and still the infantile gain of pleasure might have been repressed and forgotten, but the grown man could not renounce it—though now he can, for he has learned through analysis to do so.

I will turn to the discussion of P.'s masochistic component. I owe the following details to the instigation of Dr. Stekel. He called my attention to the fact that we frequently find in masochists a primary attitude of hatred toward the mother, and he has pointed out to me the way to understand this complicated case. Under this point of view, the following associations appear, abundantly confirming Dr. Stekel's opinion and explaining the clinical picture in every direction:

P. was conceived and born before marriage—his mother was therefore a prostitute; he also suspected that she had had relations with other men after his father's death. P. was handed over to his grandmother immediately after his birth for his bringing up; his mother was an unnatural mother, she did not concern herself about him. The emotional attitude of P. toward his mother was cool even to hostility. He had displaced

the chief hatred of the mother upon the stepsisters, so that he really did not know exactly why he hated them. They were, it is true, happier in lot than he; they had had a regular mother, since they were the result of the father's first marriage. They had the privilege of being with his mother during all P.'s early years, though she did not actually belong to them. These however are only reasons which explain why it was easy to transfer the hatred to them. It must be added that the sisters were considerably older than he and therefore constituted for him ready mother imagoes. I might cite a dream of P. which corroborates these relationships.

I was thinking of going to a prostitute. I come upstairs and lie down by the woman. She plays with my testicles, and then we have to go out of the room into the corridor. There lay a heap of documents. I was quarreling with some one, to whom the things belonged.

He had another dream the same night:

I was dreaming of a process before the court over an affront to some one's honor. I have forgotten it all.

It is he whose honor has been offended, because he is an illegitimate child. He was not begotten in honor. The mother would almost have had to go to court to have the father arrange the marriage, if he married her. Inasmuch as his mother was a prostitute, he was driven from one prostitute to another, always hoping to find the mother there, always being again disillusioned, and so forced to the forming of a series, which is so much in evidence with him. He must leave the room, that is, the rightful parental home, and go into the corridor, that is, the grandparents' house. There is no place for him where every one else may stay, namely, in the room of a prostitute, since the prostitute who has played the chief part in his life, the mother, has thrust him from her. He finds in the corridor the papers, the documents of his birth, but he must quarrel with some one over them. He will have his rightful documents, but they have been made disputable. He does not know where he belongs; he has borne his father's name only in later years, while before that he was called by his mother's maiden name. Here lies the great conflict of his life, around which all others, some completing it, some complicating it, have crystallized.

Now it becomes clear also why he could cling to *one* woman for more than a year; why with her he could almost completely forget all his paraphilias, into which otherwise he had taken flight because he had not been able to find that which he had sought from his earliest years, the love of the mother. That woman surrounded him with motherly care, sacrificed herself for him as a mother should do for her child; she shared everything with him and was his support. She was moreover older than he, and so he could easily maintain the fiction that he had found his mother. She took no money from him; she was no prostitute—his ideal was almost attained.

We have found beside the homosexual attitude a second determinant for his abnormal sexual life, the hatred toward his mother, supplemented in bipolar manner by the longing for the mother. We cannot however consider the homosexuality as primary, at least not if we find it as the continuing sexual activity or as here the enduring, even though unconscious, instinctive factor of the entire sexuality. Dr. Stekel has found that the homosexual flees from a primary sadistic disposition toward woman into the homosexual paraphilia; this gives us the key for understanding the present situation and interestingly permits us insight into the complicated mechanisms of these disturbances and the relation between masochism and homosexuality.

I must return to some remarks from P.'s previous history and his life. P. lives at present with his mother and supports her financially; he has to a certain extent sublimated and overcompensated his attitude of hatred and now arranges his relation to his mother with reversed rôles, mother-son; that is, he puts himself in the position toward her which she should have had toward him in his childhood. It is important to add, furthermore, that P. from his earliest years was thrown into great sexual excitement by the outcries of animals, or if he looked on when they were butchered or beaten. In private life, that is business life—P. is an efficient merchant—he is entirely without regard for others in competition and "rides over dead bodies," as he expresses it, while he "treats his vanquished opponent handsomely."

We find in the traits portrayed a sadistic component which

we are justified in assuming was originally much more strongly developed, but as a result of severe repression may now be expressed in relatively harmless forms. Unfortunately, I have preserved P.'s dreams only in small part in writing, so that I can bring but little support for this. But I remember that his dreams were frequently highly colored sadistically, and that is quite comprehensible inasmuch as his hatred toward his mother was naturally mixed with sadistic impulses. We may assume that in him the masochism denotes the change of the original sadistic impulse into its opposite, an assumption which gains great probability through the law discovered by Dr. Stekel of the bipolarity of *all* psychic phenomena. The power principle, the position, "The pleasure for me, the pain for you," could not be made to agree with P.'s "morality." He took the way of repression and overcompensation through pleasure in subjection. We see therefore a parallel, an essentially very important one, between his masochism and his homosexuality: both are reverse products, arising from one source, of the strong life instinct, originally directed sadistically to the heterosexual (here incestuous).

It need not be questioned that still other factors than those mentioned have a part here; P.'s childhood, puberty, and later years are as it were *one* long series of "psychic traumata"; it is almost impossible and practically unnecessary to discover which trauma is of more importance than the others as a pathogenic source. Twice we find experiences of the greatest significance: the homosexual play of the five-year-old boy, which became of determining force for his later homosexual inclination; and the first masochistic occurrence, which according to his opinion drove him into the masochism from which he can no longer find release. But this remains clear in his memory, and that he can no longer free himself from it shows that a more incidental meaning is to be attributed to the supposedly traumatic event, that it was a precipitating, but only in part a determining, cause. The nucleus of his parapathy has to be sought in the relations to his mother already mentioned, and to which I did not come in the analysis. His temporary impotence, his urolagnistic and other anomalies, may be included in

the nuclear problem of the clinical picture which has been described. I cannot in this place enter more fully into it.

I might emphasize once more at the close that I am quite aware of the incompleteness of the analysis, and I publish the case chiefly as a contribution to clinical material. P. is to return to my treatment this year, and I hope to be able to add some supplementary facts in a later edition of my work.

We have studied a large number of case histories which concern sadists or masochists and have been able in all instances to point out the connection with homosexuality.

And now we will occupy ourselves with the penetrating analysis of a case of homosexuality.

Case Number 10. Mr. Heinrich G., thirty-one years old, complains of obsessions and anxiety states, which are connected with his homosexuality. He has never had any feeling for women. His ideal is a virile man of high position, who knows how to combine love with sternness in the sexual act. His thought is mixed with the fantasy that he is a woman to whom the man occasions pain in coitus. In his homosexual relations the man must lie upon him and make coitus movements and cause him as much pain as possible. Men in boots stimulate him very much. He often has the fantasy that he is sitting in a room and working. Then in comes the large man in boots. Heinrich is then submissive, takes off the boots, undresses him, washes him, kisses his hands, and helps him into bed. He does not want to have the feeling that he is compelled to do this. It fascinates him that he of his *free will* performs the offices of a subordinate. A man who has begotten a child, especially a boy or twins, makes a powerful impression upon him. He is a complete man. He himself would be happy if he should become pregnant through a man. That would be his ideal, to have a child by a man. His first recollections are the following pictures: a cow with large udders (five). He ran to his mother and asked to see her breast (five and a half). He fell in love early with a young friend of the family and expressed the wish to see him naked (six).

Later (sixteen) he became infatuated with a teacher, who had an Assyrian beard. He was at that time enthusiastic over the *Arabian Nights*. He imagined the instructor as caliph and himself as the servant and beloved.

Even to-day he often paints romantic scenes for himself. He is

upon the Pussta in the Hungarian Alps. Alone the whole day. At evening the shepherd comes. He gives the latter his evening meal, washes him, helps him undress, and the shepherd is very affectionate toward him.

If he has friends, he is never jealous of their women friends or loved ones, only of the woman who can say: I am his wife, I have a child by him.

He has stereotyped dreams, in which he finds great treasure, jewels or money. Now in the church, now upon the highroad, now in other places.

His father was a man of genius, an artist; the mother eccentric, overaffectionate, and in the marriage the stronger. She was jealous, and there were many scenes.

He reveals the phenomenon of preliminary pain. He thinks in advance and anticipates disillusionment and disaster, which he would not endure. His nipples are hypersensitive. His shirt often annoys him; he has pain. The nipples become erected during sexual excitement.

Various events show that his homosexual attitude does not extend far back in childhood. At six years of age he saw a boy quite naked with erected penis. He ran horrified from the place and complained to his mother that he had seen an ugly red thing which was frightful. When he was sixteen, he saw at a ball a rouged homosexual, with whom he was disgusted. He prayed at night: "Dear God, do not let me become like that ridiculous man!" At twenty-two an Englishman tried to seduce him upon a journey. He fell on his knees before the man and begged for mercy. He did not want the delightful impression of the day to be spoiled. He did not love the man and therefore could not give himself to him. He feels himself only psychically drawn to women. He could not live without woman. The motherly love of his sister is indispensable to him. Only if he becomes aware of the woman's sexuality, especially if she has a sexual odor, does he feel disgust and repugnance, sometimes anxiety.

His homosexual friend B. has a wife. He pities this wife because he robs her of her husband's love. She is the source of his feeling of guilt.

The following dream shows the sadistic attitude:

I am with Mrs. B. in a room. There are lions in the room. I am afraid and run into a cellar, where Mr. N. is. I fear that the lions will run after me.

Mr. B. is his loved one. He is afraid that he might fall in love with Mrs. N., or that he might do something to her out of jealousy.

He dreamed of a man with beautiful large hands, who was so affectionate toward him that he wanted to kiss his hands.

Hands are his erogenous zones. His hands perspire and this interferes with his relationships. At every excitement he begins to sweat. He dreads social gatherings, for one must shake hands with so many people.

When he was sixteen, he saw a man who had heavy, bony, hairy hands. He was fascinated by them. He could kiss such hands. There are hands which could compel him.

He has sensations of pleasure with enemas. He was ill for some time and lay in a hospital. A nurse gave him irrigations. He would fall into such excitement that he had erections with orgasm and was ashamed before the Sister, so that he stopped the irrigations. He frequently fought against enemas in his childhood, which were used a great deal, and was often compelled to have them.

He has had since his early years an unconquerable horror of spiders, particularly the cross spider. He runs away if he sees a spider (spider a symbol of the false woman?). He is very suspicious. He is in constant fear that some one may betray him, denounce him, extort a confession from him. This dread of the unknown clouds his whole life. He is kind-hearted, but capable of strong affect. One time his sister thought it would seem strange if his friend spent the night with him. He became furious and tore the feather covering into a thousand pieces.

Last evening he felt lonely. He had been excited on account of a friend and went to bed with chills. He sent the maid to his sister for validol. She came down at once trembling and quaking and brought the validol. As he expressed it, she trembled more than he himself. She stroked him and quieted him.

The meaning of the brother-sister play can be easily understood when the patient now states that he could not have gone to sleep if he had not masturbated.

His fantasy with the masturbation is that he is a pregnant woman, who dispenses with her husband and therefore has to masturbate.

Investigation reveals that he has practiced onanism since his seventeenth year with the idea of a pregnant woman. His sister

was with child at that time, and he could observe at home the signs of pregnancy. The pregnancy fantasy is therefore a matter of identification with the sister.

He dreamed:

I saw my friend Alfred. He was tired and worn out. Deep rings under his eyes. I ask him the cause. He says: "You have no idea what I had to do last night. The women have taken so much from me." I asked if I might kiss him, and then kissed his hand with great fervor.

The dream shows his fear of woman. Women are vampires who suck the man's life away. But a Don Juan impresses him, and he would like best to have intercourse with men just when they come from women.

He has often worn women's clothing and sung chansons in society. Sometimes he drove through the street as a woman.

As a child he manifested plain castration wishes. He asked his mother if that little thing underneath could not be cut off. The mother hid the member in a fold and said that the doctor could sew it up (seven to eight). He was glad that he could be made into a girl.

His nurse used to kiss him on the penis. Pleasant memory (six to seven).

At seven he played bride. His cousin Max married Mizzi and went on the wedding journey. He played wedding journey with his little cousin and always took the part of Mizzi.

The thought of losing his dearest one ran through all his poems and thoughts like a red thread of fear. The sister's marriage seems to have had a determining effect.

He dreamed:

I am in a thick wood with Emil. It is mysterious. It is dark. I hear voices behind the trees and suspect danger. We run on skis. Emil says we must get to the next station. We go down, down; I lose sight of him and awaken with anxiety, palpitation of the heart, and profound depression.

We can understand the dream only if we consider the events of the previous day. He had a meeting on Sunday with his friend, at which he was greatly excited. Another friend had established a business with his money. The business was going badly. He was afraid that he was going to lose his money. He feared more than this. The faithless friend, who knew of his affair, could cause him unpleasantness; he might speak, and he would then lose his only love, the friend B.

He was terribly excited and that evening had a fit of rage.

He will not talk about this furious attack. Finally he confesses that he was already angry with N. Not in regard to N., but in regard to Kurt. Kurt is the son of his friend and is engaged to his niece. He has taken the young man into his business.

Now he storms at his sister and niece in the evening: "If Kurt had only broken his neck! If Kurt would only hang himself! I'll throw the dog out!"

It is evident that he is in love with his niece and jealous of Kurt. He is not conscious of this love and this jealousy. But he, ostensibly the "gentle" man, roared, fumed, bit, raged, until he was ashamed of himself. Sister and niece wept bitterly. He laid it all to the business with A., Kurt's father. The lost money (it really was not lost) relates itself merely to the lost love. He was afraid of losing his niece, to whom he is sexually disposed, as formerly to his sister.

The dream becomes comprehensible when we know that Emil is the son of a friend of his sister and has the same hair as his niece. Emil stands here for his niece. As in life, so in the dream he puts men in place of his love objects of the female sex. He sees that the niece is going to be lost to him, and he will not permit it. His attack was the hate explosion of a jealous man.

He is religious and superstitious. Every evening he goes to the bed where his mother died and holds conversation with her. He turns to her in difficult questions and receives an answer through some sort of oracle which he arranges for the purpose.

Two years previously he passed through a severe illness. He summoned a priest and desired the last sacraments: he confessed and received the assurance that his homosexuality would be forgiven him. After his recovery he undertook to live ascetically and to renounce his friend. This married friend B. had also a mistress. He wanted to persuade her to give up with him the friend B., because it was a sin to take him from his wife. But all his most beautiful resolutions melted before the power of impulse. B. assured him that the wife lost nothing, and everything continued as before. Now he made a fresh vow to the Virgin Mary. He wished under all circumstances to remain true to his friend. If he should become unfaithful, his friend would die. He could not keep this vow and suffered unspeakable tortures.

His torment increased when at the occasion of a confession a priest pictured homosexuality to him as wicked sin and sternly demanded that he should give up his evil life, or his soul would

be forever lost. He decided not to go to confession again. But he was drawn to the church. He cannot live without religion and faith.

He came out of his reserve and told me of his vow somewhat more in detail. His friend was in the field. He now promised before the Virgin that he would remain true to his friend; and for this his friend must keep himself for him, and his wife must have no child. The last thing was however his greatest anxiety. In the case of his unfaithfulness, he might lose his friend as love object. The thought that the wife might bear a child tormented him still more. But he showed that he had also been terribly afraid that his sister might have a second child, so that the whole conflict seemed to be displaced. The pangs of conscience that he might take something from his friend's wife grew stronger. I suspected an infantile root. I was right! He can recollect that his mother would launch forth in tirades against the mistresses and sweethearts of married men. The father was often unfaithful, and there were scenes of great jealousy at home. The mother stormed against the "canailles" who had robbed her of her husband's love.

He should have gone away, but could not decide to do so. He is consumed by homesickness in a strange place. He dreams:

I went to S. Everything was so lonesome and empty and I thought of our beautiful home.

He goes to bed early at night. He suddenly awakens and is shivering with cold. He has to masturbate three or four times. He imagines that he is a woman who is taken possession of by a hairy man. He does not know that he yearns for the sister and his niece and that he identifies himself with both of them.

The next dream shows this plainly:

I am with my people in a lovely villa. It is still and peaceful. Suddenly there is a flood. We flee to the first story. The water rises. I hold on to my niece and wake in fear.

The flood symbolizes his love. It rises and threatens to seize him and overwhelm him.

A second dream the same night:

I am going in an automobile with some one I do not know. We are driving very fast. We come to a blind alley. There appears a wild stag, who rushes upon us with his antlers. When the danger is greatest, a hunter arrives, who calms the stag. He brings us

to his family. Unsympathetic people. I have to pay a tax and waken with an unsatisfied feeling.

The automobile symbolizes his impulse, which leads him into a *cul-de-sac,* from which he sees no way out. The stag represents his lustful nature. The hunter is his homosexual friend, who diverts him from the niece. The friend's family (the wife) is unsympathetic to him. She burdens his conscience. He pays for his love. We learn that he binds his friend to him with gifts and loans.

To-day he tells me his fantasies. He imagines that he is a pregnant woman. We know that already. What is new is that he then acts out the birth. The ejaculations, more rarely the defecation, represent for him the act of birth. We realize that this act of birth goes back to the identification with his sister.

A dream gives us further knowledge of this:

I find upon the street some golden louis d'or. I am struck by the shining head of the king. I give friend B. one louis d'or and keep the rest for myself.

The louis d'or represents the father's love. He transfers a portion of the love to his father upon his older friend. The father used to take him on his knee and rock him, when the child would seize the father's shaggy breast. Thus his liking for hairy men. The father enjoyed squeezing and pinching him, by which is explained his preference for being squeezed and pinched by men.

Before falling asleep, he sees first red mists, which slowly turn to gray. Last evening he was in the mood that precedes an outburst of anger. He felt himself betrayed by his friend A. and could at this moment have done anything to him. He wanted to rage, but thought of my words and was able to control himself. It was clear to him that he wanted to turn against his niece's betrothed. He made a poem about two red pinks which were in love and kissed each other. The rose said it was forbidden, because they were from the same stem. The pinks did not allow themselves to be disturbed. Reference to incest and homosexuality (interpretation later!).

He dreamed:

I am in a sea bath. The sun shines and I am rejoiced at the beautiful bodies. Then I go away and am in danger of falling into a deep, deep pit. I awaken with fear and beating of the heart.

He associates with the sea bath Abbazia. He was there last with the sister and niece. In the dream he saw men and women. The deep place into which he falls is his sinful desire for his sister.

He becomes wild if any one takes from him something that he likes. He clings to the old, to his family, his pictures, his money. If any one robs him of these, he could kill that person.

He often experiences the phenomenon of *déjà vu*. He goes through the streets and thinks, I was there once. And he has definite premonitions which come true.

His sister visits me and begs for advice how she shall behave. The patient has attacks of rage, in which he presents a frightful appearance. We can again confirm the theatrical nature of homosexuals. He came to me to-day in a very depressed mood. I do not seem to understand him. I have said that there is something wild hidden in him. He is gentle and kind-hearted. Now the sister tells me that his furious outbreaks are terrible. He gnashes his teeth like a wild beast, roars, and is almost beside himself when the anger overpowers him. His object of hatred is the niece's bridegroom. Day before yesterday, it took all three of them, the sister, the niece, and the brother-in-law, to hold him; he could hardly calm himself. In his anger he tore things to pieces and threw glasses to the floor, so that they were broken into a thousand pieces.

At last he tells me himself—admonished by me to be candid—of his furious anger and his savage attacks. He recalls that an English governess had reproached him for having too much to do with their serving maid. (!) He was so angry that he flung the inkstand against the wall. He had a friend who had also a mistress. This woman said that the friend did only what she wanted him to do. He seized a stool and was about to hurl it at her. *It is characteristic that he chiefly loves men who have relation with women.* The idea that the man may make his wife or loved one pregnant drives him to fury. The more women the man has possessed, the more desirable he seems to be. His ideal is a regular Don Juan.

To-day he reports that he was a great hater when he was young. There was a neighbor, Mrs. S. She had three boys. The mother often threatened him when he was bad that she would give him away and take one of Mrs. S.'s boys. They were so good. He

hated the woman and her boys. One time he was with a friend. A man came to the friend who was in intimate relationship with him. He wanted to seize the man by the throat. Another time he crushed to pieces a stiff hat because a man would not do what he wanted.

He did not know until he was sixteen that women were differently constructed. He believed that children were born through the rectum.

At that time in the country he played the *Thousand and One Nights*. He was the pasha and the many girls were his slaves and favorites. It happened that the girls squatted down to urinate. Then he could see their pubic region.

Women do not cause him disgust except in summer when they, as he says, "stink." He was with a friend in the presence of a prostitute. He played with her. His friend performed coitus. He wanted to do it, too, but had no erection. *Now he admits that he also has heterosexual dreams.* But only in the morning when the bladder is full. (Information from Hirschfeld's writings.) He lies upon a well-formed woman and wants to complete coitus. Something prevents him. He is very much depressed after such a dream and has an inexplicable feeling of disgust and melancholy, as if he had committed a great sin.

The next dreams tell us more of this tendency:

I go with B.'s female friend through a dark narrow street. I believe it is in the inner city. Suddenly I see a portfolio lying in front of me, and not far away a second one. A bit further, a lady's *portemonnaie*. And the lady stoops and finds a very beautiful lady's handbag. We turn very quickly into a side street in order to observe these objects more closely. We ask each other in astonishment what may be in them. We did not open them.

I go through a strange city. I imagine that it is Paris. An unknown man comes toward me and I ask some question. The man is fairly stylish, but not my type. To my surprise he answers me in Czechic. I ask him what he sees in me that I should understand Czechic. Later he invites me for the evening to a house designated by him. It is quite unpretentious. A woman opens the door, leads me through an ancient passage into a noble hall, where various persons are sitting. Subdued light. Everything seems to me so silent and mysterious that I feel strangely and desire greatly to be let out. I am led over a wonderful wide stairway of marble and let out by an aged porter.

I feel a longing for B. Go to his home. Accidentally I meet his young son. Where is his father? He points the direction with his hand. I will not go there alone; he goes with me. We come to a place where my friend stands near a great bundle of animal and human hair, which has a fine net drawn over it. My friend says at my astounded question that he necessarily has use for all that. I put aside the net and draw out a tuft of hair. I think in doing this of an anthrax infection. Suddenly I seem to be standing before a horse which I did not see previously. I stand behind the horse quite near it and call my friend's attention to the fact that it may be very dangerous to be close to a strange horse.

The heterosexual current is prominent in all three dreams. The first dream shows the tendency to have intercourse with B.'s friend. The portfolios symbolize the men, the women's bags, the women. He adds something:

I was thinking that worthless things lay in the portfolio, while the women's bags perhaps contained undreamed-of treasures.

This means relation with a woman would bring him unsuspected gratification. But he fears the inner city of his soul.

I am the strange man in the second dream. That which is within is mysterious to him. He cannot endure the twilight of the unconscious. He leaves the house by a magnificent stairway (dream of mother's body—birth fantasy; the porter his father).

In the third dream he seeks out B., who has to do with two women. They are symbolized through a bundle of hair. His mother wore a net. Later her hair was smooth, drawn back, like the women with whom he has sexual relations in the dream. Here we see the fear of infection (anthrax) and of his passions (the kicking horse).

He hated his mother when she spoke of giving him away and getting another little boy. At that time he hated all women. He hated his sister, who was his rival in the mother's love.

Another association with the hair is that he has often dreamed of intercourse with a woman with a good deal of hair. The abdomen had hair on it as with a man.

He has never thought of women as castrated men, never supposed they had a penis, which does not accord with his alleged ignorance of their form.

He had three dreams which so excited him sexually that he had to masturbate after each dream.

1. A woman gives me an irrigation.
2. B.'s wife tells me that she has been impregnated by her husband.
3. I see the gray-tinged abdomen and the genitals of an elderly man.

He states with the first dream that his mother often gave him an enema. I recall that he had enemas given him in the sanatorium (by a Sister) and they had to be given up because he suffered erection and ejaculation from them.

He had committed pederasty a few times in Paris (passive). He had strong feeling of pleasure. He gave up this form of homosexuality because he heard that this kind of intercourse was the source of cancer of the rectum.

He remarks in connection with dream two that formerly the thought that Mrs. B. might become pregnant made him wild with jealousy. He would like to be pregnant and begrudges every other woman this joy.

In relation to dream three, his father occurs to him. . . .

We see how the erogenicity of the anal zone has been increased through the mother's administering of enemas. It seems that the idea of being irrigated by a woman has forced him to the passive attitude. The mother stands behind the woman of the dream. Likewise the pregnancy fantasies are related to the mother and sister.

His second homosexual impression was made in his seventh year. A shop boy showed him his red, erected member. He was horrified and disgusted. He ran to his mother and told her what had happened: The boy had a horrible red stick between his legs. The boy was then dismissed.

He dreams:

I find myself in some place, I believe on the Danube. It is a gloomy, unfriendly spot with houses crammed tightly together. The weather is lowering, jagged clouds are racing through the sky. I undertake to walk round the place. It becomes darker and more obscure. The river lies before me weird and gurgling. It all makes upon me a fearfully melancholy impression. I see a man walking near me who gives me to understand that he also is one of my kind. We come to a dam over which a beam or railing leads. I hesitate to pass over, for I am afraid. When I am on the other side, I plunge below; mortal terror seizes me and I am about to drown in the waves. I save myself. I am trembling in my whole body; we go on. He tells me of a very charming land-

lord. We come to the inn he has mentioned. The host is fairly good-looking. I go with him through a court, where he wants to be intimate with me. I defend myself. We come then into a wagon shed open at both sides, where suddenly a wolf hound pounces upon me. We roll struggling over the ground. All at once I feel that I have a knife in my hand and cut the beast through the neck, upon which it falls without my having been injured. Near me lies a girl, whom I had not seen before. Without thinking, I stick the knife into her ribs. Fearful remorse and stings of conscience overtake me as she looks at me then with her dying eyes. As I look round, companion and host have disappeared.

We go further. . . . A woman whom I know (the mother of a girl of my acquaintance) tells me of a pious lady who dwells in a house on the ground floor in a place of pilgrimage and possesses a costly alarm clock. She makes upon me the impression of a devotee, as far as I can judge from the description. (I have during the entire dream the feeling of uneasiness.) Suddenly we receive the news that the woman has fallen into the water by the dam and been drowned. I am commissioned to guard her home. It is a small ground-floor room and makes the impression of a sales room. It is very weird. I find two strings of false black pearls and put them, together with the alarm clock, into my pocket. Later people come, armed with spears, who check up and sniff about everywhere (to me an unsympathetic pack!). All at once there stands by me a physician whom I know and says that I have no right to appropriate any of these things. He goes with me. We go quickly over the dam. We have scarcely passed it when great masses of water come. My unknown friend is with me again. I cannot however feel warmly toward him.

I find myself in a jargon theater. A woman remarks out loud, what a magnificent ring with a black stone the gentleman in the first row has on his finger. "There we see who has money! A black pearl!" she says. I believe the stone to be a black diamond. The man concerned has a spongy face of a Mongolian cast. I look at the ring more closely. Two roses are engraved in the black stone, a black one and a white one. . . .

The sadism breaks through openly for the first time in these remarkable dreams. Without any motivation whatever he kills the girl in the dream, whom he immediately acknowledges to be his niece. It at once occurs to him also in regard to the ring in which

the roses are carved that his sister and niece are both called "Rosie."

We perceive that he is sadistically disposed toward woman. His companion represents homosexuality, which guards him against sadism.

His passions are symbolized in two ways: as a rushing stream against which he has set up a defense (homosexuality as self-protection) and as a wolf hound.

He is afraid of committing lust murder and so flees to homosexuality.

His piety is represented as a woman. He does not believe as he should; he has lost his faith. He was at Lourdes (place of pilgrimage in the dream!) and brought from there two black rosaries (strings of pearls). The alarm clock represents his conscience. He may not permit himself to look into his soul, to see upon what foundation his infantile piety rests. A physician (analyst) leads him over the dangerous spot where his religion has been drowned. What is this dangerous spot? His love to the sister and the niece. For the two roses in the ring of the gentleman who sits in the front row of the theater (his brother-in-law) are the two Rosies, the sister and the niece. The jarg-on theater refers, like all words with the syllable *on,* to onanism. His fantasy theater is occupied during onanism with the two feminine beings of his family. That is his sin. When he is jealous he becomes a wild beast. He will permit no other man to have the two women. Money stands for love. The man who has so much love (money) is his brother-in-law. He tries to save himself in love toward the brother-in-law; at the present time the relation is a cool one (evident tendency to dishonor the physician = jargon theater). The next night he again kills a wolf hound, is pursued, and taken by a *gendarme* to a pleasure house. The *gendarme* is moved by his entreaties and is very kind to him. An interpretation seems superfluous after what has been said above.

He brings two characteristic dreams:

I am in a room sympathetic to me, old Gobelins in subdued colors, an old crystal chandelier . . . there is a great yearning in me for some person . . . a distinguished old gentleman, sympathetic to me (somewhat too decrepit for my taste) with bright, sharp eyes suddenly stands near me . . . He questions me in a friendly way: "Have you reckoned up the balance of your life?"—I ask in astonishment, "What do you mean by that?"—"Why," he

says, "every day that you were happy, you mark with a star; every day of torture, with a cross."—I respond that I do anyway keep a sort of calendar diary in the form indicated by him. I hunt for these records and find a half year written on a light green, the spoiled half year upon a white, calendar. I show him the calendar leaves—he thinks pitingly: "Poor child, almost all crosses; really that looks like a graveyard; that must be improved!"

I have such a sense of well-being, am so sheltered close to this friendly old man. I notice a signet ring upon his finger, a field with stripes, a field with three flames. I have a firm confidence that through him I shall attain happiness.

I write a poem; the verses occur to me which I composed before I went to sleep (they concern my friend!):

I never can forget
That I've been loved by thee,
A joy which all the years
But once have granted me.
Now grieved my heart and faint,
The sun's withdrawn its light;
Thy going left me cold
And lonely as the night.

In a chapel of an old castle, mystic twilight, the light enters through colored Gothic windows; my family stand before an open vault, my sister and niece in deep mourning; I am near them, but I believe it is my own burial. Steps lead into the tomb; some stone coffins already stand there. All are sobbing loudly. I think to myself—I will nevertheless enjoy eternal sleep with the person who was everything in the world to me.—And the wealth of glowing red roses, which I had wanted, they are lacking! A deep sorrow and the thought, What will my people do without me, I could still be of use to them, torments me. A stone tablet, the ancient sign of our house, representing a bear, is broken to pieces over the opening of the vault, and the pieces are tumbling deep within. I myself am standing by, though I know that it is my interment. I am seized with horror and suffering—I awake.

In the first dream we find remorse for his previous life. His father (and the physician) appear in the rôle of the venerable old man and demand of him that he give up his homosexuality. What pleasure have you had from your life?—that is the question of the dream. The old man shows three flames upon his ring, the symbol of marriage: man, woman, and child.

In the second dream he is burying his old self, the homosexual, the wild beast, the sadist (the bear). It falls in pieces and a new man will arise.

Again relations to the father, at whose bier he once stood. The great love to his father was the root of his homosexuality. The hateful scenes at home, the pathological jealousy of his mother, gave him his attitude toward women and roused the wish to be a woman for his father in the mother's place. He would make no scene; he would receive him, as he has pictured it in his fantasies.

This night he has a homosexual dream, which however ends in a heterosexual scene.

I was in a bath or a brothel. There were a large number of beautiful, strong men there, who were having intercourse with women. Then a woman came to me. She was coarse-boned, had very small breasts, and a powerful masculine body. She placed herself upon me, so that intercourse took place. (He expressed *coitus inversus* in Viennese dialect.) I had great satisfaction and awoke with an orgasm.

Remarks unnecessary.

He has no peace, if he has committed a small sin or done anything of which he is ashamed, until he has thoroughly purified himself. He goes to the vapor bath, sweats, bathes, has himself well soaped, and then has the feeling that he has been purified mentally, too. This compulsion for cleanliness often appears on very insignificant occasions.

He frequently feels himself a criminal and does not know how to explain this feeling.

A dream of last night throws light upon this.

I am with my friend in a church. The altar was concealed as in the Greek Oriental Church, so that it was not seen. It did not really look like a church. Before me at the prayer desk jewels were worked into the yellow cloth. I am struck by a large lozenge-shaped ruby. I want to cut it out. I take the knife and make a small slit. Blood comes from the cloth. I hear a voice: "What thou art doing is a crime." I run from the church. My friend goes with me and promises to protect me. The meaning is transparent. He is a woman murderer and wants to cut out the vagina from the living flesh. Homosexuality guards him against his sadism. This sadism has changed into masochism toward men. He would be overcome by them. They must give him pain.

Pleasure and punishment together. He has to give up woman. He himself will be a woman and in that way conquer all masculine (aggressive) tendencies. He often dreams that he is standing before the marriage altar and being married to a man.

He dreamed:

I find myself alone in a series of rooms; I am leaning upon a splendid chimney piece, dull white marble; I feel myself very fortunate; I have the certainty that the noble furnishings of the rooms, as well as of the villa (for that is what it seems to be), belong to me. All the objects are so massive and of sterling quality. I go through the chambers; one pleases me better than another; finally I come to a white door, which leads to a terrace supported upon pillars, white marble steps lead down; the last steps are lapped by the bright blue-green waves of a lake.

(It is a lake very far in the distance, veiled in mist, its shores outlined in tall poplars.)

I go down the steps; then the surface of the water begins to move wildly, high waves strike upon the marble and floods roll in, threatening to drag me with them. I withdraw as quickly as possible and somewhat in fear.

It is night; I find myself in a paneled sleeping room; a wide (for two people) carved oak bed has received me (on the wall are woodcuts, wild boars and dogs!); I feel uneasy; a thick candle is giving a dim light in a three-branched iron candlestick; the thought comes to me: "Whose joy and sorrow, what idyl and tragedy, may have been lived through in these rooms!" Suddenly, surrounded by an aura of light, people enter leading one another by the hand and file past me (I know that they have lived previously and come from another world!). I noticed the following figures: a stylish man in his best years, thick-set; his bright eyes and beautiful mustache strike me particularly (he reminds me of a smith whom I once knew!); he is leading by the hand a woman wearing a white cap such as the Holland women wear; her blond locks escape; she is otherwise dressed in silk (she reminds me of a playmate of early years, a girl from Moravia). She is followed by a neatly dressed, distinguished gentleman with white well-trimmed mustache and a gentle smile; other forms succeed, which I cannot recall. All these people had a certain smile on their faces which is peculiar to those who know, persons who are beyond the border of good and evil and know more than we who

are alive. Shudders pass through my body. I awake. The figures disappear through a broad oak wing door.

This wonderfully beautiful dream represents the inventory of his soul. The villa is his soul. The picture of the perilous depths of the water appears again. He draws back. He does not want to see the wild nature within. But on the wall are the pictures of wild boars and dogs. The mood is again one of undefined dread (fear of himself). The candle is the candle of his life. So his life burns and consumes itself. Now the images of the past appear. The young father, the mother, then the aging, and finally the old, father. They are ghosts and he shudders. The fantasy of the mother's womb is also easy to recognize.

The next dream brings similar motives:

A ballroom, a motley throng. I am in dinner coat; am leaning on the wall as a spectator. A good-looking man in a hunting suit with jaunty mustache and steel-blue eyes holds my attention to a great degree. He, too, passes me not without interest. He is my partner in a quadrille; I dance as I have never danced before; he applauds and I am happy. Dancing with him, in which I press close to him, makes my senses whirl. I discover that "dancing may be lovely. . . ."

Later I find myself in a carriage (four-seater). I am in women's clothes in a sort of Spanish costume. The rose in my hair at one side, the typical silk scarf over one shoulder, a warm cloak over all, for it is winter and cold; near me sits the young hunter; I press close to him; opposite us sit two gentlemen, but I cannot remember what they looked like. We pass over an open place, in the background a building like our town hall. I am holding my foot out of the carriage, when suddenly there are four watchmen, who inspect me in a peculiar manner. I draw back my leg. The watchmen, who at first were on foot, pursue us now upon horses. We come to a public house (restaurant and dance hall); I seat myself as if hounded upon a chair at a table; the hunter's hands, which are so strong and beautiful, intoxicate me. . . . I kiss them warmly and without stopping . . . the four watchmen enter, look at me but take no further notice of me. . . . Across from me stands a small, humpbacked man with shrewd but cynical face—he keeps on writing numbers; I approach him; he whispers to me, pointing to the watchman, ". . . we have you to thank for them." I ask him, "What are you writing there?" He answers, "Also about you." "How is that?" I question; "those are merely series of numbers." Then he lifts the sheet; I see there

marks and strokes, thick lines and thin, all expressed in figures; I hold the sheet horizontally and see only figures written in equal sizes.

Again the family appears to him. There were four persons—a quadrille. The transition from the female partner to the man is transparent. Now he is a woman and only in a male quadrille. He sticks out his foot (penis exhibition). There is fear of the police and of pursuit. These thoughts disturb his yielding to the man. The small humpbacked man is the analyst who shows him the ways of life. But he must pay for this sort of love; he also has to pay for his homosexuality.

The hunter, too, is the analyst. He feels himself a hunted beast. He suspects that I come near the truth and shows plainly flight reflexes. He would like to come only three times a week. It would be better for him. He has as he thinks lost all ideas of persecution. This dream, however, shows us that they are still present.

He comes more and more infrequently with all manner of excuses. He feels a heterosexual wave rising which he forcibly suppresses. He is often melancholy, because his friend has informed him that he is very busy and will seldom come. But he is gentle and has had no more attacks of rage.

His dreams on the other hand are frightful. They are full of brutal scenes.

I was in a graveyard and was walking with a man sympathetic to me. There was something dreadful about it. The ghostly hour. I was afraid that spirits would come and I clung to the man.

I was in a shop and wanted fig coffee. The salesman showed me how the coffee was made. He brought the figs, but dates and nuts, also, cut them into small pieces and wrapped them all in a cloth. I was horrified. I had to eat the cut-up figs.

In order to understand the second dream (the first is plain enough—he fears the ghosts of the past), one must know that the expression in Viennese dialect for the vagina is *Feign* (*Feige=fig*). His desire is to cut up figs and eat them. His sadism arises from cannibalistic instincts.

He is masochistically disposed toward men, and sadistically toward women.

He is better day by day. He is now converted to the idea that he yields to savage impulses. He has attacks of "quiet rage," as

he now calls them. He suddenly becomes hot, the blood rushes to his head, his eyes are bloodshot. He struggles for breath and fears a stroke. This quiet rage appears when he is annoyed. One of his ideals has now deserted him and attached himself to another man. He was very noble and did not begrudge the other his great happiness. He brooded over it at home and all at once this quiet rage came over him. He remembers now that he clenches his fists before the attacks.

It comes to light in the course of the analysis that he has also a sadistic attitude toward men, if they irritate him. The next dream informs us of this attitude:

A white onion-tower church, surrounded by a white wall; a man in Magyar costume stands by me; he is handsome; his hairy neck and strong beautiful hands strike me particularly; a large, silky mustache covers his lips; he smiles frequently and is thereby still more attractive; he has beautiful white teeth, like those of a beast of prey. I am in a state of satisfaction and cheerfully happy (and yet, it occurs to me, I have drunk no wine).

What is going on there on the street? A great confusion; a flock of poultry; dull gray pheasant hens; domestic fowls, red, black, and gray; guinea fowls; and now and then proud cocks. (There occurs to me involuntarily the Pied Piper of Hamelin, although these are fowls.) The man by me smiles again in his charming manner. Then I thrust myself into the confusion and seize a gray fowl (hen); it is easily caught; I wring its neck and let it disappear sideways into my coat (I think to myself I am now single-breasted) and capture also a beauitful red cock, which I kill likewise by twisting its neck (it is very easy to do); I put it in the other side of my coat, so now I seem to be symmetrical. My neighbor stands by me now in an Alpine clothes; an idyllic farm house lies before us . . . an open window of a hayloft. . . . My companion reads softly and impressively to me. . . . Life all at once has a chance for me. . . . I feel so happy I could shout for joy . . . and the hay is so fragrant that it makes me quite giddy.

The church reminds him of a village in Hungary, where he often spent the summer months when a child. He made there his first observations upon animals and also had opportunities to satisfy his infantile craving for sadistic scenes. The man with the white teeth recalls to him a butcher, whom he often watched while killing. We see how he strangles the woman (hen), wrings the neck, and thereby acquires a breast; that is, through the sadistic

attitude he becomes homosexual. But the man is killed, too. He forms relationships only with very strong men, whose power he must feel. *Then he becomes a masochist.* The butcher changes to his friend, who often wears the Alpine costume. He sees the possibility of love, after he has discharged his sadism upon the fowls. The specific fantasy of strangling a woman, wringing her neck, cutting her up, and the like comes to light in connection with this dream.

The patient begins slowly to correct his attitude. The delusional ideas have disappeared. He shows a greater interest in women.

The analysis proceeds.

He feels very unhappy and quite forsaken. He tells me with tears in his eyes that he could take his life or become a morphinist. He is always observing his niece and could tell me touching things about her. He was depressed. His niece came to him, put her arms around him, kissed him, and said: "You do not know how I sympathize with you. I wish from the bottom of my heart that you could find some one who would make you happy."

His depression goes back to the loss of the niece. He would have opportunity enough to have relations with men, but he always finds reasons for not doing so.

He brings me the dreams of two nights, which are so revealing that I will give them all:

Dream 1. A theater under the open sky; my sister and my niece sit with me in the very front row. Two brown bears are first brought in. The remarkable thing about them is that they *are placed in a cylindrical glass reservoir* (bears do live mostly under water?); the cylinders grow smaller, so that in the end the bears have only the size of young dogs (everything takes place in the glass cylinders, which also become smaller!). All this fills me with astonishment. Second number, trained panthers; they walk around the stage quite freely; no guarding fence keeps them from the public. Finally the blood-curdling roaring of the lions; I imagine that one of them has broken loose and leave the theater in flight; I am exceedingly frightened. . . . Look! . . . outside in an elegant gray overcoat stands "my mental doctor"—he seems large to me. I fly to him. Quiet, serene, and gentle is he . . . his hands are so soft. . . . I become quite calm.

Dream 2. I see my mother dying. I think that she must be suffering. Her breathing is difficult and rattling. . . . Unutterable sorrow and pity possess me. There come men from the

burial society; they carry away the dying woman. Horrible fear arises in me that they will bury her alive. I hasten after them; the men think she should be put in her coffin whether dead or alive. I pass through terrible hours. I follow after the coffin . . . the dreadful thought that she will awaken in her grave almost drives me out of my senses. I call out, cry out, sob. . . . Then it occurs to me that at any rate she has been stabbed in the heart, so she must surely be dead.

Dream 3. I am in a splendid chamber, arranged in Oriental fashion. The veiled form of a woman approaches me; I can see the exact contours of her body. She spreads out before me carefully an exceedingly delicate veil-like fabric in a rectangle. I see that her nails are dyed red. The fabric represents an old French ballet scene, done in very fine pastel colors. I think that this web *is I* or rather the reflection of my character. . . . I myself see it lying before me, extending harmonious, beautiful, as it is in reality. If another person, however, seizes it by either end the rectangle is pulled out of shape, and the picture and the little faces of the figures are distorted and become grimaces. . . . I think it depends upon the one into whose hands it comes. . . . Strangers know nothing; they are not acquainted with your innermost being; they judge you falsely.

Dream 4. I have a dread of life; I am weary of waiting. I want not to exist. A girl advises me to take some blue liquid, which will make me sleep. I drink from it and, oh, the fearful terror . . . my teeth, my teeth once so white and regularly placed, become yellowish and corroded and curve outwardly like shavings, roll in and stand obliquely. Despair seizes me; I am not dead but disfigured; it is the mouth of a monster which I possess. The woman laughs ironically.

Dream 5. I have a glass before me; I am not thirsty, but have an irresistible impulse to drink. I drink . . . the glass does not become empty. I feel that I shall drown, my breath goes from me; still I drink. It is so horrible, cold sweat stands upon my forehead. When I awake, I have a severe headache.

He sees his sadism in the first dream as bears. It is well locked up in the glass cylinder of his psyche (at the same time a phallic symbol). The bears grow smaller and a regression to childhood takes place (reversal of the erection; fear of sadism and impotence from fear of his own cruelty). The dream also expresses an anagogic tendency, the wish to overcome, tame, make harmless, the sadistic complex. The bears turn into innocent

little domestic animals. But immediately afterward the danger makes itself known in the form of a panther; lions are roaring frightfully, and he finds himself compelled to flee. I shall save him. From what? The next dreams show. There is the one of the dying mother, which points to the origin of his homosexuality and reveals to us that the mother still lives in his heart. She actually received a blow to her heart. Here he means the piercing of the heart which he experienced through her death. Now the dream mounts to dramatic effect. A woman (the mother or sister?) gives him the love potion and he becomes a wild beast. He guards himself in advance against letting me touch and destroy the web of his parapathy. I judge him falsely. Now since he has swallowed the love potion, he is changed into a monster. In the last dream we see his insatiable longing, which he cannot satisfy through his homosexuality. For he is a beast of prey and has a thirst which is a thirst for blood. The blue liquid (blue blood) is blood.

Therefore his horror after he has drunk. He has an unquenchable craving for blood, which dominates him.

I will break off the report of the analysis here, for it has brought us to the decisive point. The patient devises all sorts of excuses that he may withdraw from the treatment. One time he has a great deal to do; at another there are material hindrances in the way. My proposal that he go over to heterosexuality is rejected with indignation. But he withdraws more and more from his homosexual objects. He is now dominated solely by the thought that he will lose his niece. The occasional depressions he wants to explain on the ground that he cannot find his masculine ideal. We know, however, that the sadistic attitude toward woman has caused his flight into homosexuality.

The treatment is not finished. I hope to bring him upon the way of heterosexuality.

I bring merely the description of his sadistic situation from the life history of another homosexual.

Case Number 11. The patient reports:

"Cruelty is a characteristic trait of my nature. It showed itself even when I was an infant. My mother suffered from very painful fissures in the nipples. Nursing was a torture to her.

She trembled through her whole body, cried out with pain, every time that I was put to the breast. I gave unmistakable expression of my pleasure in this torment by pressing ever tighter with the jaws, so that often the blood ran from the fissures. The more the mother screamed, the more vigorously did I suck and squeeze the nipple. For this reason, the nursing had to be given up after a few weeks.

As long as I can remember, I have always had a fondness for animals, which I preferred to all my playthings. When a little fellow of two, it gave me the greatest satisfaction when the nursemaid took me with her to the pig market, where I dragged the little pigs around by their tails and ears. Pinching the animals afforded me the greatest delight. I seized by the tail every dog I met on the street or pulled its ears. When I was walking in the country, I amused myself tearing the wings from flies and the legs from insects. If I was stung by a gadfly, I fell into an actual passion. The animal was punished in the most refined fashion by being quite slowly tortured to death.

I always wanted an animal to play with. When I was five years old, I came into possession of a white rabbit. I decided to let it starve by degrees. I secretly threw away the food which I was to give it. If a fowl was killed, I was glad to be present. I wanted to hold the victim myself. It was a pleasure to me to watch its death struggle. I tried to pull the tail feathers from all the fowls I could lay hold of. If I could seize a cat, I would take it by the tail and sling it over my shoulders like a sack. The victim then often scratched my face. This brought me to such a state of excitement that I would strike the animal against the wall and try to kill it. I have frequently drowned cats or choked them with a string. Even as a twenty-year-old student, I once with two comrades skinned kittens alive; to be sure, they were stupefied with ether, but not completely. A preference for amphibians developed in me when I was about ten, especially salamanders and lizards. I once "operated" on about twenty lizards; one had its tail cut off, another a leg amputated, others again had their bellies cut open with scissors. Each "patient" was then put into a matchbox, which was its sick bed, and the whole hospital was kept in a cardboard box until the animals died.

I tried to make little children cry by pinching and hitting them. As soon as they cried, I fell into a rage and wanted to hush them up again by blows. If I had to defend myself against my comrades, they could count upon carrying away a scratched and

bloody face. I remember once when I was about ten years old that in an attack of genuine fury I scratched a cousin of the same age so badly in his face that he fell to the ground covered with blood and screamed with pain. I still belabored him with my shoes and struck him on the head with a carpet brush. If I had had an ax in my hand, I should certainly have killed him.

And now I have developed into a so-called civilized person. I no longer torture beasts or men with my fingers. But my tongue has perhaps caused more harm and more pain than the manual activity of my sadistic impulses. Even as a child it was my delight to stir up my parents against each other through all sorts of bantering and deliberate provocations. This passion led me more and more in later years to call out psychic suffering wherever I considered people or conditions peaceful and happy. Fiendish envy is the driving impulse (instigator) and an ecstatic sense of power the illusory reward.

With this I close the chapter, which shows to every unprejudiced person the connection between sadomasochism and homosexuality.

Both types, the sadist and the homosexual, are atavistic phenomena and reveal an overstrong instinctive life, which is unable to adapt itself to the demands of civilization.

In all cases the influence of the experiences of the early years is evident as determining the life and the attitude of these individuals. We will attempt in the next chapter to penetrate more deeply into the psychogenesis of the sadomasochistic complex.

VI

SADOMASOCHISM AND INFANTILISM

> All of man's actions in appearance are determined from his empirical character and the other causes which work together with this, according to nature's order: and if we could investigate to the foundation every phenomenon of his will, there would not be a single human action which we could not predict with certainty and recognize as necessary from the conditions which precede it.
>
> KANT.

We have been able to convince ourselves that in fact very important relations exist between homosexuality and masochism, that these connections force themselves upon the attention of almost all observers, but that thus far they have not been explained and the association has been considered only an accidental one.

We will now discuss the remarkable *horror feminæ* [fear of woman] of the male masochist and the *horror viri* [fear of man] of the female masochist. We choose as the easier case the *horror feminæ* of the man who is masochistically disposed. We have already emphasized that masochists prefer women who have the secondary sexual characteristics less fully developed (if they reach copulation). Thus lean women, those who have some growth of hair, and—a particularly surprising fact—elderly women, come chiefly into consideration. Indeed, a number of masochists prefer very old women, even gray-haired ones, to younger women. It is not only a matter of avoidance of the feminine type, the complete woman, but also of an accentuation of the infantile, which has so extraordinarily great significance in masochism. Let us repeat: The motley character of sexual variations can be comprehended only upon the basis of sexual triality: man, woman, and child.

The most transparent masochistic type is the infantile. A scene of childhood is repeated in which the masochist plays the

child. Or—which is of the greatest importance for the understanding of masochistic fantasies—the childhood scene is distorted through inversion and made unrecognizable. Let us consider first childish scenes which have not been reversed and attempt the analysis of such a masochistic fantasy.

Case Number 12. Mr. K. H., a vigorous man of twenty-seven years, complains of a masochistic paraphilia, which disgusts him with life. He has decided to take his life if I do not free him from his illness. He describes his disorder as follows: "I have been compelled from time to time—about every fourteen days—to seek a prostitute. For this purpose I take with me a linen cloth and very strong straps. The girl is instructed to wrap me tight in the linen cloth and bind me then with the straps. She must leave me alone for a while after that in a lighted room. A rather long holding back of the stool belongs to the preparation for this act. As soon as I am alone, defecation at once takes place, which is bound with an actively toned orgasm—sometimes, not always, with ejaculation. The urination which accompanies the defecation produces a much greater orgasm. I lie then for about half an hour in a comfortable warmth, which I feel permanently as pleasure. After this period the girl comes and has to unwrap me and gently chastise me because she has found me soiled. I want her also to scold me sharply and drive me out. I feel fear, shame, and disgust, and try to remove the traces of my shocking behavior. I throw the linen cloth into the Danube, bring fresh underwear from home, and go to a bath. Yet I have noticed that against my will I have to urinate and defecate in the bath.[1]

Every attempt to reach an orgasm in the normal way fails completely.

This strange procedure is not difficult to understand. It is the setting up of an infantile situation, the situation in which as a tiny infant in swaddling clothes he was cared for by those about him. The prostitute represents the mother or nurse; he plays the part of the nursling. The orgasm at urination is the infantile type of obtaining pleasure from this erogenous zone (urethra!).

We can therefore determine that all the libido has been drawn back to the *child*. But how is it with the man and the woman?

In the last year he has had a condition of sexual excitement, beside the paraphilia just described, of which until now he has been entirely unaware. He has been incapable of every kind of work,

for the desire was constantly coming to him to go to a prostitute. If he went and attempted the normal, everything was at once over. The impulse was exceedingly strong, and yet coitus seldom resulted. He does not want to think of his paraphilia. Only every fourteen days the irresistible longing seizes him to be a child again.

He performs other actions, too, which symbolize subjection to a woman. He engages in cunnilingus and likes to be lightly whipped.

He acknowledges that he was very cruel in his childhood. It happens even to-day that he fantasies a lovely woman delivered up to him for life or death; he may do with her what he will. He tortures animals and used to revel in situations in which he was master of life and death for thousands. He had many women who would throw him into great excitement while their husbands at the same time had to look on. He became very religious about his tenth year. Every morning before school he went to church and prayed God to hearken to him and make him a good man.

He did not want to be a woman murderer! He had heard of Jack the Ripper and discovered with horror that he also was capable of such a one's deed. Then terror seized him and he became religious. His fantasies changed entirely after this and he became the slave of women.

At first he will admit no homosexual impulses at all. He evades the question; such "unnatural things" he cannot understand. I refer to his paraphilia, which can hardly be called natural, and request him to speak frankly also about the other impulses of his sexual life. At last he comprehends and confesses to me important facts. I might call attention on this occasion to the number of times one is deceived by patients concerning homosexual impulses. They are very unwilling to admit these tendencies toward their own sex; they are embarrassed, as if they had betrayed something which would be especially paraphiliac. . . . They confess to quite insignificant things and keep silence regarding the most important. For that reason, the usual anamnesis is not to be trusted. How often we read in Hirschfeld or Krafft-Ebing concerning a patient: He has never felt sexual impulses toward his own sex; on the contrary, it affects him unpleasantly even to think of such things. If one talks with these individuals for a longer time, the original attitudes come to light, and then only does one learn the most significant experiences, fantasies, and

sexual goals. . . . One ought to make it a rule therefore that the first statements of the patient about his sexual life should be valued only as temporary preliminary information. In this case, however, I succeeded in breaking the resistance and discovered the following facts:

He was sexually stimulable even very early as a child and was particularly interested in exposure. It fascinated him equally to see either his father or mother naked. He began to practice onanism at a very early age and ceased only for a very short time during his period of greatest piety. In his fourteenth year he became infatuated with a young boy, who returned his love. It was the happiest time of his life. Then the boy moved to another city, and for a long time he could find no other friend. When he was nineteen he lived with a woman who had a very pretty boy of the age of ten. He started an affair with him. Fearing discovery, he left the city and sought position elsewhere. Here, too, he found a boy who was compliant with his wishes.

Then he read in the newspaper of a process against a man of good standing who had seduced boys. He resolved to fight energetically against these impulses and mastered them.

In their place, however, appeared an unappeasable desire to have relations with women. And yet he was actually impotent with women. He had a strong orgasm only when he had the procedure carried out which has been described.

We see here that the three components, man, woman, and child, are at war with one another, and the suppression of the woman brings into prominence old infantile impulses and makes them active.

There is one detail in the clinical history given which I must especially bring to attention. The patient feels fear, disgust, and shame when he has accomplished his infantile act. And yet he acknowledges that he has a strong sense of pleasure, which, strange to say, arises out of the absurd situation. He later admits that it is exactly the overcoming of the three barriers, *fear, disgust, and shame,* that rouses his feeling of pleasure; in fact, perhaps plays the chief part in the origin of the pleasure.

We must go back a little to the psychology of education in order to understand this case. The child is trained for culture by the erection of the three powerful restraints of shame, disgust,

and fear. The infantile delight in exhibition, urination, defecation, in autoerotic play, is checked through the parental prohibition.[2] The children's hatred directs itself toward those persons who issue the commands against these things and carry them out; later against the society which has enforced them. One notices in the very first hours of the analysis that the "community feeling" is wanting in the masochist. He hates a civilization which has limited him through restraints, and it gives him particular satisfaction to transgress these restrictions in his paraphiliac acts.

The educational imperatives are accepted and are then used as internal resistances. The overcoming of these internal resistances affords the masochist a peculiar feeling of pleasure. But chiefly the overstepping of the boundary of shame, in which the sense of doing something that is not proper, not fitting, of which one should be ashamed, powerfully increases the pleasure reward. One might call the procedure a *protest of the primitive against civilization* (social protest). We shall not fail to find in every case this protest against the demands of society. The patients treated often recall the mistakes they made in the course of their education, when a special feeling of shame was hammered into them. They always had to be ashamed of something which at bottom was pleasurable and corresponded to a natural instinct. Shame is made up of two components, a native (inherited) and an inculcated shame. I lay emphasis upon the second component. With the regression to the infantile, the patient again becomes a child. He overcomes the shame of the adult and becomes like a child without shame when he lets himself be wrapped up and cleaned.

Every release from inhibitions effects a sense of pleasure. These patients really live out something which has been restrained by culture. They return, so to say, to the primordial reactions.

What is the relation of this psychosexual infantilism to the sadistic disposition of a woman murderer? (Sadism exists as the counterpoint in the polyphony of his thinking.) We must make the matter clear through a figure. The patient is under the domination of a strong impulse. This impulse is dangerous. It may make him a criminal and throw him completely

from the path. The restraints against this impulse need to be set up in particular strength; then a way of escape for the substitute impulse has to be created elsewhere. I am thinking here of a dammed-up basin in which the force of the water of a wild brook is imprisoned. Instead of the main channel, new sluices are opened so that the restrained floods can be set free. The scene instituted by the patient permits an abreaction in another field (Adler's secondary place of conflict, but used in another sense). The affects of fear arise chiefly from the murder impulse. But they are experienced simultaneously with those of shame and disgust, which proves to us that behind the scene enacted another still more important one is concealed.

The infantile character of the performance is obvious from the fact that it is a game. The specific sadomasochistic scene has its origin at first in a play of fantasy. In the end the paraphiliac makes of the game a sexual goal. Yet we must seek in the play of the paraphiliac, just as in every play, a preparation for life. The meaning of the regression is, however: I am again a child and all life stands before me. I may still play; so long as I do not take it seriously the matter is not dangerous.

Others also carry on such a performance as he has staged, but not so obviously. I drew attention to these remarkable facts many years ago in my article, "Der Neurotiker als Schauspieler" ["The Neurotic as Actor"] (*Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse,* Vol. I). How hard it is to learn that the entire parapathy and especially the paraphilia represent a play and one acted with and before oneself! We come upon the most unbelievable things, which seem improbable and absurd if we do not take into consideration the character of these fantasies. It has to do with favorite ideas of old, in part indestructible, memories, to which the drama performed lends for the time the value of reality.

Thus are explained the strange cases which Pascal reports in his book, *Igiene dell' amore* [*Hygiene of Love*]. There is a man of forty-five who comes to a prostitute every three months, permits himself to be bound by her, and locked alone in a dark room. Another man tries—as this author describes it—to force his way into the home of a woman, who receives him like

a countess in ball costume and then has him thrown out. This looks like the realization of a masochistic fantasy of great symbolic significance. Or the case of Carra, of which Krafft-Ebing writes. The thirty-eight-year-old man was seized by the ears by a prostitute and dragged through the room, while he would have her cry out: "What are you doing there? Do you not know that you belong in school? Why do you not go to school?" Then he would be boxed on his ears and had to humbly ask her forgiveness; next he received a basket with bread and fruit such as is given to children to carry to school. She would drag him up again by the ears and repeat her remonstrance, his ears being steadily pulled. He would feel his excitement mounting to the highest point and at this moment, with the cry, "I will go; I will go!" he would perform coitus.

This case is interesting because it betrays the goal of the various infantile masochistic scenes. In life this form of punishment may have been carried out quite in the same way, even to the conclusion, added by fantasy. This final act shows, however, that an incest fantasy with the mother is concealed behind the masochistic fantasy. The child changes to a man at the end and so reveals his old infantile attitude. The punishment of the mother would not have grieved him, if the suitable reward for the remorse had followed as sign of the complete forgiveness. We must still take into account that the masochism is valued as penance, as punishment: a form of penance which has assumed all the pleasure of the forbidden action for which one is punished.

The next case from my own observation is a similar one.

Case Number 13. Mr. N. J., a technician of twenty-nine years, suffers from all sorts of obsessions, a discussion of which will follow elsewhere (in the tenth volume of this work). His sexual life stands under the sign of masochism. He is totally impotent with women and girls. All his attempts thus far have failed, so that he now seeks satisfaction only with a public woman. He has gone for years always to the same prostitute. She is already over forty years old. He prefers older prostitutes, for with younger ones he does not find understanding of his tendencies. The woman has a rod, which she must make use of when he

has undressed. He lays himself upon her knee and she strikes him very softly upon the nates, whereby she has to say, "So, little boy, now I will clean up your little bottom!" Very frequently orgasm and ejaculation take place even during the flagellation, especially if the strokes are so gentle that they are more like caresses than blows. Sometimes, however, he reaches cohabitation, though this does not always succeed. Erection often disappears during the coitus. It is as if an inner voice cried to him, "Do not do it! It is a sin!"

After successful coitus he has strong feelings of remorse, which are entirely absent if the orgasm has been reached merely through flagellation. He seems to himself filthy and unclean and must take a bath to purify himself. Each time he resolves never again to repeat the disgraceful scene, and each time he yields once more to the temptation.

Analysis shows that he was beaten by his mother in the manner described. He was her favorite, and she wanted rather to frighten him than to hurt him. This is an experience that has been confirmed by Freud. Masochism is most likely to arise when the punishment has not been very severe, so that the association of punishment and pleasure has been more easily made. Also the words: "So, little boy, now I will clean up your little bottom!" are a repetition of the words which the mother would use in the same situation.

The remarkable thing in this case is that the patient never considered that his mother had uttered these words when she punished him. He imagined they were his very own discovery. We see therefore that the repression does indeed concern the mother. Now we understand, too, why the feelings of remorse come only after coitus, while they are wanting when just flagellation has taken place. It is plainly the dangerous incest fantasy, which permits a scene of reconciliation and reward to succeed the whipping, that is rejected by consciousness as unnatural and sinful. His impotence with women and girls of good standing is also comprehensible, for it is the usual form in which incest fantasies are able to express themselves. The respectable woman is openly associated with the mother, while with the prostitute this association is permitted only in the unconscious; in consciousness, the prostitute is considered as the opposite of the sacred image of the mother.

It is very interesting that this masochism has developed upon the basis of a hypertrophic sadism. *N. J. manifested in childhood*

every kind of sadistic impulse possible. He tormented animals and was always playing with thoughts of murder, especially fantasies of poisoning. (It may be considered as talion, punishment for poisoning, that he has had a pathological fear of poisons and has attached a number of his obsessive actions to it. As the obsessive parapathy in general represents the parapathy of the restrained criminal.) He was pathologically jealous and as a child would not allow his brothers to play with his toys. To want everything for himself—the love of his parents, even that of the servants—to want everything only for his own advantage, everything at his service, never to be able to grasp another's point of view, absence of ethical feeling toward others, these are all characteristic signs of the parapathic, which he shares with the criminal. He, too, wanted everything for himself only. He was jealous if the mother talked long with the father. He wanted to have his father all to himself and at such moments could wish his mother dead, and the converse. His brothers especially were a thorn in his eyes when he was a child. If they went to walk alone, his first thought was, "Oh, if they only would not come back!" Once they remained out for a rather long time, so that the mother was much concerned. He was sick in bed with measles. Then he thought, "Now they have surely fallen into the brook," and prayed that they should never come back again. . . . He was then five years old!

He later overcompensated this envy of his brothers through a great fondness and suffered fear if the brothers remained away longer than was expected. Then he became religious, and thus all his sadistic impulses and all his criminal thoughts vanished.

We must seek here the origin of the masochism, which will be easier to understand when we know that he was punished for his hateful attitude toward his brothers. *It is as if the masochistic scene wanted to hold fast to this memory and meant pleasure and punishment at the same time.* This is a form of the familiar parapathic compromise. . . . Yet has this fundamental sadism entirely disappeared? We may conceive of the masochism merely as a painting over of the sadistic portrait underneath. Such an assertion would be monstrous, could it not be proved.

Our patient's dreams contain any number of sadistic fantasies. Masochistic scenes appear much more rarely. And these masochistic scenes are full of sadistic elements.

We will pass now, however, to the analysis of a remarkable scene which he passed through after he had been under treat-

ment by me for some time. He tried with fair success to overcome his masochistic tendency and sought an orgasm through normal intercourse. For this purpose he made a number of acquaintances through the newspaper, entered into a lively correspondence with girls who were strangers, and finally learned to know a French woman who pleased him very much. After they had made several excursions, she invited him to her home and gave him to understand that she was no prude like other girls and would gladly have an ardent lover whom she could call her own. He was delighted to reach at last the goal of his desires and have his own beloved. A fearful anxiety came over him in the room with her. He thought he heard voices; he listened to noises which seemed to come from under the bed and finally believed *that a strange man had concealed himself in the room, who would stab him or perhaps, out of jealousy, both him and her.*

This anxiety proves to the psychologist that he associated murder with the rendezvous and in negative form, in the fear that he would be murdered. The psychiatrist who occupies himself profoundly with these cases already knows that such ideas easily arise through inversion. Perhaps from the thought, I might murder some one!

It would be the worst foolishness to make such a statement to the patient without having a further point of departure than the mere experience itself. But investigation shows that a number of facts support this assumption. The young man had the day before had his large pocketknife sharpened, which ordinarily he never carried, because he had discovered that it did not make his pencils sharp enough for drawing. Such rationalization of criminal preparations may be observed with extraordinary frequency, and they play a large part in the defense of these persons if they succumb to their criminal impulse, which especially with parapathics, whose inheritance is not particularly bad and who are not degenerate, very seldom comes to pass. He brooded over the thought what he should say to his brother if the latter should ask him where he had been. It would be very unpleasant to him if the brother should ask him about it. Rationalization: It is unnecessary that others should have knowledge of affairs of love. (How trifling such a plea would sound to the examining magistrate! The parapathic, however, allows himself very readily to be self-deceived. He is always acting comedies before himself!). He was seeking, therefore, an alibi. . . . For he bought himself a

tramway ticket in the opposite direction, as if he were going to Schönnbrunn (he wanted to tell his brother that), then got out and went back again to the Prater to his friend. He had for a moment in his friend's room a red veil before his eyes and the thought: If she attacks me, I have my sharp knife and can defend myself and stab her.

His fear increased and he escaped at a moment when she left the room, and was not seen again. *He was afraid of himself and fled so that he would not commit a crime.*

When I called his attention to these facts, it was as if the scales fell from his eyes. He had even read a few days before a bit from Wedekind in which appeared the murder of Lulu through the Ripper. It was no accident that he had suddenly had the desire in a curious mood to read just this book. Jack the Ripper had always interested him. He now understands why he has always felt such keen regret that he had not become a gynecologist.

His dreams also reveal that at bottom he is a rank sadist. Thus he dreamed:

I am going with a rosy girl to her room. I feel that I always have my knife in my pocket. The girl says to me: "Is it not true? You would not do anything to me?" I laugh in confusion.

This patient manifests also the strongly homosexual component without which evidently the masochistic attitude cannot arise. He is always embarrassed in the company of men, while he gets on very well with women. It may happen that he blushes and begins to stutter, he does not know why. He has indulged in all sorts of homosexual play with his brothers, memory traces of which have their influence upon his present attitude.

It was of special importance in this case to demonstrate the infantile position toward the mother and the transition from sadism to masochism.

A similar case which shows this psychic mechanism is found in Krafft-Ebing.

Case Number 14. Mr. X., a man of twenty-eight years, relates that he had fantasies with a sadistic character even when six or seven years old. He imagined that he held pretty young girls captive and beat them every day upon their buttocks. He soon found boys and girls of the same interests and arranged it so that when they were playing robbers and soldiers the robbers were brought to the attic and whipped upon their naked bottoms. It afforded

him great pleasure to strike the girls. At the age of ten to twelve his sadism changed to masochism. Then he took great delight in the idea that he was a lion and was beaten by a female animal trainer. (The lion is a symbol of the wild passions. This scene represents the punishment for his animal instincts and permits the subduing of the animal through the woman in a symbolic picture.) At fifteen he learned onanism and even at sixteen had an affair with a servant maid. She would not beat him but bade him lick her buttocks and put pieces of sugar between the nates. He had to eat these. But this paraphilia already shows the turning away from the woman. The vagina becomes the symbol of hell and of evil. He will not allow himself to be enticed to coitus, but feels disgust for the natural act. . . . A year later he visited a house of prostitution, where he had the following comedy enacted. The prostitute must lay him upon her bare thigh and strike him upon his naked buttocks. She must at the same time reproach him for his badness, while he continues to protest that he will not do it again; she may forgive him. She has also to take his head between her thighs and chastise him like a little child.

One must be blind not to perceive that he copies the scenes where his mother whipped him. With some slight variation, to be sure, which betrays an evident wish fulfillment of incestuous nature. I mean the bared thigh of the prostitute. . . . He found at last a governess who gladly entered into his masochistic ideas and lived with him in the same house, where he could enact all his pet scenes.

Another erotic performance which he liked to have carried out upon himself shows the relation to homosexuality. He would put salt, pepper, soap, paprika, and edged objects into his anus; as if he wanted to punish the anus for its erogenicity. Again he changed the pleasure into a painful action, so that gratification and punishment became through compromise one and the same sensation.

The case is a typical one and quite plainly reveals its nature. It discloses to us also how sadism through moral scruples changes to masochism, how the savage aggressive impulse (lion!) turns itself inwardly. He gladly chastises himself. In this factor we recognize the combination of religious penance and sexuality, which has been manifested particularly in the religious movement of flagellantism.

Krafft-Ebing found that the combined appearance of sadism

and masochism offered some difficulty in the way of explanation (p. 165). But he should have allowed himself to be taught by his patient. Mr. X. (Observation 89) says very strikingly: "I cannot believe that sadism and masochism are opposites. Masochism is only a special form of sadism."

I have investigated very many sadists in this respect. It is true that masochistic traits are always manifested by them, which all exhibit the character of penance. The primary sadism is much more hidden in the case of pronounced masochists. Each one of them suffers from a paraphilia and constructs for himself an early history which shall lead the analyst astray. *All of these statements are deceptive and serve to conceal and to blur the true origin of the parapathic structure. They are even designed to give the appearance not of something that has been built up, but of some congenital disease.*

We meet this self-delusion in masochists, just as we have established its presence in homosexuals and fetishists. We hear of masochistic tendencies which go back to the earliest childhood. But a longer analysis shows relentlessly behind every delight in one's own pain the inclination to atone for the pleasure in another's hurt. The next case provides very interesting light upon this.

Case Number 15. Mr. G. K., thirty-two years old, complains of a paraphilia which fills him with sorrow. He has become loathsome to himself and has resolved to leave the world if no help can be given him. (This assertion is a common one with all patients. Suicide is naturally the final punishment for the forbidden pleasure and serves as the last and greatest expiation. The actually perverse in Freud's sense, that means the patient with an inborn perversity, should not know the stings of conscience. In fact, degenerates and genuine psychopaths manifest no remorse and the tendency to suicide is absent. The suicide is in itself an evidence of the moral person.) G. K. requests women to prick him with needles in the hinder parts until the blood flows. He begs of prostitutes to let him know at once when their menstruation begins. He then licks the menstrual blood, which grants him the greatest orgasm. Afterward he has a feeling of disgust. He must leave the brothel quickly or he might murder the strumpet, "the sinful vessel." [8] It takes some days before he is able to calm himself. He is so filled with disgust during this period that he can

eat nothing and he shudders all over when he has to pass a meat shop.

He denies that he manifested sadistic traits when he was a child. As a small boy he was already a masochist, and he lost himself in fantasies that he was being tortured, impaled, and so on.

Nevertheless, after three weeks he recalled quite different things. He had been very cruel as a child, had mischievously tormented animals. He derived great satisfaction from pulling the wings from flies, roasting May bugs. Once as a boy he had poured petroleum over a mouse and then set it afire. He liked to stick pins into a dog, he teased cats, and reveled in fantasies how he would tie people fast and then torture them. He was particularly excited by the idea of being a cannibal and devouring human flesh. He loved the tale of the vampire and wished that he could go at night as a vampire and suck people's blood.

All that he had ostensibly forgotten. He confessed to me, however, that these memories were always present, but he did not want to speak of them, did not want to think of them. He believed that they were things he had overcome. The menstrual blood proves to be human blood, and in the action mentioned we can discern the rudiment of his vampirism. Vampirism as a paraphilia is not so rare as one would believe *a priori*. To be sure, it hides behind vegetarianism, aversion to bloody meat, asceticism, and masochism.

The desire to be stabbed appeared first in this patient's eleventh year. He had at that time a religious period and reveled in the thought of being a martyr. Saint Sebastian was his prototype. It is very characteristic that he has a copy of a classic Sebastian hanging over his writing desk.

Neither does this patient really touch women. He never performs coitus, which he considers ugly, unnecessary, and disgusting. He has the fear of coitus which we so often meet where we have to do with morbid aberrations of the sexual life. He reveals a hatred toward the church which reminds one very much of the notorious discussions of Marquis de Sade. Naturally, a passionate love conceals itself behind this hate. He has only apparently conquered his piety, and in his masochism there is a large amount of secret religiousness.

I turn to another case from my own observation.

Case Number 16. It concerns a thirty-year-old man, Victor X., who consulted me on account of onanism, psychic impotence, and masochistic fantasies. He has himself whipped by prostitutes and

performs cunnilingus upon them. He informs me that the masochistic fantasies were the result of being repulsed by a certain woman. He paid court to a girl and was refused. At first only sadistic fantasies prevailed. He wanted to revenge himself upon her. Not until later did the desire for flagellation and humiliation appear. His onanistic acts are now always accompanied by sadistic-masochistic ideas. We will let him tell us himself of the origin of the sadistic fantasies and the beginning of his onanistic acts. His language is curiously formal and precise. One would expect of an academician a better diction. I will change nothing essentially in what he has related, for the style itself betrays the man. Nor is the choice of expression a matter of indifference. The forms of speech readily disclose a definite complex. I have put the striking passages in italics.

"I must have begun onanism very early. My recollections are not all clear and plain. Much from childhood has become hazy and indistinct. Of one thing I am sure:

I began to commit this error in class IV of the elementary school. How I came to it I no longer know, but I will say that I was not misled by others. At first the onanism was something new to me which seemed pleasant; but later my father noticed that I was at the closet longer than usual. I was so absorbed one time that my father surprised me. I was frightfully ashamed; my father talked to me of the wickedness and immorality of my act and I promised to do it no more. At this time I certainly had as yet no definite ideas with the act! Alas, I soon fell again into this sin, but it did not happen more than once a week. I did not feel at all sick with it, as it had been prophesied at my confession. So it went on until the sixth class in the gymnasium; frequently I had attacks of leaving off from the wrong, and I clearly remember when my uncle died—it was at the time that I was in the fourth gymnasium class—I did not indulge in onanism for three months. But in the sixth, I was teased by my schoolmates that I had no "flame" in the city. When I saw that the others went around happily with the young women, I decided to do likewise. I selected a woman (she is about a year younger than I) who greatly impressed me, for she was of a striking figure and had eyes whose glance I cannot bear even to-day; I have to look to the floor as soon as she meets me. The lady was however surrounded by admirers and took no notice of me; at most she ridiculed me openly before others and considered me a fool; in short, I realized that I was nothing to her, but I could not leave her, and that is my predicament! From this time on I was pleased in masturbat-

ing *to strike the woman in my thoughts* and *let her feel my power.* I had no great pleasure after the act and cast all thoughts of women out of my head. My parents and also my sister six years younger than I learned of my vain efforts at amusing myself [*schmieren*] (that is what we called the sport of going around with girls) as regards Miss L., and turned it all into ridicule without suspecting that I felt myself deeply wounded and now strove still more to carry out my will. I felt unhappy when I did not see the girl (she lived opposite me, separated only by a large garden, the railway tracks, and the street), and I could observe by the hour with the telescope the entrance door or the window of her room, when I was alone in my room. As soon as I saw her I was at first very happy to see my little flame; then I remembered how she had treated me and I wished I were a Russian chief of police and she were a Nihilist or anything else that would permit me to make her feel cruelly the lash in prison. The thought never came to me to have sexual relations with her, but only to go walking or be able to speak to her on the drive; this was my only endeavor. My wishes remained unfulfilled, despite the fact that for her sake I learned to skate when in the seventh class only to be able to observe with what lucky person she would speak. I did not look at any other woman, or at the most at one who likewise was of right full figure. So I took my degree, and in the years that followed I came a step further in misfortune. Having nothing to do in the vacation, I occupied myself more intensively than ever with thoughts of Miss N., for I was to go to the college in Vienna. I read at this time of the horrors of the Inquisition. I must confess to my shame that instead of being deterred by these sad errors I dwelt with delight upon the witches' trials and found great satisfaction in the idea that Miss N. was accused of being a witch and I was appointed to torture her or have her tortured, especially to scourge her; with this I performed onanism or in the night had with such fantasies a seminal emission.

In Vienna, I merely awaited a fitting occasion to purchase a novel concerning flagellation, sadism. I devoured this foolish stuff, but afterward I so loathed the book that I burned it up. Later I bought a great many books (the illustrations especially appealed to me). I might say that I could not afford this, but I could not help it; I had to have such things not because of the content, to which I was indifferent, but I took delight in the thought of torturing Miss N. in the same way. I read other works also regarding torture and sexual aberrations and while reading fell into a frenzied intoxication of joy. I am an abstainer

from alcohol and do not smoke and could therefore freely spend the money which was not used for concerts, theater, and violin music. I wrote twice to Miss N., to which she did not respond, which was natural, for I had never yet spoken to her, because I was afraid to do so. Two years ago at Christmas, I resolved to address her! I lay in wait for her every day on the way to school until I caught her. She was fairly friendly but noticeably cool, while she made use of various pretexts to get rid of me. I paid no attention to this at first until I realized that I had been received only "out of pity," and my fury rose again within me. I could not insult her; that was vulgar in my eyes, so there was nothing to do but to give free rein to my fantasy. I learned from letters after I had returned to Vienna that other women took my courting of Miss N. from its amusing side, and from this time I found satisfaction in the thought of wiping out any one of this clique just as well as another! I was practicing onanism on an average of once a day, always imagining horrible things; the thought of natural gratification left me cold. My temporary irritability increased; from time to time I was very much depressed and unable to drive out these disgusting thoughts despite all the efforts of my will.

I have been buying recently, that is, for a month, even French literature on flagellation, although I do not understand a word (only the pictures excite me); for in place of the persons depicted I imagine such as correspond to my fantasy, or I draw free imaginary pictures patterned after those given. With this I masturbate and then resolving to do this no more, I occupy myself with something else. I masturbate particularly in bed before going to sleep and in the morning before getting up. The only singular thing about it is that I know that what I do is wrong but I cannot keep from doing it; and furthermore the horrible thoughts come to me less often in B., my home, where I have the opportunity of seeing Miss N. every day or to meet one of her friends, than here in Vienna. I have read various writings regarding onanism, but can find no way out. My fantasy brings me actually to Russia, perhaps because I have read a good deal of the habits and customs of this country.

He gives some very interesting facts concerning his early life:

As well as I can remember, I was very weak and sickly in my childhood. I was always in the company of my parents or rela-

tives and was not allowed to romp about with other children, not even with my cousin who lived in the same house; I suppose because I had scarlet fever, diphtheria, influenza several times, and a slight cardiac defect; also, I took cold very easily and had to be careful with my stomach.

I can no longer recall the dream ideas of that time; I remember only the terrifying fever fantasies during my illness (water foaming frightfully, roaring mills turning, dazzling light).

As soon as I could read properly, *criminal stories, especially detective stories* were, and they are to-day, my favorite literature! Besides, I naturally read tales of travel, of the sea, and of Indians! Unfortunately I began also to read the cheap ten-cent editions of Nat Pinkerton and the like, but soon turned to good novels. I always played the detective in my fantasies and dreams, who triumphed over crime in every case despite all dangers.[4] This still happens now and then, especially when I have seen a criminal drama on the screen. But I go to the moving pictures merely for distraction and have forgotten the "sensational drama" as soon as I am home again. I began to have sexual ideas only when I wanted to make Miss N.'s acquaintance and suffered a debacle thereby. Hatred toward the female sex was increased when I attended dancing class and on account of my awkwardness usually remained the fifth wheel in the wagon. My schoolmates christened me the "woman hater," because I always at this time had a hostile attitude toward girls.

These things which he tells us are very characteristic. We see the origin of his feeling of inferiority in his being sick a great deal. This sense of inferiority grows with the years; he thinks he is ugly; he is afraid he cannot be pleasing to women. It leads him to cultivate fantasies in which he can build up a special position of power. His criminal disposition reveals itself in the great interest in criminal romance. The wish to be a detective is the moral overcompensation for his criminal tendencies. The criminal and the detective have one thing in common: occupation with crime, an interest in it. . . . This strong interest arises out of the same background. The detective has turned his antisocial forces to social and put them to the service of society.

I might draw attention to an important factor, which is never absent from the early history of a masochist: the significance

of illness as a source of pleasure. Man is aware of illness through some sort of distress. Children fall ill and complain of pain. Nothing is so fitted to alarm tender parents as the idea that their child is suffering pain. At once the heaviest artillery of joy is brought to bear, and many a mother is not satisfied until she sees a smile playing about the lips of her darling. He is fondled; his every wish is fulfilled. Still greater is the contrast when otherwise stern parents alter their behavior all in a moment, if the child complains that it is suffering. Thus it happens that the inclination to masochism is created not through blows, but through the endearments which follow upon the expression of pain. The child observes that it can change the strictness of the parents into an often extravagant tender-heartedness, if it is sick and gives voice to pain. Thus an indestructible association is formed between illness and tenderness, between pain and pleasure.

I recall that as a child I longed fervently for an illness, for then the otherwise very sensible behavior of my parents, who avoided every excessive display of affection, was quite altered. I carried this wish with me for months, until fate bestowed a sickness upon me. I had a severe attack of diphtheria and was all at once the center of attention for the whole house. Everything revolved about me, and my every desire was fulfilled. After the diphtheria, I was inclined to extraordinary outbreaks of anger. The physician called in counsel at that time thought this was the effect of the disease, which had irritated my brain. I thought up all sorts of unbelievable things, which troubled my parents greatly. I could have wrecked the entire contents of a room in my rage; I kicked the doors, hit everything that came near me. I understand to-day what was going on in me at that time. I had been master during my illness and had been coddled to the last degree. I was sick for a rather long time so that I had grown accustomed to the delight of my lordship. But then I had once more to be a healthy child, adapt myself to regulations; I had to go through the experience of being moved into the background of interest. That I could not endure, and so I wanted to punish my parents. I wanted to bring on another illness, which in spite of my efforts would not come.

This constitutes the real meaning of many apparently incurable paraphilias. They have the value to those who suffer from them of an illness and serve to maintain the infantile attitudes. How many such paraphilias have arisen in defiance of the parents! I have never yet seen any of these patients who did not blame his bringing up or the person who brought him up! The starting point of a masochistic fantasy and the foundation of a masochistic attitude may be not only one's own illness but that of brothers and sisters. If the child notices that the brother is favored because he is sick, all his wishes granted, there arises in him the desire to be sick. (The case of the apron fetishist, Number 52, Volume VII, is a clear confirmation of what has been said here.)

It was so in our patient, too. He learned through illness that pain and pleasure are connected. We shall soon see, however, from some of his childhood recollections how the sadism toward his beloved ideal was further and more deeply determined.

From my childhood:

I remember best that from the time I was small I was terribly afraid of the dark; I never went alone to the toilet or into a dark room. I was most afraid of going after the ironing board which was placed against my bed to keep me from falling out, and which I had to fetch every evening from the dark garret stairs, which were lighted feebly by a skylight.

I recall another peculiar occupation: I took the trouble to paste small model cottages of paper *and lighted them* in order to put them out, *or I laid pieces of paper on the stove and waited until they were ablaze.*

I had in bed with me until late in the gymnasium a piece of fur or a soft, black *fur cap, and I still like black cats or bears.*

I had many vexations also on account of my sister. I cannot *bear little children,* just as I experience kissing as something disgusting, and once I *choked* her in a *fit of rage.* I would often in a fury utter threats *that I would blot out something from her and destroy her.*

In the second gymnasium class, I spent all my pocket money for cigarettes and paper soldiers and it resulted in a great scandal, for I did not want to tell where the money had gone. I was not whipped, but my father seemed to denounce me. I no longer know

what actually happened later. *But I always think of this evening with frightful rage.*

When I was in the second gymnasium class, a menagerie and panopticon show visited our town; the pictures on the wall were the murder of Louis Napoleon by the Kafirs, the operation on the larynx of Wilhelm I, the bomb attack upon Alexander II, a torture chamber, which all interested me tremendously, chiefly the torture chamber, and I could have stood there by the hour and looked, if a tortured woman was pictured. Later I saw at the cinema the famous picture, *Der Raubmord und seine Sühne* [*The Robbery Murder and Its Expiation*] (the execution in all its details). At a fair booth later I saw the *Death of McKinley* and *Execution in the Electric Chair.*

I obtained a picture in the fourth class from the *Kronenzeitung* of an aristocratic woman (very lasciviously pictured) in Russia being laid over a chair and beaten with knots on account of her political activities. The picture was taken away from me; I asked in all the shops and could not rest until I had ordered the number again.

I was frequently present when puppies or kittens were drowned. At first I hated their executioners, but then I had to learn to recognize the "necessity" for this.

Some years ago my sister was to be whipped and hid herself behind me. I took the stick from my mother and broke it, and I do not know what would have happened if my father had not put an end to the scene.

The memories reveal to us with terrible clearness the youth of a person with criminal disposition. Let no one think that such dispositions are rare. The man is now an official and has overcome all his impulses to act; his sadistic fantasies become ever weaker, while the masochistic come always more plainly to light. He, the torturer of women, the woman murderer, submits himself to prostitutes and allows them to flagellate him; he himself again and again merely performs cunnilingus, in which he himself perceives a sort of symbolic humiliation. He licks the women's feet as if he were their slave.

The child's fear of the dark is already characteristic. Freud would refer all childish fear to repressed libido. The fear of robbers, however, according to my experience, has its origin in the fact that the child himself is a small robber and is full of

fantasies of robbers. He is therefore afraid of himself and of what he would like to do. One ought only to observe children carefully and then the truth would be more and more evident that I discovered years ago, that children are all criminal and only their training brings about the suppression and transformation of their criminality. Look at our patient!

We find the germs of incendiarism, delight in fire! (I have already suggested that in the case of fires whose cause is unknown, little children should be sought as the offenders.) We see, too, his hatred toward other small children whom he regards as sharers in the love of his parents. He cannot endure little children. He choked his sister, threatened her in violent anger. Notice further his rage against his father, his interest in blood-and-thunder moving pictures,[5] and in the torture scenes at the panopticon. Consider also his delight in tormenting animals as a very marked characteristic of such persons. They become then fanatic lovers of animals, as the founder of the Vienna society for the protection of animals, the poet Castelli, has related in his memoirs. He was originally a cruel torturer of animals until one day the frightfulness of what he was doing was brought before him and he repented. He could no longer bear to see an animal suffer and founded the society mentioned above, which has proved a great blessing.

We notice in our patient also the transformation of hate into love. He could not bear to see his sister beaten and was almost ready to lift the stick against his mother, because she was about to whip his beloved sister, the same sister that he himself had wanted to choke and from whom he wanted to "blot out" something.

We already know that he has now in large part repressed these sadistic fantasies. He revels only in situations in which Miss N. is wholly delivered over to his power, but opposite fantasies also in which he is the slave make their appearance. Only the masochistic scenes have been carried out.

Let us look at his dreams, which mostly pass over into day fantasies; we will follow his crisp, somewhat naïve presentation (I requested him to bring me all the fantasies and dreams of one day):

The ideas which I have to-day:

Not always, but two or three times a week, especially if I have had one of these wretched books in my hand, I indulge the fantasy of being able to condemn Miss N. to frightful scourging in a subterranean prison, especially in Russia; this I seldom carry out myself, but have it performed. Other girls, too, whom I know, appear in these dreadful fantasies with Miss N., the latter, however, always playing the rôle of ringleader, and on this account she has to be punished more severely than the others.

If this happens in a dream, I have an emission and wake with a feeling of disgust toward myself, inasmuch as I know that if the opportunity were given me actually to do this, I would certainly refrain from it! If the impulse is present in the waking condition, while reading, I masturbate only with the thought of the plastic picture; afterward I go out quickly or play the violin in order to forget my fantasies.

I might add here that I lose every vestige of self-control if I see Miss N. in my home town; my breath stops and I become fiery red. I have always been frightfully *shy* and even now I say to everything Yea and Amen. I do not write this to excuse myself; only I should like to have it thought that I am not wholly corrupt and an outcast from moral society.

We find that the patient protests against the assumption that he has no moral feeling. He is in severe conflict with his cruel instincts. . . . It is a very characteristic thing that he is so shy and blushes deeply when he sees the adored lady. He is bashful always in society and toward women, but by no means so much so as in the company of men.

The psychology of bashful persons is one of the most interesting chapters for the student. As I have described it in my *Nervous Anxiety* in the chapter on "Erythrophobia" (fear of blushing), all these individuals are criminals, who have a consciousness of guilt and are afraid that some one will know their evil thoughts. Our patient, too, suffers from this dread. Every step that he takes toward the repression of the sadistic tendencies brings him nearer the masochism, which thus combines in one symptom pleasure, guilt, and punishment.

Let us pass to further report of his dream life:

I had been thinking a great deal the previous evening of my condition and went to bed without much satisfactory knowledge of it.

First I dreamed of an attack by robbers upon our house in X. I went along the river valley with a military procession; the valley was much richer in vegetation than usual. Along the way lay the bloody corpses of men; we came upon houses destroyed by fire—then I came to a beautiful mountain which was bare on top. I crouched alone behind a rock and while *soldiers* and *volunteers* strove with the *robbers* at the foot of the mountain, I watched all that went on with feverish intensity. As one robber, who had the appearance of a former comrade, turned his back to me, I fired at him with a revolver. I saw plainly how the bullet had bored through his back and he quivered and fell. I must have roused the attention of the others, for bullets whistled about me, and my heart stood still with the fear of being shot. I fired once more at one of them, who rushed with the other upon the rock, but the pistol missed fire and I awoke.

After I had had a drink of water and rearranged the bed cover, which had been pushed off, I fell asleep again. I dreamed something quite different.

It seemed to me that Russia had carried on a war with the Triple Alliance and had been beaten. I had particularly distinguished myself and was summoned by the czar for the suppression of the revolution (in my dreams I am very often a detective, who out of sport, à la Detective Dagobert, has done service to the czar and is bound to him in eternal friendship). In such a capacity I have learned that women from my native place are connected with the revolutionary committee and are planning an attack with dynamite upon me. Extensive preparations are being discovered. I am sending warning letters to Miss N. and other ladies. I appear in disguise as a revolutionary and unearth everything. At last those who are perpetrating it travel to Petersburg for the assault (or I dreamed also that I went to X. and the train *was made to run off the track*), and at the moment of disembarking the anarchists are arrested. At the final moment Miss N., or one of the others at her instigation, throws the bomb; it explodes, I feel a stabbing pain in the region of the heart, and it seems as if I cannot get my breath. Everything becomes red and then gray and I awake with the pillow upon my nose.

I must have put everything in order in a half-awake condition, for I dreamed quietly further:

I had recovered and was pondering how to carry out fearful vengeance. My feeling for my acquaintance in X. has always become milder in such dreams, and only my duty and the urging of the revolutionary committee, besides the arrogance, the insolence, and the insubordination of the prisoners, stimulate me to cruel punishment. . . . Usually I give attention to every smallest detail to build up scenes of this sort. . . . I am sitting in my office and examine Miss N. and the others. . . . They are all defiant and compel me to follow my cruel desires. . . . A pressure and the floor collapses, or one wall of the room opens with a bang and we find ourselves in a cellar room lying under water; bare walls, a pillar in the middle, a bench hooked up at the side. . . . The women remain obdurate; I have rods and whips brought in and condemn them to a certain number of blows. . . . These are never given upon the naked body, but upon the clothing; or I let the women put on a close-fitting bathing suit (not in my presence), or I let them turn back the skirt; I never strike them upon the back! The preparations, the weeping, pleading, the offering of resistance, in themselves afford me a frightful satisfaction. The high point of my excitement is reached when I see Miss N. lying in an agonizing position, her face distorted with pain, the other women standing around in terrible fear, and the flogging begins. Whether I have attained my purpose or not, does not come into consideration. . . . After the scourging, the victim, if she has resisted, is fastened in a chair and the electric current passed through the part that has been beaten, in the idea that the pain will be in this way much increased. Otherwise, the persons who have been whipped are put into a cell, where they are tied hand and foot or chained to the wall. . . . Usually the dream closes with transportation to Siberia, visiting of the prisoners in the dungeon by Kara or Nerczinsk, where they die miserably under the lash of the overseers, to plan again in the next dreams attacks upon me. . . . Or I let them go free; they come to X. (sometimes also they escape and I go after them, fall into the hands of the Nihilists and am *frightfully tortured,* which I bear with stoicism, reach the fugitives, and take vengeance upon them), and I return then to my parents, meet Miss N. and the others, and am pleased to be looked upon by them with horror and fear.

All entreaties and confessions during the punishment fall upon deaf ears, and I feel extraordinarily satisfied to observe that the earlier resistance of the women is now changed to fear of the flogging.

Girls whom I do not know at all, but always of the age of seventeen to twenty-four years, chiefly Russians or Poles, appear also in the action. But attention is concentrated particularly upon Miss N. and perhaps eighteen women of my acquaintance, friends of Miss N. or those who have conspired with Miss N. against me.

The funny thing with me is that the first girl whose acquaintance I made was a Franziska; that is also Miss N.'s name, my favorite dancer has a sister who is called that, and my cousin's fiancée in Vienna has that name. This name along with two others plays a significant part in general in my dreams and imaginations—there must always be a Franziska, who is delivered over into my power. . . .

But it is not always I who whip and punish Miss N. and her clique. I dream also of situations in which I free Miss N. from the power of others and become her deliverer. Such a dream occurred immediately among the dreams of the next night. I have written down this dream, for you will be interested in it.

I was in our home in Vienna.—My parents were visiting me, and I learned that all my acquaintances had gone away from X. because dealers in girls endangered their safety. Miss N. with other unfortunate ones had fallen into the hands of the fiends and were somewhere in custody in Vienna. I set out to liberate the ill-fated ones and found myself in the Wiental, which was enormously broad and had a suspension bridge over it, which was frightfully insecure. There were steep wet steps, so that I was all the time afraid of falling; besides, the light was yellowish gray and the whole region strange and weird! How I came to the prison, I no longer can tell; but I lay behind a chest where I could keep a close watch on all that took place. Miss N. was to be sacrificed, struggled, was repeatedly beaten, and so were the other women. I lay there inactive and was as if spellbound. . . . As the wretched women, in a frightful condition, were at last ready to comply, I sprang up, and although the traffickers and women stood defenseless, I shot the former all down, to flee then with the rescued ones over roofs and dizzying projections. . . . Behind me were the pursuers, and I felt that I was hopelessly lost; I glided out and fell into a foaming stream. Then I awoke!

I had another dream, which I do not quite understand.

I had Miss N. in my power and wanted to pass sentence upon her. Then she turned into a man and fell upon me. We were

quite alone and fought bitterly. Then she seized me by my genitals and I felt that I was totally defenseless. . . .

I awoke with a pollution. I have frequently had such dreams. But I cannot describe how the man's face looked, for it was mostly dark, while I see the massive figure very plainly before me.

Let us cast our glance now over the interesting dream material and see if we can reach the roots of his sadistic attitude from the unconscious thought activity.

The first dream at once treats of robbers, who attack his house. Bloody corpses lie along both sides of the railway, which symbolizes the way of his life. His path goes over dead bodies. . . . Dreams of fighting are very characteristic with him. The old child's game, "robbers and soldiers," is revived in the dream. He is rushed hither and thither. The sexual meaning of these fighting dreams is plain enough to analysts. They correspond to the infantile sadistic idea of the sexual act as a scuffling scene. Shooting a man in the back is also considered as a homosexual act, an interpretation made easy because of the revolver as a phallic symbol. It is fairly certain that this explanation fits the situation here; the appearance of the schoolmate supports this, for the latter was always pleasing to him and was thought of as a sexual object. Still more important is the circumstance that the war dreams have a particular meaning, into which I must enter in detail.

It has always astonished me that people so frequently dream of war, and it is not those for whom war is a profession who relate such dreams. Peaceable business men, shy poets, gentle maidens, and so on. . . . Originally I attributed these dreams to the primitive warlike instinct of man. There may be some truth in that. But gradually I learned to understand and interpret these war dreams better. I recognized that these wars are to be taken symbolically as the conflict of individual strivings. Struggle is always going on in us. Some of it openly, some of it unconsciously or almost consciously. The more hidden the conflict is, the more violently does it have to break forth in the dreams. Thus the individuals fighting are symbols of definite tendencies which are hostile one to another. Some one dreams that the French and English are in battle with

each other and he is looking on. This dream can signify that frivolity, love of pleasure (French!) stands in conflict with moral religious opinions, for which the dream would be likely to introduce the English by way of the word-bridge "English—*himmlisch* [heavenly]. In our dream the soldiers represent the laws and the guardians of virtue, while the robbers stand for the opposite. He looks on at the battle as in a certain measure a very much interested but nonpartisan observer of the conflict between the two forms of striving, until he also, swept along and attacked, slays a robber. This points to the wish that the moral shall triumph over the paraphilia. This is the reason he has put himself into my hands.

One might object that the dream was dreamed at the time of the war and like the next was only a feeble image of the daily news. But this dream material was brought me a year before the outbreak of the great World War.

We find him in the next dream as intimate friend and deliverer of the czar. He suppresses revolutions, plays a great and exalted rôle. One need only know the small modest official to understand the wish fulfillment of the dream world and be able to estimate its worth. These dreams are however typical reproductions of his day fantasies. He dreams them also in the daytime with open eyes.

Masochistic elements appear also in the dream. He is cruelly tortured and allows no confession to be wrung from him. That is, at one time pursued by the czar, another time he is his friend and helper. How plainly the bipolar attitude shines through! Yet what does this czarism mean, which appears again and again in all his fantasies? The absolute czar is here a father imago, and we must derive his rebellion against all authority from rebellion against the father's authority. For this reason he stands at one time in the service of the czar, at another he is his opponent. It is the bipolar attitude to his father with love and hate. . . .

While with a superficial analysis it would seem that our patient had loved his mother and sister and wished to avenge himself through cruelty for the supposed disregard, his dreams reveal plainly the dependence of the sadist upon his father. The father is present in all the dreams: as czar, as general, as

teacher, as God! He never succeeds in finding the right attitude toward his father. The wish which is always operative in him, "I should like to be a woman and serve my father as a woman," is the central force of his parapathy. One finds in the analysis in many cases like the one here discussed a father who has occupied himself very intensively with his child. The mother then has the position of disturber of this relationship. The original hatred sprang from jealousy. It concerned the sister; he still remembers the thoughts of putting her out of the way. But the stronger hate pertained to the mother. The mother took the father as hers and exchanged with him tokens of affection. The hatred toward woman belonged in the first instance to the mother. This hate had to change into love. This bipolar attitude is the reason also for the vacillation between sadism and masochism. Now he will be a man; then he suppresses the woman about him and within himself; then the homosexual tendencies break through. Finally, he subjects himself to woman and finds in her his divinity.

His relation to his father receives surprising illumination when one learns that he interests himself principally in women who are called Franziska. That is, his father's name is Franz. We observe now that his parapathy has an intimate connection with his father, that this much beloved girl who has so scorned and humiliated him stands as a substitute for the father. He was punished sometimes by his father. His strongest emotion is desire for revenge. He will take vengeance because his beloved father did not sufficiently return his love. His father was in fact very kind to him. But what such patients crave, without being able to account for it clearly themselves, is the physical homosexual love. They want to take the woman's place with the father. Inasmuch as this fantasy can never become a reality, there remains in the relationship of these sons to their fathers at the best something extraordinarily constrained and agonizing. Tension, ill-humor, disagreement, are bound to arise, which cannot be relieved. Many times absolute separation is the only means of restoring equilibrium.

Yet we see from the dreams how in the course of the night the veil becomes thinner and thinner, until finally the image of the father appears. The dream before the last takes place

even in the parents' home. This time he rescues Miss N. from all danger, guides her over every abyss, over dizzying roofs and projections. . . . She becomes his. But possession of her is at the same time a plunge into fearful depths. He awakes because the dream content becomes unbearable.

But in the last dream we find the position toward Franziska wholly clear. She stands for a Franz. The loved one changes into a man, into his father. It is characteristic of such dreams that the person whom they most concern veils his face when the situation is an unpermitted one. It is so with this dream. The homosexual thoughts press forward ever more strongly in the dreams of this night. First they find their suitable defense, until the ideas of revenge toward Franziska are lost, love to her comes to the fore, and Franziska is transformed into Franz. . . . But then follows a pollution; the supreme orgasm has succeeded under the overcoming of great resistance and under production of anxiety because of the forbidden action.

We notice that there is a remarkable reversal of all values, that with this patient the genuine attitude is concealed behind a false one difficult to uncover. I have made reference to this strange behavior in fetishism. In this case, however, we come upon a strongly masked homosexual inclination toward the father.

But how does this incredible inversion take place? How can the father image be projected upon a certain girl? Is the verbal bridge alone sufficient to bring about this shifting of the weight?[6] Should the circumstance that she is called Franziska and the father Franz be enough to call forth such a powerful current?

Plainly other factors participate, of which I will speak. He feels himself toward the father as a woman, would like to displace the wife. This naturally leads to a reaction[7] which manifests itself in the wish: I want to be a man. I want to prove my manhood. But he makes the father a woman. That is the greatest revenge and makes it possible for him to act out the former thoughts of love and vengeance toward the father upon a woman's form. He has emasculated the father, as Zeus emasculated Kronos. He has reversed the relationship. He is now the strong one, his father the weak one.

But within him lives a desire greater than all other desires, around which his life is centered. This is the wish: That I might be a woman! His masculinity and his feminity are in conflict with each other. A feminine protest confronts his masculine protest. And the parapathy arises precisely from this feminine protest. . . . He never succeeds at coitus; he does not feel himself a man; he has no corresponding growth of beard; has the appearance of a youth, and so on. . . . The sadism toward the woman and the masochism are to be conceived as the symbolic representation of his psychic conflicts. He mistreats the woman in himself and wants to gain the victory over her. He fights against the woman in himself. To escape the conflict he remains a child. The infantilism is a regression to the bisexual state of childhood.

Franziska is not only the father's representative, she also stands for his own femininity. What he tries consciously and unconsciously to suppress is his own female component. What he wants also (only unconsciously) to fulfill is his female component. These are the severe conflicts which are being waged ceaselessly within him and which cripple all his powers of action. For this reason, he, the talented young man, has not been able to advance and has had to content himself with the career of a petty official.

A few words more about the interpretation of all these dreams. We must not forget a rule of dream interpretation: All persons that appear in the dream are figures split off from the person of the dreamer. All the people and animals taking part, all powers of nature, represent divisions and forces of the dreamer. Thus here we can understand the journey of life in the first dream in its deepest significance only if we consider the dead bodies as the slain wishes and hopes. Every one of us travels through life in the presence of slaughtered ideas and strangled desires. The revolution which is meant takes place within his nature.

But what does the war between czarism and the Triple Alliance signify? The Triple Alliance represents the union of the three important sexual components: man, woman, and child! Czarism is the domination of a single stream, the masculine. His entire parapathy is denoted by the struggle around

the monopolar sexual situation. He wants to chastise, suppress, bind the woman within him; the child shall be killed. (He often dreams of the killing of a child!) The man only shall rule. The czar is consciousness. . . . His parapathy is the product of this conflict! It is the battle of an individual, but it represents the conflict of all humanity. From bisexuality, from the trialism of sexuality, to monosexuality. Blows are due the woman; the tortures are inflicted upon himself; the humiliations in the presence of the woman are dictated by himself. All this is his desire to become a unified individual! Either a complete man or a complete woman. One of the dreams does in fact concern the freeing of the woman and the dangerous passage over fearful hindrances. But he has rescued the woman within him and preserved her from the ill-treatment of the traffickers in girls. Here the girl takes on the features of his sister. The dream receives the strongest affects from the infantile. The liberation of the sister, whom some one wants to marry, the deliverance of the precious being, who now belongs to him, passes over to the abyss of incest. The sister, his female counterpart, embodies that narcissistic force which is indispensable for the development of so severe a parapathy.

Let us turn now to another dream:

I dreamed for the first time that I was frightfully beaten with a rod by a woman quite unknown to me. I was completely overcome by helpless rage and swore vengeance. I had to go to a school, even though in the dream I acted as a collegian, in which only violin music was taught. There I met Miss N. among other comrades of the past, and I very politely invited her to play the violin with me (as a matter of fact Miss N. has no musical ear!). She was exceptionally friendly and laid her round arms unsuspectingly around my neck. When I felt her warm breath, I seized her roughly and pinched her violently on her arms and bosom. I heard her sobbing loudly and it made me feel badly for a moment, but then I heard the conductor of the school coming. I was afraid and began to beat Miss N. until she escaped from me. I smashed all the windows in my mad fear and shrieked as I did it. Suddenly a frowning man stood before me, who took Miss N. under his protection and looked very much

like Dr. Stekel. He spoke to me and then thrust a *dagger into the region of my heart!* I felt the pain of it, and Miss N.'s eyes, swollen with weeping, stared wide open at me like those of one dying; I wanted to ask her pardon, but the hatred and the scorn of becoming weak before a woman would not permit me a single word. When I noticed that the blood was flowing further, nothing but ugly memories appeared; and I was able neither to frighten her nor to make her ridiculous with the words, "There is no God and no other world!" Then I had a frantic fear of death and the tears came to my eyes. I awoke sobbing. It was a long time before I could quiet myself. Finally I again fell asleep.

I was lying in bed at home sick and my *father* sat by the bed and told me that my studies would amount to nothing. For Austria had declared war upon Roumania and I should be called to the colors. I felt horribly wretched and did not want to get up. Then everything was in confusion and I awoke.

This dream begins with a masochistic scene, which nevertheless releases violent feelings of revenge. He feels himself still as a child; he still goes to school, where playing is taught. We learn from the tenderness of Miss N. what sort of play this is. Then he will not tolerate her affection and strikes her. It is the fight between the masculine and feminine tendencies which is represented in this manner. The stern-looking man, who resembles me, is the father. This person thrusts a dagger into his heart. This figure is also a symbol and frequently means, to make one fall unhappily in love. He does not want to be weak before a woman; he bleeds to death in his futile hate and his unhappy love. He experiences remorse, wakes sobbing. As he falls asleep again his father sits by his bed and informs him that he may now remain at home; he need not go any more to college.

He wages, therefore, a stubborn fight against the feminine tendencies within him. For this reason he has chosen as his ideal one unattainable and feminine, so that he may transform himself in his impotent rage to man and hero. He has tried to bring the course of his life upon another track.

The next dream, with which I will close this small collection of a sadist's dreams, holds fast to this figure.

I am playing with a railway siding, although I am warned. A train rushes upon the wrong track. Railway collision, cries for help, smoke, glow of fire! I felt a great pleasure and yet some remorse. Then General Kuropatkin came to me and said it was very clever to have done this; the train was filled with Nihilists. Then we were seeking for the survivors. The more contemptuously I was looked upon, the more defiant and cruel I became. I also met Sven Hedin, who promised to take me with him to Tibet.

First the secret belief in his great historic mission shines clear from this dream, one to which all parapathics hold obstinately because they wish to cast off the insignificant rôle which life has assigned to them. We have seen his delusion of greatness flash through all his dreams. Consider his acknowledgement that his train may run upon a false track. It is as if the dream would warn him: Look out; that will be the end, if you play with the switch![8] But other impulses, too, come to expression. The train deserves no other fate, for it is loaded with Nihilists.

Kuropatkin, the general, stands, like all authorities, for the father. . . . He loved his father passionately when he was a child. But this love seems to have been extinguished from his heart. . . .

It is highly interesting to question these patients about the first memories. One can utilize them in Binet's sense and trace many a paraphilia to the fixation of an infantile impression. But it becomes evident, as I have already said emphatically, that the memories obtain this meaning afterward, when the patients give it to them. I can only confirm what Schrecker[9] has said when he states that the first memories permit us to recognize the life goal and the guiding motive of the individual. But the memory is often determined by the attitude. The parapathic constructs for himself the traumata of his life history and his earliest attitudes, just as the heroic peoples make history for themselves. The patient relates his three earliest recollections:

My first recollection: I sat under the table and was daubing with moist fingers a picture book which my father had painted for

me, and I wiped out all the pictures with spittle. My mother caught me and slapped me . . . (four years).

Same period: I have fallen backward downstairs and hurt my head.

(Eight years!) One afternoon I found the inkwell at school smashed. The teacher discovered the culprit, whom he punished with hand and stick till he felt it.

It is quite remarkable that no memories exist between the fourth and eighth years. Here is where we must seek the important experiences and impressions that led to the reversal of the original attitude. But the first recollection shows us at once the patient in conflict with the father's authority. The father with great pains and with a good deal of trouble paints a picture book for him with beautiful water colors. But he wipes away all these pictures, as if he would say these pictures mean nothing to him; he is quite indifferent to them. One does not consider this play as innocent pleasure in destroying. Even the circumstance that he has so clearly marked this event proves its great significance. We hear also of a punishment. We see this first memory is a scene that ends with our hero's disgrace and with blows. The second recollection is one, also, which might have connection with his fantasies: the memory of a great injury. And then again after four years more, a whipping scene at school, which must have impressed him greatly, the flogging of a boy by his teacher.

How plainly these three recollections reveal his sexual position! He will blot out his attitude toward his father, know nothing of it. He is punished by a woman. He falls and hurts himself, and he looks on while another boy is chastised.

We will sum up what we have learned from this patient: He is psychically impotent, because woman is by no means his sexual goal. His normal heterosexual component is just as much repressed as his homosexual, which latter conditions his entire parapathy. He feels himself to be a woman and a child and would like to be a man. Therefore his infantile sexual ideal is exchanged for a feminine one, which bears the same name and shares its most important characteristic: impossibility of attainment. His strong criminal disposition views in every

rebuff a personal disgrace and riots with thoughts of revenge. Gradually the sadistic tendencies retreat, and in consequence of a constantly increasing sense of guilt, the sadism is transformed to masochism. His sadism lives now only in the fantasy world, while he is actively engaged as masochist.

His paraphilia consists in performing cunnilingus with prostitutes and in licking them over the entire body. He likes most to lick their feet and experiences in this way a strong orgasm. Here a subjection to the feminine is manifest, which stands in vivid contrast with his original sadistic fantasies. When we turn from the attitude toward the mother, which is particularly revealed in the first memory, in which he blots out the love to the father and submits to the mother, we recognize in this scene an autosymbolic (functional—Silberer) representation of his trialism. He is no man and has overpowered the woman in him. His masochism is the homage to the woman within himself. He does in his paraphilia what he has not the force to do in life. He surrenders to his feminine tendencies. Thus his paraphilia is a wish fulfillment and means just this: Thus I should like to see the conflict within me brought to an end. At the same time it is a protection to his virtue. For he is religious, despite the fact that his dreams contain blasphemies and in life he is ostensibly only of atheistic tendencies. He goes to church, which he believes should be used merely for the enlightenment of the people, because he is interested in beautiful glass staining, and old pictures, too, have a charm for him. . . . It is to be assumed that he will acquire his potency again in marriage, if he succeeds in freeing himself from his infantile attitude, in sublimating the "child" and the homosexual impulses, and in allowing the "man" to act without restraint. Very many readers will wonder that I say so little in the various clinical histories of the sadistic disposition. Sadger [10] lays great value upon the ascertained fact that his sadomasochists manifested a heightened muscle, skin, and mucous-membrane erotism. Increased anal erotism (Jones) [11] and urethral erotism are declared to be the direct condition, the prepared organic background. Indeed so experienced an investigator as Havelock Ellis believes that the autoerotic instinct of the child may display itself as the wish for flagellation

without an act of flagellation having been witnessed or experienced. He draws this conclusion from observation of an isolated, highly interesting case,* which I publish here for the first time in German in a somewhat free, abbreviated form with the authorization of the esteemed investigator.[12]

I will pass to the stimulating discussion which Havelock Ellis has added to this case. He writes to me concerning the fate of his interesting patient: "It is now eight years since Florrie has had any return to her condition. She married again after the death of her husband, who was a physician, and is very happy."

I will once more lay emphasis upon the meaning of this noteworthy case, which like no other sets forth the connections between masochism and infantilism, and reproduce in abbreviated form the opinions of the esteemed English author. He attributes Florrie's paraphilia to three causes: 1. Her strict bringing up, which completely prevented natural sexual enlightment. 2. A urolagnistic and 3. an autoflagellatory instinct. Ellis says of this flagellatory instinct: "No doubt it is often absent . . . but it is present so often, and quite apart from whether the child has had any actual experience of whipping, that [I see in it a] manifestation of the autoerotic impulse in childhood. I find it more common in girls than in boys and more common in inverted men than in normal men. In my observation it is found so often that it is almost possible to give it the same position which used to be given to a homosexual strain in childhood. . . . It is not necessary here to discuss the origin of this interest and its natural foundation. We must regard the whip as a natural symbol of the penis. One of the most frequent ways in which the idea of coitus first faintly glimmers before the infantile mind . . . is as a display of force, of aggression, of something resembling cruelty. Whipping is the most obvious form in which to the young mind this idea might be embodied. The penis is the

* "The Mechanism of Sexual Deviation." This material can be found in the original English in the *Psychoanalytic Review,* Volume VI, Numbers 3 and 4, 1919. Also in *Studies in the Psychology of Sex,* Volume VII; *Eonism and Other Studies* by Havelock Ellis, Philadelphia, 1928. (The reader is referred to either of these works for complete account of this very interesting case.)

only organ of the body which in any degree resembles a whip. The idea may be supported in the minds of some young boys, though this would not refer to girls, by the nature of the sensations experienced in the penis." Thus Ellis comes to the conclusion that (as Sadger says) penis and whip are equivalent. Ellis believes further that Florrie had in Sadger's sense an increased erotism of the buttocks. Quite naturally with this a strong innate urethral and bladder erotism.

Thus far the view of Havelock Ellis. I question whether the early history of Florrie does not give enough points of approach that we might pass by the mysterious disposition, constantly called in to aid. (I recognize the disposition only as an atavistic phenomenon; that is, as a general heightening of the natural instinctive life.) We see a sadistic father, who brings up his daughter in systematic fashion to be a masochist. The weak mother, who apparently, if we can trust Florrie's report, plays so small a part, and who appears in the dream life as an important, determining force, must have impressed upon her lastingly the relationship, "strong, forceful man—weak, submissive woman." Let us not forget that the case was not analyzed and does not therefore permit deeper elucidation. It is possible that Florrie had seen something in her childhood which influenced her entire life. The relations to her brothers also appear to have been not so innocent as she represents. Powerful repressions have been at work here. Florrie knows nothing of her first periods of onanism. As has been said: I do not believe in her innocence or her ignorance. They are the product of a severe repression which could have been lifted only through a penetrating analysis.

The case shows very beautifully the struggle between masculine and feminine tendencies and as a result the flight into a pronounced infantilism (I have described in detail similar cases in *Psychosexual Infantilism*). The urgent desire to be a man is tremendously strong. She very early reveals the penis envy, and the whole scene of urination upon the street in the standing position proves that she is playing the man. Adler could have found no more beautiful case of a "masculine protest." We see a forced escape into feminity as a bipolar current. The suffragette, too, becomes a willing slave.

She wants to slay the man within her. Observe also the position in which she fantasies and performs onanism. The face turned downward; that is, she assumes the position of a man in coitus. She wants to be made a woman forcibly by a strong man. But consider the ingenious setting of the scene when she chooses her husband. He is a man who might have been her father, one in whom she can instinctively presuppose impotence; for she had very strong fear of coitus and of defloration. It would likewise be important to know whether she had been given enemas in childhood, which would on the one hand explain the heightened erotism of the anal zone and on the other hand her liking for being urinated upon.

We find in many dreams the phenomenon of shriveling up and becoming small. This is a figurative representation of regression to childhood. We learn little of the sadism of this highly intelligent patient. This component of her impulse is totally repressed. Her original hatred toward her governess (perhaps nurse and mother) does not appear in the analysis. The dreams show that she has a bad conscience in relation to her mother, whose rival she undoubtedly was. We discover nothing of the early torturing of animals. She says little about animals, although she is enthusiastic over nature; nevertheless, I have the impression that she imitated the urination of horses upon the street. Certainly the pony in the dream is a representation of her zoöphiliac component. Dogs, too, urinate upon the street (see the collie that turns into a pony). Her liking for the riding whip, the position which she assumes, seem to point to the fact that she had built up a strong identification with a riding horse. Zoöphilia belongs naturally in the content of a psychosexual infantilism. Animals are also usually the first objects of sadistic aggression. In the eighth chapter we shall discuss a case of sublimated zoöphilia, which will lead us at the same time into the important field of pathological sympathy. We see in Florrie's case the demands of a ruthless man. Her father showed not one trace of pity. He erected in her mind the image of a just (?) but merciless man. The delight she feels when this severe man held her in his arms is significant. We observe what I have frequently noticed and described, that the stern father binds his daughters much

more strongly to himself than the weak and tender one. He is a complete man. Florrie's reactions are alternately those of obedience and defiance of the father. But in both reactions she has remained the child. When at the end she writes, "Florrie is dead," she means that the child in her has died.[13]

The striking result in this case deserves mention, brought about in a typical manner, apart from strict analysis. It confirms my opinion that there is really no rule in analysis. Perhaps this was the only possible method for this case. Ellis rightly says: "Henceforth Florrie knows herself and understands the mechanism of the sexual impulse. She walks in light where formerly she stumbled in a darkness full of awful spectres. For years a mysteriously cloaked terrible figure had seized her from behind in an iron clutch she could not shake off, threatening her with insanity and all sorts of dreadful fates. Now she is able to turn round and face it, to observe, with calm critical eyes, and that quiet shrewd humor native to her, what it is made of, and the iron clutch loosens and the monster dissolves into mist, a mist that even seems beautiful."

Havelock Ellis, who has so poetically expressed the essence of analysis, also recognized that this was a matter of obsessive actions. All the conditions which we are describing in this book, show a relationship to obsessive parapathy, without being completely identical with the latter. There are transitional cases, like the homosexual parapathy, fetishism, and impulsive actions. Common to all is the impulse which impresses itself as compulsion to repetition and is irresistible. This impulse—and that is the essential thing—is one that has been displaced. What Florrie really wanted in her childhood was intercourse with the father. Everything else was a symbolic substitute. These paraphilias are substitute actions and can only be cured when the original impulse concealed behind them is recognized and resolved. This did happen in Florrie's case, not it is true through complete analysis, but through analysis which entered into the most important determinants. It is very significant that she symbolized this compulsion organically through a pressure which arose in the bladder. Urinary and rectal functions are the first compulsive activities coming from within, which one *has to* perform. The relation of compulsive para-

pathy to anal and urinary sexuality are well known. I might say: *"Florrie expressed her conflict in an infantile organic language of the psyche. . . ."*

We have been able also to confirm in this case an evident castration complex. Sadger (l.c.) explains the hatred of the sadomasochist toward moral law and religion by the fact that the patient fears castration and for this reason hates God, ruler, minister, government (father imagoes). This connection is forcibly constructed and is not verified by analysis. It is certain that Florrie wanted to be a man and envied men the penis. But man has so many advantages besides his penis that such a wish can be easily comprehended.[14]

VII

A CASE OF SODOMY AND SADISM

> Culture must have nature. We shall become savage again when we are completely mature.
>
> PETER HILLE.

My effort in this book has been to assemble as many life confessions as possible and so give a psychological cross section of our times. We speak very often of the contrast between town and country. The country represents in the minds of nature enthusiasts *à la Rousseau* robust health, while the great city must be the seat of evil. Bloch exploded this mistaken belief in his contributions to *Psychopathia sexualis.* The observations also collected by F. S. Kraus in his yearbook *Anthropophyteia,* alas, too little known and now even out of print, reveal the countryman in his true form.[1]

The following clinical history takes us to an Upper Austrian farm. Critics have wanted so often to dismiss my case histories as pertaining only to the Viennese *genius loci.* But my material comes from all parts of the world, and Vienna's share in it is really a small one. I have found repeatedly that human beings are alike throughout the entire world, even when outwardly they seem to differ.

Case Number 17. About two years ago a twenty-three-year-old medical student came to me suffering from ideas of persecution and complaining of inability to study. He was analyzed first for two months by my pupil Dr. Dishoeck, felt better, returned home, then came again to Vienna, where Herbert Silberer analyzed him (three months) under my direction. Silberer's suicide brought the very successful and interesting analysis violently to an end. I took over the patient and made an effort to synthesize the clinical picture, which was accomplished in a short time. For a long time I heard nothing from the patient, until he suddenly appeared again in Vienna. My assistant Dr. Lippmann will later give a re-

port of the ten sessions which proved necessary. I do not intend to give the entire analysis, which would fill a book, for it has been preserved by Silberer with the exactness characteristic of him. I will reproduce only the most important details, as far as they are necessary for the understanding of the case.

The patient complained also, aside from the difficulties mentioned, of compulsive brooding, impotence, polyuria, and distress in eating.

The first account of his life was written by the patient—we will call him Xaver—after Silberer's suicide:

My Curriculum Vitæ Beside Some Supplementary Remarks Concerning the Results of the First Two Analyses

Grandparents

My grandparents on my father's side came from Tirol. Their ancestors were well-established, settled farmers. They had twenty-two children, eight of whom are still living to-day. My grandfather was a merchant, but his real love was for the life of a farmer. His leisure was devoted to his soil and cattle. Love of farming was in the blood of all of us. My grandfather was a very talented man. In our small place he carried on the business of mason, of master joiner, of shoemaker, and of baker. My grandmother on her part was an energetic, efficient woman. She established three places of business, which all prospered and are still in existence. The grandfather became through his industry and the ability of his wife wealthy and of high reputation. Their marriage was very bad. The wife was cold, ill-tempered toward husband and children. There was always quarreling and bickering, which perhaps had a great influence upon my father. He brought the same discord into his marriage. The grandparents were out-and-out *atheists*. I never came into a really good relation to them. My father took over the atheism from them and wanted to stamp it upon me.

My grandparents on my mother's side were on the other hand very devout peasants, for whom prayer came before work. Their affairs were in a very bad condition and at the verge of ruin when my father came into the home and assumed management of the tangled situation. I only dimly remember this grandfather, while the grandmother played a large part in my life. She took the mother's place for me. From six to eleven I slept in her room,

often even in her bed. I was afraid and would cry out at night, so that she had to take me into bed to quiet me. I would then snuggle with great pleasure close to her warm body. This is doubtless the root of my pronounced gerontophilia.

She implanted a deep religious feeling in me. It was her fervent desire that I should become a priest. She painted for me the advantages and blessings of this calling in glowing colors. I had to promise her repeatedly that I would dedicate myself to the church.

I believe that she would turn in her grave if she knew that I was not going to do it.[2]

I was very intimate with her and confided to her all my sorrows and secrets. My father could not get on with his parents-in-law. He hardly spoke a word to my grandmother, except at the most to make some spiteful remark concerning her piety and her customs. But I clung to her with great affection, and I still dream that she is alive and that I tell her everything. She even appears sometimes in my masturbation fantasies. Once in a dream I dismembered and devoured her. That may mean that I have incorporated her in myself and will never overcome the inner piety, concerning which Dr. Stekel has taught me.

My Parents

My father is Herculean in build, a sympathetic, uncommunicative man, quiet and taciturn in serious affairs. If he likes a person he will do anything in the world for him; to those who are envious of him, he remains a bitter, mortal enemy. He ponders every word that he speaks; he weighs it well. Owing his origin to an unhappy marriage, he himself was not able to make marriage happy. He was suspicious and jealous. From childhood on I have brooded over his nature. The contradictions in him have seemed to me a dark riddle; his nature had to me something strange and uncanny. He worked from early morning until late at night. The farmers called him because of his spinning of thoughts the "Spider" [*Spinner*]. (Now I have become the spider; identification.) He would wear himself and his cattle to death, the peasants thought. Yet while the others, those who envied him and those who mocked, came to grief, were ruined and starved, he knew how by his reflecting and considering to extract five times as much from the soil as those who preceded him. He introduced every new device, thought out wise improvements, increased his cattle fourfold through rational management. The

peasants marveled at him and could scarcely comprehend him. Work was his watchword and progress his motto. Wife and children were simply means to his end.

He was fond of us, which is not usual with the peasants, whose children are accustomed merely to serve as cheap laborers, but he rarely showed this affection. I was associated with him a great deal and loved and admired him very much, despite his disagreeable aspects. He was the ideal of my youth.

As I have already stated, he was an atheist by conviction, and he often scoffed at the religion of my mother and grandmother. He had respect only for schools and learning. The school was his church, teachers and professors his idols. An "educated gentleman" was his secret ideal. He was also as to his knowledge a self-made man. There were no good schools in his time. He had acquired all the learning he had by himself.

My first brilliant reports were his greatest pride. For that reason my scientific studies are his highest joy: for in the whole district a certain hostility exists toward intellectual pursuits and no one beside myself is a student, which particularly flatters his pride and ambition.

Formerly his thought and attention were directed toward money. He wanted to free himself from poverty, in which he succeeded. Now his desire is for knowledge and social position.

For a year and a half he has slept apart from my mother and for about a year he has been the victim of a paranoid delusion of jealousy.

My mother is in contrast to my father very small and insignificant-looking, a kindly woman, always at work. I know her as being always full of care, of tears and trouble, and always with child. She is very religious. She has borne in all eleven children, of whom seven are still living, all healthy in body as well as in mind. I have not been able to observe in her any degenerative signs except her small size; besides, excepting me and my oldest brother, the children are all full-sized persons. I do not recall that she was ever especially affectionate toward me. She always gave a good deal of help to her sisters, which made me jealous and which gave constant ground for strife to my father, for as I said he wanted to save money and free himself from his difficult situation. On the other hand, I was able very early to win my father's goodwill, whether through work, little services, good reports, or pleasant words.

It was the everlasting quarreling between my parents that first

drove me to melancholy long before elementary school. They still wrangle every day. General irritability. My father is seldom drunk; only when there are disputes, he drinks to stupefaction. Since he has almost an intolerance of alcohol, this has a fearful effect. He comes home at night, slams the doors, shouts, and reviles my mother loudly. The scenes were terrible when I was a child; now they are somewhat milder. Thus he would appear raging at the door. We knew that he had been drinking! Every one, Mother too, fled before him. He would look for Mother everywhere, even under the bed, from which he would drag her screaming. (Later I had a compulsion to look under the bed, which may go back to this early impression.) Often he would not find her and then he would ask the children, "Where is your mother?" We would all tremble and keep still; no one dared answer. Mother often escaped to the hayloft, where he would find her at last crouched in a corner. She often took one of my sisters with her as a protection, but it did no good. When my father had discovered her, he would curse her and reproach her with being unfaithful. He had a firm belief that my oldest brother was not his son and in his scenes would upbraid her with this. She seems not to have loved him; he must have felt and known this. I recall with horror some of his insults. It made a profound impression on me when he called out to her: "You give me only your naked skin, only the hole you give me. Oh, yes—you would like to have the man with the long saber (a *gendarme* of whom he was jealous), you whore, you trollop! I'll cut you up until the *soss* (the blood) runs from your skull. . . . You filthy sow, you nasty thing, dragon, mother of God, you hypocrite! Wait, I'll give you what's coming to you! I'll finish with you; I'll stab you, shoot you, choke you!" His face would take on a strange, distorted look, his movements were those of a clown; he would stamp on the floor until the house shook. (In spite of my terror, I admired on these occasions his force and power.) He often used gross sexual language, horrible to listen to. My oldest brother and sisters used to flee with the mother; I usually remained in bed (he never did anything to me!), rarely only did I run to my grandmother and hide with her.

I always listened intently to find whether he would discover her. I imagined bloody scenes and saw him in my mind killing her with the ax. He would keep on hunting and his anger thundered through the house. An indescribable whimpering and wailing, pleading and crying, showed that he had at last found Mother.

It became red before my eyes; everything swam in a sea of blood. I did not know whether to pray for help for my mother or my father! I knew that now he would do violence to her. Everything began to whirl around me (he will kill her!). I was excited to the pitch of losing consciousness and . . . I would masturbate. Onanism began in the fourth year and was always connected with this scene. After coitus he came down from the hayloft, reviled the grandparents, who had not dared move, struck everything to pieces within reach. The mother often came and tried to quiet him. She frequently called to him: "You should be ashamed before your children!" These scenes were repeated. He sometimes called my mother a sow, which was destined to have an influence upon my sexual life.[8]

My father early inspired me with hatred toward my mother. I could not understand that she cared more for her sisters than her husband and children. She was a resigned person. The sight of her was offensive to me. I could not look her in the eyes. My father had a great fondness for dogs, which he petted and which were his friends. Mother often said: "If only I were a dog, oh—that would be so lovely for me!" (root of my zoöphilia).

Other impressions also had a determining influence upon my sexual life. My father helps at the birth of all animals in the neighborhood. He also butchers the cattle and is the veterinarian. After elementary school, he initiated me into all the knowledge and taught me how to castrate beasts. The slaughtering of animals was horrible to me, especially that of the pigs, in which everybody in the house took part.

First Sexual Experiences

My first experience occurred between three and four. The neighbor's daughter, Fanny, some years older than I, seduced me. She played with my genitals and tempted me to cunnilingus. From this to onanism by myself, either manually or lying on my belly. I would stick the penis and scrotum between the thighs and make rocking movements. I never imagined the vagina. At this time I thought only of lying upon the abdomen or the legs. My first homosexual experience, which was sadistically colored, happened at about the same time. I at that time played the man. It was an exact imitation of coitus, usually upon the abodmen, more rarely between the thighs, never in the anus. The rubbing of the scrotum upon the partner's skin exerted a great stimulus. (A favorite fantasy of mine, testicles in the vagina.) The testicles are my

most sensitive erogenous zone. In intercourse, I clasped the boy's shoulders convulsively with my hands.

My first ideal love (five) was Mimi, the little daughter of the innkeeper. Her father was a drunkard, and I had the greatest pity for her. She was for me the ideal of all that was noble and pure and has always remained this. She was rich and very pretty. She exerted an enormous influence over me, and I have never forgotten her to this day. Through her fault, I fractured my left foot on Corpus Christi day. I gladly took the pain upon myself. I indeed suffered for her. But I had to lie in bed four months. I found it tedious and practiced onanism industriously. At that time zoöphiliac play with cats began; I would stick my penis between their paws and I would torment them cruelly, which was great fun for me. It is not clear to me whether it was not the observation of animals (fowls, dogs, hares), as well as the playing with cats, which first led me to onanism. Milking also excited me at an early period; fantasy of onanism entered there. The udders, at which I often sucked in the stable, represented to me the phallus. The udders of a cow rouse me even to-day. I am much excited when I see a child nursing the mother's breast (I was not suckled). I often looked on (six to seven) when the bull was led to the cow. I noticed the redness of its organ and the size of its testicles. My feeling was purely sadistic. I imagined that the bull ought to be so strong that the cow would collapse from its thrust. (I have in fantasy gigantic testicles. The bull's penis is to me an ideal form. The movements of human beings at coitus seem to me ridiculous, those of animals wonderful and natural.) An aunt once saw the cow being covered and blushed, which gave me the greatest delight.

When I was ill I received a great deal of sympathy and affection, so that a tendency to be ill remained with me. I often thought, "How fine it is to be sick!"

I occupied myself between the periods of playing with the cats with Mimi, my ideal love. I will say in advance that she wanted to rouse me to coitus in my eleventh year. She was therefore no saint. But I needed an ideal, and I therefore recoiled from a sexual act with Mimi. It would have seemed to me a desecration. I was at that time under the influence of religion. Now back to my first experiences. I played repeatedly with Fanny. We would slide together buttocks to buttocks and urinate together into the cat's dish, and believed at that time that we could procreate a child.[4] She was a friend of my sister and told her every-

thing, on account of which my sister ridiculed me. That offended me greatly and I left Fanny alone from that time on.

I was particularly pleased when my father took me on his lap and I might have some extra food with him. He often took my legs between his thighs to cut my hair. I would have to think then of his large penis, which I had repeatedly seen as he urinated (four to six).

I was a stubborn bedwetter—until my eleventh year—and was often on account of it teased and laughed at. That hurt me very deeply, for I always wanted to stand in honor, and it became the root of my feeling of inferiority.

I watched an older boy masturbating when I was between seven and eight and for the first time observed ejaculation, which I envied the big fellow. I was the best at the elementary school and was frequently praised. I was easily thrown into bad humor and defiant if I failed to succeed or was not sufficiently recognized.

A clear recollection (four to five): I am running after my aunt into bed and have enormous pleasure in sucking at her nipples, which seem to me as large as a cow's udders. She pushes me away.

I was surprised by a brother of my partner when indulging in masturbation with other children (between the legs), and he told my sister, who again made fun of me. Perhaps my obsessive idea during coitus, that some one is coming in and will catch me at it, has its origin here. I myself also have the wish to surprise a pair at coitus.

I once, that was the first time, came upon my parents at coitus; the father was sitting and my mother astride him. I knew at once that it was a sexual act, but thought that such a forbidden, unlovely thing would not happen with my parents. It was something abnormal, like my homosexual play.

After our house burned down, we all had to sleep in one room. Now I saw and heard my parents at coitus almost every night. I caught the following words: "*The Schmern* (flow of saliva, perhaps also the seminal flow) feels so good." I always have a flow of saliva at coitus, as well as with any excitement, which perhaps is due to these words. I envied the mother more than the father. I wanted to be his wife. I would rather at every coitus lie on my back and play the part of the woman.

These were, alas, not the only traumata to which I was subjected! There were a great many!

My oldest brother often played with his penis, which he showed to me, saying it was a little fish (in the bath). He also performed onanism openly before me, which made a great impression upon me. Suggestions for my homosexuality were also not wanting otherwise.

A comrade of mine, who gave me a good deal of sexual enlightenment, said jokingly that my mouth when I whistled was like the anus of a monkey when it defecated (ten to eleven). Very unpleasant. So I gave up whistling.

I frequently watched my *father* at *defecation*. I was *disillusioned*. I had considered my parents, so to say, as angels.

I was very early interested in men's trousers,[5] especially in the region of the seat, whether they were nicely folded there or were dirty. My father used the expression: Their (men's) trousers draw up behind the a—— (if they are thin). He liked to speak otherwise in scatological terms, especially of defecating, and used to make merry over my grandmother's "wind."

I imagined at that time, and do still, everybody at defecation. The function is toned with pleasure for me and sometimes accompanied by erection. I smell of every one, sniff whether such and such a one has not an odor of feces. I tried very early to put my finger into the anus (seven to eight), but stopped because I considered it a great sin. With a woman I often have to think of her anus, which is repulsive to me and diminishes my potency. Nevertheless, I toy with the fantasy of performing anilingus upon women and believe that I have done this sort of thing in childhood.

Feelings of anxiety soon appeared. I made use of them—as I have said—to get into my grandmother's bed. I would call in great distress for help, if I was alone. I was afraid of being murdered. This fear remained with me until my seventeenth year.

Staying in my grandmother's bed became disgusting to me through her constant passing of flatus. My father called her a "bass viol." Strange! If she passed flatus, I reproached myself. I wanted also to blame her, but I did not dare. If now it happens to any one, I blush guiltily, which perhaps proves that flatus sexually excites me. It never happens to me any more. I have quite cured myself of it. Perhaps from fear of being laughed at. I become red when wind is mentioned. I must confess however that in early childhood it was a great pleasure to me (especially in bed) to pass flatus and smell my own ill odor. But I was reproached for it and had to give up that satisfaction.

I experienced my first injustice in the elementary school. I was very well treated, only the head master beat me because I was the son of his enemy. My father and my uncle were his mortal enemies. Once when I was being whipped I had the misfortune to pass flatus and became the sport of the class, which pained me deeply.

Now for this uncle!

My uncle Jacob, a rich merchant, wanted to adopt me when I was five years old, but I did not want to be a tradesman. To-day I regret it very much that I did not remain with him; he has a large establishment and no children. He later adopted a girl cousin of mine. I am his favorite and his pride, yet I despise him now on account of his sexual abnormalities.[6]

When I was twenty, we went out together to girls. My aunt, his wife, is an abomination to me.[7]

My sister initiated me into all sexual secrets; I was allowed to look on when visitors took her with them to the haymow for coitus. Sexual attacks on my part she indignantly resisted at that time. That would be sin. Later I became a friend of her lover, who discussed with me the nature of onanism, of semen, pregnancy, and so on.

This sister was my sexual ideal. I tried again and again to get her to have coitus, in which I was not to succeed until later. All our conversation revolved about sexual things, in which she did not mince matters. . . .

When I was eleven I was put into a religious monastery. I wept for three weeks, would not eat, appeared wholly stupid, in order to get away. Yet I was afraid of my father, who said that it was better to study than to cart manure or carry bread; I would get on very well. I was able to stay only for his sake. I gradually became overreligious through the constant drill. My especial reverence was given to the Heavenly Virgin and the sacrament of the altar. I did not study, but thought over what had happened "at home"; my sexual experiences were always coming into consciousness. I had a heavy sense of guilt and went every day to confession.

I still intended during the first two years of my stay in the institution to be a priest.

The time was a fearful one for me. One might think that I was happy to have escaped the hell at home. But one should also consider how much sexual excitement I had enjoyed there, and

how I clung to my father and sister. Now I wanted to be pure and to be delivered from all filthy thoughts.

Confession was a torture to me. I believed that my confessions were not clear; my remorse was not genuine, and I had a morbid fear of having forgotten some sin. I was always looking around as if I had lost something.[8]

There was too much goodness. Communion was partaken of every day. There were many hours of prayer and there were Masses daily in the church. We were wakened, for example, in the darkness of the night and remained in the church from five in the morning until a quarter of nine. I frequently prayed to Saint Aloisius of Gonzaga, because he had abhorred women. His chastity was commended to us in inspired words. He had an altar to himself in the church, before which I often kneeled by the hour pleading for deliverance from my sinful thoughts.

I reveled in fantasies of Christ and wanted to become a martyr. I prayed for strength for chastity and for pleasure in work.

But it was of no use. So toward the end of the first year I become melancholy; everything looked dark to me. When questioned by those over me, I said I was a great sinner. They rejoiced at my insight. I began to have headaches, which lasted until puberty. (They gave me cod-liver oil for them.) I took no pleasure in anything but music; I was always at war with my professors, who told me daily that I was frightfully lazy; I could do brilliant work, if I wanted to. Yet besides school interested me but little. I liked my music teacher, and told him everything. He constituted himself my director, instructed me in singing and violin.

I had nothing in common with my fellow pupils; I despised them. They seemed to me very stupid, because they had to study so much. I got everything I wanted at the lecture; I missed much because I did not pay attention, and in school I indulged in onanism. I was not afraid of being caught. I gradually masturbated more and more in school, and to have more time for it I would say I had a heachache. So for half a year I did nothing at school and had time for brooding and for onanism. I did have raging headaches and ran round like one possessed. My school fellows declared I was crazy. Music pleased me and I gave a great deal of time to it, which brought me again into conflict with my teachers, who said that if I did not have headache with music I could also study. I wrote ardent love letters to older students, which was strictly forbidden. (The students had to address one

another formally.) At the end of the year the sovereign archbishop commended me for my musical knowledge. I was very glad, inasmuch as all the professors together with the archbishop had considered me a fool. All I wanted was to go home and be a farmer, and to this end I staged my great comedy. I worked with my father during the vacation in his farmwork and bakery, and besides studied to make up my examinations. I came back to the institution tired to death; the examination, to my greatest astonishment, passed off very well. I allowed myself to be persuaded by my father to enter the institution again. When I saw this "prison" once more, a fearful revulsion, also fear, seized me; I thought if the hovel were set on fire, then my sufferings would be ended. I no longer dared to carry out my purpose. What should I do at school when I clung with every fiber of my being to my native place? Why should I study, when it was so delightful to be a farmer? Internally I struggled with my grandmother's wish that I should be a "spiritual lord." [9]

I was approaching my puberty. I tried to preserve my chastity, while I thought of my ideal, Mimi. I read at that time Paul Keller's *Heimat* [*Homeland*], hidden during Mass in a prayer book. I identified Lore with the sacred Mimi, who was for me absolutely the Holy Virgin. (If I see her to-day, I run from her. I will not have the ideal image of distance love destroyed.)

Yet I was to sully even this ideal. Nothing could remain pure and sacred with me. At fourteen I could no longer withstand the temptation and began excessive onanism. I would practice it without intermission until two or three in the morning, always lying on my abdomen and imitating coitus. I thought meanwhile of Mimi. There was nothing any longer hallowed for me. But that was not enough. I also masturbated during the day in the water-closet. I went to confession, it is true, and reproached myself. But these reproaches died away. I experienced great relief when the longed-for ejaculation at last set in. The great event took place in the closet, and my first semen fertilized the closet bowl. I felt myself saved and relieved. Now only one thought clouded my joy finally to be a man. The "spiritual father" had taught us that the semen came from the spinal cord and that every discharge meant a loss of life force. (Unfortunately I believed that until my twenty-first year, when I read *Onanie und Homosexualität*. I believed later that all my troubles were the result of my onanism.

After the first ejaculations the excessive onanism ceased. I

had rest for a while. The most fearful time of my life, the period of sexual abstinence and of severe conflict, was over. I had, to be sure, religious struggles, but I stated even in confession that I had been able through onanism to become free of my sexual forces.

Now followed various forms of good advice and warning. My father confessor prophesied idiocy; a colleague, with whom I was infatuated, believed that he had proved my spinal cord to have dwindled away; the physician's explanation was that I had a spurious growth of bone in the skull (degeneration).

I did not know which way to turn. I thought seriously of having myself castrated. I tried religion again. I vowed before the Most High, before the Virgin Mary, eternal chastity after each confession, and the very next day I again had to masturbate.

I struggled with thoughts of suicide. I wanted to hang myself, and looked for some one who would assist me. But I could not get up the energy for it. I saw myself hanging and my father's grief, as he solemnly promised at my dead body to be a devout Christian. I wanted at any cost to convert my father that I might save him from the pains of hell.

At last the holidays arrived. I was afraid to go home. I fled the image of my sister, for whom I bore a sinful desire, and who appeared in my onanism fantasies disguised as Mimi, as I learned later through analysis.

I fled chiefly from my father's dogs. Now comes my greatest sin. Before I took to flight—perhaps because I had been received coldly?—I twice had intercourse with one of my father's female dogs. I ejaculated into her vagina. I would really have had more satisfaction with the pigs. It did not come to this, because the pigsty lay too much exposed. I felt remorse, loathing of myself, after the act of sodomy. I had an oppressive sense of guilt. I seemed to myself to be the offscouring of humanity.

Now a phobia appeared. I had to be always looking at the slit of my trousers. I was afraid there might be some dog's hairs down there, and some one would learn to know of my evil doing. Every five minutes I had to look at the slit of the trousers. This fearful torture lasted half a year!

I believe I had the desire to impregnate the dog and beget man-dogs. The dog was shot later by my brother F., because from frequent whelping it had too large a belly. I imagined that my relations to the animal were known. Depression again on this account and a frightful sense of inferiority. I never wanted to

go back to the convent. I could no longer be a priest. I was an outcast. I decided to leave the religious school.

I have forgotten to say that I was troubled with serious difficulty in swallowing.

The first trouble in swallowing appeared in my twelfth year. I went with my mother to a specialist. He explained my suffering as a foolish notion. Then he gave me a letter to a primarius in which among other words was the remark: "Boy rich." I said to my mother that was only a joke and went home without being any better. The difficulty never left me. I can even to-day hardly eat meat; if I swallow, I bring it up. I often think I am like a ruminant. I then went on with my relations with dogs.

I later tried myself with other animals. Milking had always been toned with pleasure for me. I drank directly also from the teats, as if I were a calf.

Ever since I was small, I had looked at the buttocks of people; I thought of them defecating; I appraised my teachers by their trousers. Only with the priests one does not see the buttocks, which made me glad, for that freed me from my obsession when with them.

I fell in love with my cousin in the fourth year at the gymnasium and attacked her; but as she permitted me to have coitus, I told her it would be better and finer to remain pure. I thought that I might somehow infect her with my misused penis, or she might have puppies. I am always afraid at coitus that I will impregnate the woman; and yet at the same time this seems to me the greatest pleasure!

I always speak of impregnation at coitus.

I was in constant fear during my absence from home that my mother might die, my father would kill everybody, the house would burn, and every one be destroyed. I was pleased at the thought of being the sole possessor. Once when my mother lay at death's door, she said to my father in her fever: "If the Russians come, it would be better that you had shot your children then." He had wanted at that time to flee to America. That increased my fear; I came to abhor my father; *I wished to murder him.* Since then, I do not really know whether I ought to love him or hate him.

I had no one from this time on whom I could love! I will never forget the trip to the doctor's in the dark, stormy night. A dog went with me; it took me two hours; I cursed my sinful life and prayed God fervently for my mother's life at the cost of my sexuality.

The war had already broken out (1914). I no longer listened to my father; I wanted to be a cadet or an instructor, but my mother persuaded me to go to the institution. (Dreams: it is again the time of the war.)

I hated everything; I was reprimanded daily even by my music teacher; I defied religion, disparaged it and found it all ridiculous.

I left the church school in the second semester against the will of my father. I wanted to have nothing more to do with my own people and led a miserable life as a student beggar. I now had my freedom but paid for it with deprivation and melancholy. I was always sad. That awoke the pity of my landlady. She had me tell her my wretched story. I confessed everything to her even my zoöphiliac acts with the dogs.

She was sorry for me because of my melancholy.

She permitted me then—her husband was in the army—to come to her bed. The first impression of the coitus [10] was that of disgust. Feeling as if I were made unclean by the vaginal mucus, and sometimes by a fecal mass.

My potency was very bad, frequently ejaculation before immission; nevertheless, I attempted coitus five and six times a day, always with premature ejaculations.[11] Gradually, I went over to her fourteen-year-old daughter, who greatly attracted me; but it was more my advantage over the other students that drove me to her. Often I was with the mother before midnight and with the daughter afterwards. Then in the morning I would have the strange feeling that there was nothing in my head but dough. The woman was forty years old and an *ugly-looking woman;* I allowed myself all manner of perversities.

Her daughter once had to have an abortion, which threw me into a state of anxiety for all future time; my brother already had a child at eighteen. My father beat him black and blue and reviled him in the commonest manner. This filled me with fear.

I trembled lest my father should discover this affair. Yet I carried it beyond all bounds.

In my holidays, coitus with my father's youngest sister (a few times). Potency very poor (seventeen and a half years).

From this, great sense of guilt; I went to my landlady's daughter and told her of this and begged forgiveness for my unfaithfulness. I felt myself to be her betrothed and as if I had broken faith with her. I still had intercourse with her after the abortion.

The measure of my sins was not yet full.

I came home again and then attained my long-desired goal. I had coitus with my sister, once in normal fashion, once from behind. I do not know if I have related that I was often present when she went with fellows to the hayloft. That was very early, when she was still nothing more than a child. At that time, she repulsed my attempts, but now she yielded gladly to my wishes.

But my reaction was frightful. I wanted to wipe out the whole thing, set fire to the house, destroy myself and all the family. I was tortured with unspeakable remorse.

One thing only was possible. I would join the army and die upon the field or return purified and as a hero.

Period of Military Service

It turned out differently from what I had hoped. I masturbated more than at home. I had the greatest fear of the front and turned again penitently to religion. I resolved to lead a pure life and abhorred all women. It was not to last long. As usual, I became a backslider. Chiefly the army! I soon became familiar there with every vulgarity. The officers were no better than the men and talked only of sexual foulnesses. The common latrines were very painful to me. I had the feeling that the others were looking at me and hearing my noise. My polyuria increased (homosexual excitement!); I noticed it because I was often prevented from going out. A Ukrainian teacher wanted to induce me to homosexuality. I refused. The only thing that restrained me, however, was the thought that the others might learn of it.

I rationalized the visiting of a brothel upon hygienic grounds. I considered that coitus was as important for the health as washing. I must have had sadistic fantasies. For at ejaculation I bit my teeth together and clenched my fists. I stretched the thigh muscles as if in a convulsion. Once in coitus from behind, the sadistic fantasies broke into consciousness. I wanted to stab the prostitute with the bayonet.

I was frightened and went back to onanism.[12]

I would have had plenty of opportunities to have relations with respectable girls. I had the appearance, however, of an inexperienced and virtuous man. I did not want to seem bad. I again went excessively into onanism. I was ashamed to go walking with the girls. It would be unworthy of a man and people might think that I had relations with them.

I lay in a critical situation in the field in a shell hole. Shells

were striking to right and left of me. *Suddenly I saw my life pass before me as in a film.*

I had to go forward with my men to a trench. I knew that it would be my death. I repented of my sins and prayed the Virgin Mary to save me.

I vowed to go on a pilgrimage and promised solemnly to become a priest and sacrifice my sexuality.

I reached the trench and was severely wounded. An English shrapnel tore open my left thigh.

I went to the hospital and had to stay in bed about six months.

I refrained from every form of sexuality. Finally came leave of absence. I shuddered at the thought of study, although I ought to have studied for final examinations (examination dreams). Through my cousin I learned to know her aunt, a blooming young woman, whose husband was in the field. All my good resolutions were forgotten in one moment! I slept with her that very evening and for the first time I had regular gratification in coitus. (I still idolize her to-day!) Many times I would be afraid at night that her husband might come, and then I was not able to perform coitus. After one mad night (coitus six times!), I suffered from balanitis. The Sister at the hospital said that I had contracted syphilis through my behavior and showed me a patient with a tumor of the spinal cord. The doctor said I was a pig and would have a miserable end. Thereupon I was totally impotent, and every reference to sexuality filled me with terror of spinal-cord tumor. My self-reproaches increased when a girl wrote me that she was pregnant from me. She had an abortion performed when I did not answer her. One more ground for considering myself a miserable sinner.

I took my degree and became a regimental officer, where I was at once promoted. The impressions of the war were horrible. I witnessed bestial murders which those returning home committed in one night. (I often dream of these bestialities.) Some days later, I acquired a severe gonorrhea in a brothel. The superior officer denounced me as a filthy swine and sent me to the hospital. I suffered from inflammation of the testicles, cystitis, prostatitis. The massage of the prostate was very agreeable to me; I had a violent erection from it. Erection occured at this time with defecation.[13] Then I was prostrated for a while with dysentery. The treatment of sexual diseases was carried on in groups, so that one could everywhere look on. I heard from the officers the vilest, most vulgar things concerning the sexual life.

Then I had to go back to the field before I was cured, but my sexuality was completely gone. (The gonorrhea was not cured until a year later!)

University

Immediately after the revolution, I went to the university to study medicine. I liked to be near dead bodies, although fantasies interfered with my work.

In the second semester the professor was examining a dead woman at the hymen; she was still a virgin. Upon this I fled from all my lectures; I could no longer study. I failed in the examination in histology, notwithstanding that I was well prepared. The professor looked at me for a long time, so that all my thought was blocked, and I became red—fiery red; I was unable to utter another word. I cannot bear to have any one look into my face.[14]

I had various affairs, still, as potency was becoming progressively worse, I always refrained and contented myself with onanism.

Fantasies thereby: I pictured to myself in succession all the female persons that I knew and always from behind, as they took off their drawers. I fantasied also all sorts of actual occurrences. By day I went from café to café, read the papers, smoked, put down all sorts of idiotic things in my notebook. I have a heap of such books.[15]

In every café I would suddenly have an anxiety attack, outbreak of sweat, giddiness, so that I would have to get up and hasten away. I would wander about then the whole day between cafés and the place where I lived. I did not understand myself any more. I wanted very much to acquire a knowledge of science, but could find no peace for study. I was not able to sit still for five minutes. In studying, I had to dissect every word; I found everything ridiculously inaccurate; I always wanted to know more. And so I was embittered in my work.[16] The obsessive thinking made every sort of effort impossible. In the midst of my studying, I would think of my native place, my colleagues; my mind would turn to all sorts of unpleasant things; then sexual desires would thrust themselves upon me, especially when my landlady was moving around. The attention to the anus increased. I looked at all the people on the street upon the buttocks; I measured myself with every one of them, whether larger or smaller than I. I no longer ate; day and night were wasted. My cousin reduced me to still greater despair. He was a hypochondriac. I was conscious

of only one thing, that I was totally crazy and suicide was the only way out. I no longer talked with any one but my cousin.

I came upon the strangest idea. I thought to myself that I could commit every crime. I wanted to be rich at any price and was ready even to break open a till. I wanted to poison Paris through the water supply. I expected a telegram from home with the most terrible news. Everybody burned up, murdered, drowned in a flood.

Each day I thought of suicide, but had not the courage for it.

I had a mania for buying and selling books; I merely looked through them in the café. I came in this way upon Dr. Stekel's books, which I read through, first out of curiosity; then for the first time I saw how deeply I had fallen into madness. I was at the beginning of paranoia. I attempted to analyze myself; I no longer had the mental force; I was tired to death the whole day and lay down at every opportunity, a weakness that still remains. I began to concentrate my sexual desires upon the ugly landlady. I pictured to myself coitus with her poodle. The time passed with startling rapidity; I was constantly in sore need of money, for I bought books without reason, and the rest I gave away or lent.

I had an affair at that time with a peasant girl, Gisela. The potency was very bad; I was quickly excited, but the fire burned out just as rapidly. She became pregnant—but had an abortion in Vienna. This was the end of the affair.

I entered into various other relationships and was always *jealous*.

Little by little I realized that I was ridiculed everywhere, was trifled with.

I took note of my infantile behavior, my want of energy. This playing with my studies was dangerous, for time was passing.

I began to have pains in the sacral region. My nervousness increased steadily; I started trembling; I no longer trusted myself to go to the university and was ashamed of my poor examinations (unmotivated!).

When I went with any one, I listened with half an ear; answered yes or no, let him do the talking, and often did not know what he had said, if he spoke by the hour.

Many times it would flash through my head: You have neither made the pilgrimage nor have you become a priest. I was abstinent perhaps four months in the hospital; I did not keep it up longer. With onanism I imagined intercourse with my former landlady and her daughter (mother and sister imago).

I came back to the landlady. But everything was repulsive to me, and I left the house.

I considered how I could release myself from my vows. I spoke with a priest. They could not be annulled. I took refuge in my father's atheism.

I slept until ten in the morning; I became more and more depressed. I read Weininger; this brought me still more out of my course. I grew afraid of people.

I seemed to myself to be quite small, and therefore I had for some time had the habit of looking around at every one to see if that one was much larger than I. I had no appetite, drank a great deal of black coffee, and smoked excessively. My thoughts gradually became more confused; I stumbled over every other word; I was no longer able to write.

My cousin Franz, himself a melancholic, took me with him on lonely walks, where we usually said nothing or spoke only of things at home.

Nothing interested me any more as time went on. My fantasy was exceedingly active. Sexually I contented myself with onanism, with which I indulged in flagrantly perverse ideas—although I was in favor with two rich, pretty girls and no difficulties stood in my way.

The fantasies with onanism: the woman lifts her foot away up high (stories by my brother Max) or I perform coitus from behind; marked change of persons in the fantasies with onanism! Chiefly older women, once even my *mother*. Every one who has pleased me comes into my thoughts or I carry out cunni- or anilingus. Or I have coitus and suck milk from the breasts. The favorite fantasy is that the woman is most flattering and caressing. Or that two men are having coitus with one woman. Seven books came into my hands at this time, which contained all the perversities—in the form of novels. Through them I became "polymorphous perverse."

My condition became worse from day to day. The attacks of dizziness in the room were continually more severe; I did not trust myself upon the street. I felt myself pursued, mocked, ridiculed; the people made remarks about me. I referred everything to myself. I ran back into my room and there it was worse still. I was driven forth again, preferably into solitude, into dark streets. I was incapable of grasping a rational idea. I felt as if madness were stretching its claws out after me.

In this distress, I wrote to Dr. Stekel, who referred me to a

physician whom he knew. The latter advised me to give up the study of medicine and become a merchant. I realized the folly of this advice and felt worse off than before. What should I do? Commit suicide? I was too much of a coward. My love of life was too strong.

I hastily resolved one day that I would go to Dr. Stekel. He was very busy, and I had made no appointment. But he handed me over to a skillful pupil, Dr. Dishoeck, who analyzed me for two months. The diagnosis was uncertain. But my clinical history slowly unfolded itself, and the fearful knowledge of my inner nature opened itself to my view. I became aware of my homosexual component, further of my incest fantasies, which related to my mother. The pig was a mother imago and the loathing which I had of it was the burning desire to possess her. What happened with the sister, should have taken place also with the mother! Moreover, I hated my brother-in-law, had fantasies of killing them all and living alone with the sister, also of killing the mother and taking the mother's place with the father. There was a frightful chaos of criminal ideas raging in my brain. At last necrophiliac tendencies came to light.

The flight reflex was present during the whole time. I wanted to be well, but at the same time feared the revelations of analysis. An incident came to my aid. I had notice to quit my dwelling place. I considered myself greatly improved, and left Vienna with the hope of being able to resume my studies. Dr. Stekel had advised marriage or abstinence and warned me against any fresh conflict. Had I only followed his counsel!

I intended to study diligently, soon to become a doctor, to be a better man, and to cure by analysis those who were as unfortunate as I had been. I wanted to become a medical priest.

But I quickly discovered that I had left too soon. I was no doubt saved from total dementia, but a great nervousness continued. The things revealed by analysis were still floating upon the surface and hindered my thought processes. Compulsive thinking was still present.

I was infected again at this time. I had gonorrhea. This was disagreeable. When the gonorrhea was cured, I became very much depressed, for I knew that I could do nothing with my penis.

An affair with the sister of my brother-in-law became more intimate and regular. I allowed myself to be partly supported by her. *But she is very unattractive, exceptionally so,* stupid and hysterical.

I know that the relationship means to me one with the brother-in-law himself, who is a good-looking fellow. Nevertheless, I had coitus with her, also had her come to me at M. I either performed coitus with her from behind or cunnilingus, sucked at her breasts. I loathed her. I have given her hopes of marriage, but have said nothing of my situation. I will frighten her away from me by telling her that I have been unfaithful, have been seriously infected in Vienna. This will give occasion to break with her.

But soon I come into fresh conflict. I am too weak! I shall always suffer relapse.

I came to a landlady, whose daughter I admired. The family relationships were like those in my own home. That increased my inner exasperation. I was sorry for the woman; I turned my sympathy and interest toward her. She was fifty-five years old and had two pretty daughters.

We found each other; I had coitus with her, disgust, feeble potency; realization that this is totally absurd.

At first I was ashamed to return to Dr. Stekel; my pride was on the defense against it.

But I did not know what to do, where I should begin. The obsessive thinking did not cease. I thought it might be better if I became generally homosexual. Yet this thought made me ill and giddy. I came gradually to the opinion that there was no deliverance for me; suicidal ideas came strongly to the front. I said to myself, if the analysis does not succeed, then I shall be compelled to take my life.

The very presence of this old woman brought me to a state of excitement.

Intellect is always in opposition to feeling. I would say to myself: My mother is fixed upon her sisters, she has become neuropathic, is not especially concerned about me.

My father lives in the past; he has no relation to us children, at the most merely that of aversion.

The relationship between the parents has grown worse. Now they sleep apart.

My brothers and sisters do not think of me; that is their right; each one should look out for himself. So there I am isolated, and yet I am always thinking of home. This is what is so terrible.

The time passes; I am growing old and I remain the same parapathic who is forever in doubt and despair, always worried and miserable, always wretched.

I dream, however, of great energy and should like to apply my

power to some great thing. I dream of a beautiful, rich, *frivolous* girl.

But I have no will, at least only a divided will.

Since the analysis I see my faults and my situation more clearly as they are; I know that I stand before the turning point of my life, but it does not touch my emotions; it leaves me cold; it does not rouse me.

There was a time when I should have looked upon it as the highest triumph to lie upon a bier as a suicide, mourned by my relatives, gazed at by people generally.

Now I should like to know nothing more of the past, to be able without difficulty to forsake my family and acquaintances, become a doctor, be able to work, win a beloved being, and go away where no one knows me and where I could begin a new life. My whole desire is toward love and the satisfaction of love; the unfulfilled longing drives me to despair.

And besides I am always creating new conflicts for myself. The last affair with the landlady was particularly ill-fated. I had already gained knowledge through analysis. I saw that the woman was a mother imago (grandmother also); her daughters were my sisters; the drunkard stood for my father. Everything as at home. Fleeing from her home helped only a short time. I can study. But with what trouble. And best in the café (parapathic compromise, according to Dr. Stekel). But my anal sexuality grows stronger. An Englishman and a Hollander propose homosexual relations. I refuse. The difficulties in swallowing increase. I cannot eat. Studying is now impossible. Being looked at in the lecture room is painful to me. I can go to no more classes.

In my despair I go to the old-school psychiatrist, Professor N. He forbids smoking, prescribes first weak iron and arsenic water and bromide. Good for the cat! I write to Dr. Stekel. Resolved, if he refuses treatment, I will at once commit suicide. I will force them to give me a fresh analysis. He agrees. But not until after his holidays. I cannot stand it at home during the holidays; go for some days to relatives and friends. Now I delay my departure from one day to another. Finally I go to Vienna and at the end of November begin analysis with Mr. Silberer under Dr. Stekel's direction.

My Second Analysis

At the beginning I assume a hostile, negative attitude. I identify Silberer with Professor N. Little by little I gain confi-

dence. First new revelations concerning zoöphilia. I should like to be a woman with an animal vagina. The sticking of a sow stands for the killing of the mother. With Stekel's help we uncover the inner religiousness. I read Paul Keller's *Heimat* and find the dream of youth. Identification of the teacher with my father. After fourteen days of analysis, I could slap the women in the face. Sadistic attitude toward women. The first cunnilingus with the neighbor's Mizzi was a determinant of my sexual life. Then ten days pass in which we merely assemble material. Resistances. Silberer suddenly leaves the conducting of the analysis to me. Displacement of the compulsive thoughts upon the analysis; temporary thoughts of suicide; distrust; the analysis is blocked; attempt with associations. Dreams of necrophilia; mass murder scenes; which cannot be interpreted. Discussion of the transference phenomenon; I disparage his wife. Discussion of the castration complex. Silberer's suicide. Fearful impression from this suicide. I feel guilty, because I spoke slightingly of his wife. I come finally to Dr. Stekel.

Symptoms which still remained: polyuria; fear of dead bodies; incendiary ideas (smoking); compulsive thinking while studying at home; fear of being looked at by others; difficulty in swallowing; hostile attitude toward woman; *pain in the loins and neck.* If I am talking with a person, I have to think of his anus (which is the most distressing symptom). I cannot study at home. Loss of appetite; cannot sit close to a person. Hatred toward my family; irritability.

The patient sends me some material supplementary to this report:

I am tremendously drawn toward home; it is easy to understand that *transferred to others* the fantasies are not readily carried on; the cultural religious barrier is thrust forward since, I trained myself from the eleventh to the sixteenth year for a priest. If I could live out my life as a sadist, I would be healthier. When I entered the institute, an inversion of the sadism took place, to which earlier I had been able to give expression, and this inversion made a melancholic of me; up to the end of the first year at the gymnasium I was a complete melancholic. I came home totally changed.

Something from the school of sadists: In my fourteenth year (puberty) I began all at once to look under all beds, chairs,

benches, divans—compulsively (Did I seek the mother there, who was anyway in the room; identification with the father?).

The sticking of the pig: My father himself butchered all the animals; in killing the pigs, the hog first received a blow with a mattock upon the forehead, so that its bones cracked; at the moment it would flash into my head, suppose that my father should hit my mother instead of the pig! (anxiety). My mother stood near to catch the blood.

Hair annoys me at coitus; all hair, that of the head, at the vagina, and so on.

Dream: I see a corpse lying naked upon the floor; a small figure (my mother is very small), sex not recognizable, without hair, as one sees bodies in anatomy. I pass my hand through the ear into the brain.

Some sadistic actions: I would tear the nursing bottle from the babies' mouths, put it back again in the mouth, until I had them crying, then I would run away.

Once I struck a boy on the head with a fireman's helmet.

I wanted my sister to let me have coitus when we were playing in the hayloft, but she would not; I struck her upon her leg and her buttocks; such great satisfaction that my lips were foaming.

Formerly at coitus I would press my partner very strongly upon her abdomen, of which every one of them complained. I could have choked her. I would hold my hands free during coitus; I would not embrace her (I was always afraid in embracing). I would usually clench my fists. I noticed about a year ago that at coitus I imitate everything which my father did, the same words, the same actions, and so on; my parents' coitus always occurs to me when I am performing the act. I could see and hear my parents every night. I tickle my partner; but the tickling, I know, is very distressing.

Personal behavior: Before the analysis, blushing, stammering; I could no longer think what I was going to say; therefore complete withdrawal from public life.

If I speak to a man, I fix my eyes upon him, repeat quickly to myself this which has to be said: First, I will bite off his nose, then knock in his teeth, then give him a thrust upon the breast; I think of his penis, then of his anus—when I have gone through this in my mind, I utter a little sigh and can say anything.

Not long ago a colleague told me that I always twitch my eyelid when I meet him. That is, I strike down every one (in my mind) before I speak with him. Perhaps this "striking of the

lid" is a physical sign of that. I have accustomed myself to carry out in thought consciously everything that I cannot repress; if I did not first strike him down, I should have to stutter in talking with him.

Mental expression of the sadism with a woman: Since analysis I can bear to be in the presence of a woman; to be sure, after coitus I have to hasten away. If one is with his girl, one tells her stories, livens her up, and the like; I torment her with questions, keep questioning her, have nothing to tell her. Childhood: My father's intercourse with my mother was confined to addressing her in an irritating way, ridicule, humiliation. If she spoke an affectionate word to him, he answered her with some filthy vulgarity. He inspired in us children a fearful hatred and disgust toward her.

In my sixteenth year: Relation with a forty-year-old woman. I had her undress (entirely naked), bid her assume perverse positions, had coitus, until I noticed that she was at the point of being satisfied, then I ridiculed her and let her go with her desire unfulfilled. She was my experimental rabbit; if I had thought of something that was really odious, I would have compelled her to do it.

Satan, Savior, Man's Golgotha

I and my brothers and sisters have called, and still call, the marriage of our parents an eternal warfare. It is remarkable, when I dream of things at home, I dream of them as war; I set up machine guns against my native place; the cavalry are there; there is fire; there are dead bodies; shrieking.

My mother frightened us with actual war. She would say, "If you are not good, the war will come" (if all mothers had done that, there would have been no war!). Unfortunately, it really came.

Before I came to the front, horrible fear. Then going forward about eleven o'clock at night—I thought very much of home, especially of Father; all at once shells and firing of machine guns on all sides. I throw myself into a shell hole; there something wonderful happens, my whole life is unrolled as in a film; religious feelings appear: complete disappearance of the hysterical conflict, sense of spiritual well-being (realization of the fear, repression of the conflict).

Then forward into a doline (it was on the Karst); in the doline a frightful cry of the wounded; in the midst a crowded trench;

in a cavern where the wounded are lying, a fire, and ammunition explodes; everybody runs; dead men and beasts; odor of decaying bodies.—Now something else worth noting. I am sitting at the border of the doline; shells are striking about me; I am very calm; I see and hear everything—without pity, as one looks at a cinema film (absorption of sadism). I was so present in spirit that even to-day I know every word, every scream of the wounded; I could describe every detail (one forgets only unpleasant things, therefore this looking on was pleasant to me). I gazed upon the scene like a Satan. After some time, I advance, where they are looking for me; I should have gone forward more quickly, since I was commander of the column.

In the trench, I climb around upon dead bodies; it is full of such. The smell of the corrupting flesh is not disagreeable to me (necrophilia—of this later); issue commands; while every one loses their heads, I am as quiet and collected as I have never been before and as I never am now. Although I have only just arrived, I go with the men to the most advanced point; an Italian, whom I see with the searchlight, points his machine gun toward my head; I look at him a little longer. I mention this to an infantryman and tell him to turn his glass here and there; early the next day, he lies dead in the trench shot in the head.

It is remarkable that I cannot remember what I did until morning, although otherwise I recall every minute detail of the war. I slept off my sadistic intoxication, for this reason evidently no remembrance of the night.

Transferences: (Whom I love, I torture.)

I am sitting with two very good friends in the coffehouse. I can think of nothing to relate. I look at one of them; the sight of a human body rouses me, annoys me (making of fantasies conscious since the analysis—earlier blushing, obsessive substitute actions, breaking matches to pieces, overturning of water glasses, dropping spoons, looking at the clock, fussing with my body, hunting around); I see the nose of the person opposite me, bite it off, tear off his ears; while I sit at table, I am gnashing my teeth (better if no one sits near me; usually I sit at a table alone). I cannot follow the conversation (keep the time free for the transference). Often I manage—how it happens I do not know—to squeeze my brain together, so that a pressure of the head results; a state of absence of thought; to divert attention I stare at the newspaper. I take the papers from the guests (read them all through), in which I disturb them in their devotion to the coffee-

house—I look at the clock—a reason occurs to me for leaving—great anxiety (before analysis, dizziness and sweating, desire to fling myself upon the people); displacement of the anxiety upon the head waiter because he takes so long to bring the bill; each time I become annoyed at this, give him a large tip, afterward am angry with myself for having given him so much ("The proprietor should pay him."). Go out hastily; I am irritated that the people stare after me; slam the door angrily behind me. I feel as if I had forgotten something on the table. I stare at the people on the street in order to annoy them. I twist about so that the people cannot avoid me; I "manage" the people.

Misery and self-torture follow each other continually, so that obsessive thinking, obsessive action, take possession of me until sleep releases me from consciousness.

Before I fall asleep comes the real fantasy (hypnagogic) which is not to be driven away: I see my father at home reviling my mother; I see my mother crying; I could picture to myself nothing more exasperating than this weeping of my mother. I have not been home for six months and I will not go home any more. (My mother's crying rouses me sadistically; I could strike any one who is weeping. Some weeks ago a girl with whom I had "broken" for no reason whatsoever [I like to do that] fell upon my neck, wept, and begged me to go with her again. This caused an erection!!) Before I go to sleep I still live over the entire "whirl" at home; since I know that of necessity it will not go on without this, I accelerate it consciously while I imagine it ceremoniously. This does not give me any great distress; I fall asleep more quickly. I spring up once more; I have forgotten to look under the bed. This, too, I do twice as a ceremony; I have accustomed myself to the compulsion; without performing this action I could not go to sleep for two or three hours. (I have tried to do differently; one time I did not fall asleep until four o'clock; then there was a desire for masturbation.) See sadistic school (father seeks mother under the bed). Does the ceremony relate itself to that? Then look twice to see if the door is locked, and twice ceremoniously go to urinate; then I can go to sleep quickly.

Masochism: I can study under serious difficulty, if I have little time or ten hours one after the other; I am disturbed by a hundred trivial occurrences; I smoke, run like one possessed hither and thither, declaim my lines, write everything down, listen whether any one is bothering me, get a pile of books together, scatter everything about (naturally, things become complicated this

way). I see the amount to be learned; that oppresses me; I think what might you be (doctor, respected, rich, with a beautiful wife); what am I, a scribbler, a Jack of all trades (teacher of gymnastics, apothecary, music instructor), have to run about from seven in the morning to seven at night, tire myself out, have to hear what every fool has to say to me, if he is merely a registered fellow member; then I must steal the hours of study from sleep; I have not even a Sunday free to myself.

One would not be so ready to admit that this is masochism, but I have observed my father for years; either he is tormenting some one or he is being harassed by torturing ideas, always discontented, working fourteen hours, although it is not necessary.

I have become like that. I have sought such a position for myself—alas, I have submitted to the compulsion, the inner sado-masochistic impulse.

I might have a glorious, happy life—the inner drive to self-torture and self-debasement has led me to the place where I now belong.

It will be six years this July that I have been at the university in vain. My interest in psychiatry has to all appearances been so pathologically strong from the very first that one might think it was only for the sake of psychiatry that I went to college. Now all at once I have a great longing to see my father, to have him here alone; to make peace with him. There is a great reason for this: my mother was nervously diseased for SIX YEARS and during this time she was pregnant with me. Who is to blame? Naturally, my father! I now adhere to the gospel of your teaching and think: Six years revenge; six years have I taken upon myself my mother's sufferings; my father has been hit hard; formerly my father paid no physician for her, now he has to spend a great deal for me. I promise myself much in the interest of the cure from this visit! If only I do not mention anything of my illness, make him no reproaches! Unfortunately, the impulses speak differently from the intellect. If only then there will be an end!"

I close here the patient's remarks, who has sketched for us a fearful picture of conditions in the country. Could one condemn him for his evil deeds if one considers his frightful childhood impressions? How must the terrible scenes have worked upon a childish mind!

Let us try to bring some order into the clinical picture.

The internal discord of this individual is the result of four different plans of life, which at the same time express different tendencies.

1. I will be a physician. I will fulfill my father's desire, who wants to have an educated son.[17] I will marry a rich farmer's daughter and be splendidly provided for. I will have a good married life and bring up my children as respectable people. Besides, I will be liberal-minded and benevolent.

2. I will become a priest and follow my grandmother's imperative. I will atone for all my sins through a virtuous life. I will convert my father to Christianity. I will be absolutely ascetic.

3. I will become a farmer and live with my sister. I shall inherit my father's farm after I have removed all rivals from the world.

4. I will become a merchant.

These various goals must lead to an inner dissatisfaction with every calling. If he resolved upon medicine, he thought of work in the country. If he was in the country, he reproached himself for neglecting his studies. Meanwhile, the ascetic tendencies were in conflict with his overstrong sexuality.

His life, however, was determined through the frightful experiences at home, especially through the strife between his father and mother.

We get from these notes a clear picture of his childhood. We look with horror upon the dreadful scenes. What a wealth of traumata! The drunken father who seeks the mother; coitus as violence; accusing the mother of unfaithfulness; the mother's wish to be a dog, so that she will be better treated—these are terribly harmful events which have destroyed the patient's equilibrium.

Think of the solemn promises of abstinence twice made, which we must assume as the most important cause of his relative impotence. His inner religiousness appeared in the analysis with Silberer. I had the opportunity of seeing the patient each week and going over the dream material. I could determine more and more surely the strong inner religious complex, while the patient was playing the part of atheist. The "Christ parapathy" appeared more clearly week by week.

A sadism, partly concealed, partly revealed, showed itself as the basis of the parapathy and as a counterpoise to his religiousness. I learned from one dream that he wanted to set the farmhouse on fire in order to survive alone with the sister and inherit the farm. (The father had once rebuilt the house destroyed by fire.) The house was indeed well insured and he would have received the money. The deed could only be done so secretly that the incendiary would remain undiscovered. Ideas of poisoning and evident plans for murder came to light. Truly this man carried a hell within him.

The wish to become a farmer revealed itself as the most urgent. His love for farming has not been destroyed through education. On the contrary. He worked as a farmer in his vacations and felt best while doing so, relatively speaking, while study was to him a source of irritation and reproach.

I will produce from the rich material a number of admissions, which will make the psychogenesis of this severe parapathy still clearer to us.

Let us consider first his relation to his parents.

He is in love with his father and homosexually disposed toward him. Naturally—this attitude is a bipolar one: love and hate. He is small; the father is a giant, Herculean in build. We understand his compulsive idea that people ridicule and despise him because of his small size. He manifests the hatred of the small toward the large. He admires the energy and spirit of his father. In his presence he is afraid. He cannot look him in the eyes, but yet he feels himself happier when with him. The strong masculine exhalation of the father, the odor of his defecations, are pleasant to him. The father smokes his pipe in the toilet. He likes to go out after him and delight himself in the mixed odor of tobacco and stool. He reveres his father's phallus. A phallus seems to him wonderfully beautiful, while the sight of the female genitals, for example, during instruction in gynecology, is repulsive to him. The male genital excites him and awakens the association of fellatio (flow of saliva!). As reaction, the fear comes that he might forget himself and seize his father or other men by the trousers, take their genital in his mouth and suck it. He finds resemblances to his father everywhere and forms for himself in every place a doubled father imago. An object of hate and one of love. The hair is the thing that displeases him most on the

female genital, while the hairless genital of a girl excites in him no disgust. (An important root lies in his zoöphilia. The genital of the cow, horse, and pig is not covered with hair.) He thinks he has not seen his mother's genital.

The hair reminds him of his father's hairy genital. A beautiful curly head of hair is imposing to him and awakens his envy.

He reports by letter after the analysis in regard to his attitude toward his father:

"From childhood on I have thought what I should do to my father for the excesses described in 'the sadistic school.' But my position in this matter has always been that of pleasure without blame; for example: How could I better torment him than to imform him that I was parapathically ill and could not study? In my fourteenth year I intended to hang myself 'so that he could see what he had done.' Thus in the many years I continued to form new plans, until all at once a hideous thing rose in my consciousness; namely—I may tell this to you—the following fantasy: my father bound to a bench, *I vivisect him,* and as I do it speak before him those words with which he reproached my mother (see sadistic school).

"Absurd, gruesome as it is, this fantasy at one time occupied me very much, although it is entirely out of the question that anything like that could happen. But a person could be mentally killed through worry! I add to this what occurs to me:

"Dream before the analysis: A man lies on the floor; the musculi interossei and the nerves are laid bare; the man is trembling all over; I hear him scream (awaken—perspiration—great anxiety—palpitation of the heart).

"At the dissecting table before the analysis—I was afraid; it seemed to me for a moment, as I looked into the face of the dead person, that the mouth opened to bite. (Dead persons in the Anatomy all show their teeth.)

"Toward my mother: knees shaking when I am alone with her; I do not look at her, only hear her, while I look away from her. I always felt when near her as if I must fall upon her.

"Toward women: A lovely woman is sexually worthless to me. An ill-favored woman suits me better in every way; also as to sadism: I am going, for instance, with a plump girl through the city; the people look at her because of her fat figure, and she notices that she is being laughed at; I take pleasure in this.

"Whenever I am studying (and the longer I study the worse it becomes) an indescribable fear overtakes me (before the end);

it is as if I had still to discharge some difficult task in the future; with gloomy apprehension, which I myself create and increase, I arise early. The great inhibition against going to the doctor, getting ready, still exists and the cold chills are always running down my back—if I think of promotion day. Why can I not state things accurately? I mean that this would be the time of my struggle with my father, the moment of decision, as the two whom I have named made theirs, the one straightway to be a doctor, the other, an engineer.

"I do not know what I shall do to set aside this too great inhibition; I should not like, as believers do, to put off the conflict to the Judgment Day. Finally, without a doctorate my life would have no longer any meaning, because the doctorate is the symbolic ending of my present attitude toward my father and the declaration of my independence is also inherent in it. That I am now outwardly independent has, it is true, exerted an influence upon me which I did not expect and has done much to repress my parapathy and has lifted me a long way, but the life conflict is not yet ended thereby. An enormous desire for inner experience seizes me and my abhorrence of my instincts becomes even greater.

"Now, one might say, I am away from my father, I could be free from the conflict. But it is a disastrous fact that the layers of the psychic life piled upon one another condition transferences, if the impulse has not been set free from the original person. I take precisely the same attitude toward my superiors here as toward my father; naturally, I hide this outwardly through overdetermined friendliness.

"I have come to the opinion that the sadistic impulses toward the patients and dead bodies in the hospitals merely undergo displacement from the professor (as father imago) to the patients, for it is only by overcoming the greatest reluctance that I can bring myself to go to the professor; and I have through this (this fear) lost two semesters, because I could not prevail upon myself to go to the professor and ask him for his signature at the beginning. This matter has an inner moral burden of this sort, that my father always said to me as his last word when I left home: 'Only follow your professors and instructors, and you will not go wrong!' I fear that my life will be wasted, if I do not discover how to conquer this.

"Instead of toward the doctor, I am always twisting my thoughts backward.

"Masochism: At the time of the inversion in the institute

(eleventh to sixteenth year) I made self-accusations, purposely wrote rather bad exercises at school; it pleased me to be submissive until this so fixed itself in my subconsciousness that I made myself ridiculous in everything I did. I would have obeyed to excess this impulse to make myself ludicrous had not the war come. And many fantasies are concerned with what it would be like if now I should sink to the position of a mere helper; the fantasy is even accompanied with sensual delight. This is perhaps one of the most dangerous phases of the parapathy, originating from the tendency to be a laborer for my father, which to my greatest astonishment you charged me with to my face before I knew it clearly myself. So these two poles exist in me: farm laborer and doctor of medicine! I am torn this way and that between the two poles. I set two other poles over against each other:

"1. Sadism, the highest point: the fantasy of vivisection of my father.

"2. Extreme limit of masochism: I see myself laid out upon my bier, after having committed suicide. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, come to mourn; now the events of the sadistic school are unrolled as a reproach that 'he' is to blame. Then I can weep for myself, and when this feeling is over I am angry at myself that I fantasy such idiotic things and that I can so torture myself!

"At the sadistic school: I am really very quarrelsome, yet I discharge that in fantasy either before or afterward—if I meet the others. Actually, I very seldom quarrel with any one, but always submit to others' desires. In this way my power for work is forever being abused from all sides; and if it goes on like this, I will soon have fourteen hours of work.

"I see many children here in this retreat in whom the same evil is growing; how much good I might do with a word or two, if I were not so blind myself!

"We shall soon have another war, my dear Doctor; without pacifying of the spirit, there is no peace, whether one carries on war in the family or politically in public life; or if it is class struggle, blood flows everywhere; the blood in the veins will perish. You will understand that I long for inner peace; for the time being I can do little toward it except to work so hard that no time will remain for dreaming, but that is only a thin whitewash, and a life spent like that would be unbearable; without happiness and true love, one cannot live, certainly not I, because, even though only for a brief period, I have already tasted these."

He has also the same bipolar attitude toward his mother. His gerontophilia goes back to fixation upon his mother and grandmother, while his evident pedophilia may be traced to his sister fixation.

The fact of coitus with the sister makes proof of this fixation superfluous. What the patient did not know was that he had never given up the sister and was spinning fantasies of killing the brother-in-law in order once more to win the sister and live with her. His fear of impregnating a woman had its origin in the fear of making his sister with child. This dread was very strong at the time of their intercourse. He was occupied also with ideas that the animals might have been fertilized and would bear monsters which would have his features. Any woman impregnated by him might also bear such a creature, for he, through intercourse with beasts, has himself become a beast and he identifies himself with a swine. The mother is also identified with an animal. The father appears in dreams as a bull or buffalo.

The zoöphilia did not come plainly to view in the first analysis with Dr. Dishoeck. The patient broke off the analysis because he was ashamed to admit the extent of his zoöphilia.

The zoöphilia belongs with his yearning for country life and signifies a return to nature. His anal sexuality, of which we will speak later, is connected in part with the zoöphilia.

As a contrast to the *female animal* stands the *ideal figure of the woman.* He had great reverence for Mary; the worship of the Madonna was something sacred to him; he attended with reverence and fervor all the services in honor of the Virgin. He had no disgust before the vagina of the untouched woman. She is the pure unspotted virgin. His mother was to him a whore, because he had often heard this expression from his father. The ideal woman has a narrow vagina. He falls in love with such women without wanting to possess them (a proof, his love for Mimi).

He would never do violence to such women, while formerly he reveled in fantasies of ravishment. In his fantasy he was then large and strong like his father, and no woman could defend herself against him. Now he always plays the passive rôle. He is overpowered (pleasure without guilt!). The inner

resistance against the active rôle (vows!) is so strong that he experiences pain at ejaculation. Nevertheless, at times the activity breaks through into his fantasies. He would like to tyrannize over every woman, dishonor her, and make her ridiculous. He wants to be of enormous potency in order to impress her, and yet to remain ascetic in order to show the "hussies" that he can get along without them. He would like to treat women contemptuously, torture them, murder them, choke them, tear them to pieces. Then the contrast! While he considers it debasement to be intimate with a woman, he will be admired by the women. He feels himself despised by them because of his small size and ugliness (which latter by no means exists). He could throttle thousands one after the other. *He would stage a Bartholomew's night for all women.* Zoöphilia shall prove to him that women are unnecessary. At coitus he has the fantasy of crushing the woman to death. He pictures to himself that he marries and that his wife perishes in a railway wreck, so that he is free again and has her money.

There are ideas also of butchering women like pigs. Coitus is accompanied with feelings of anxiety, because he is aware of the impulse to take the woman by the throat.

He has therefore always the feeling of a criminal. He looks around shyly upon the street, prefers to go through the quiet narrow streets, and trembles before every watchman. Naturally everything forbidden attracts him, hence also adultery. He wants to overpower married women either through brute force or by making them defenseless through the fascination of his appearance and speech. He is a narcissist and vacillates between feelings of inferiority and delusions of greatness. In his fantasies he puts himself also in the place of the woman. In onanism he paints to himself the feelings which the ravished woman must have. In fantasies of strangling he experiences at the same time sadistic and masochistic feelings.

Those movements interest him at coitus which resemble the convulsive twitchings of death. In contrast to his fantasies of violence is the fact that his potency disappears if the woman moves. She must remain completely still, grow pale, and resemble a corpse.

Thus we come to his necrophiliac fantasies, which are built

up into a complete system. The motionless woman represents a dead body or an animal. The female animal remains totally quiet at coitus. The ill-favored woman, who exerts such attractive power upon him, stands also for a combination of corpse and animal. Dead bodies are repulsive.

Zoöphilia and necrophilia he considers the most hideous of his sins. He is afraid that his father and brothers knew of them. Were this the case, he would have to destroy them in order to put those who shared this knowledge out of the world.

His zoöphiliac masturbatory fantasies are interesting:

I come into a room with a dog, where my sister is. I tear all her clothes from her body. Then she has to lay herself over the edge of the bed; first the dog performs anilingus upon her, while I beat her. Then it has coitus with her. I meanwhile shriek at her obscene, coarse sexual words. Or I have coitus with her by anus; I lie on my back; the dog is having coitus with her above by vagina. After this she must take my penis into her mouth and drink my semen and urine. During this I sit on a seat.

The cloaca of lower animals interests him very much. He is enthusiastic over a connection between the anus and vagina. I bring here two dreams as confirmation:

Z. F. and a Galician Jewess are playing with me and a gentleman (whom I do not see). We slowly undress them. I take Z. F. upon my lap and let her slide over my entire body. I look at her vagina, which represents a combination of anus and vagina. She smells like the odor from the bed of an old woman or the odor of vagina and feces together. I am then in the open country. A fox catches through a mouse hole an animal which spurts into the air. The two varieties of womankind are represented by Z. F. and the Galician Jewess. Z. F. is a virgin. He undresses her. He sullies her—she is the symbol of the Holy Virgin, whom he has defiled. It would be no sin to stain a Galician Jewess. But in the dream he leaves her untouched. The cloaca fantasy comes plainly to view. It has its origin in the fantasy of the mother's body. He is the fox that catches the father's penis in the mouse hole (vagina) at the moment when it discharges the semen.

Fantasies of the mother's body appear also in other dreams; likewise the castration complex, which reveals itself sometimes in active, sometimes in passive, form.

The sacred and the vulgar always appear condensed to a single

symbol. Woman is to him at the same time the saint and the prostitute. The degradation of woman comes clearly to light in the next dream:

A strong pressure of the bladder wakes me.

I have dreamed: Marie has dislocated her collar bone (her father present). Marie hangs her hair down upon her buttocks. I am surprised that she has so much hair. She sits upon a bench with her back turned toward me; I admire her broad back, the loins, and the large buttocks. Then she is examined. She has a large vagina like a cow. The hymen is already broken; she is near delivery. I say to her: "How much you look like my sister, only you are fatter and larger." Then I am on a load of grain. A thick stamper has been set up there, on which my brother H. has written all sorts of obscene words.

Then comes my sister Marie and eats soup. I say: "Marie has more beautiful teeth." A little dog runs round, which belongs to Marie. I think: This has not grown any more; it has been getting something to drink. Our dog has become larger.

Marie stands here in a double sense—for the sister Marie and the Virgin Mary. His great sin was that his Satanic tendencies so manifested themselves that he regarded divine beings as persons with human functions. The desecration of his mother leads to desecration of the Divine Mother. Nothing was sacred to him any more. The identification of the mother and the cow is very plain. Marie is here deflowered. His brother stands for his Satanic, blasphemous tendencies. The little dog is he. He is resentful toward his father because he was a drinker and had syphilis. For that reason he is degenerated and has a small penis, while the father is a giant and has a large phallus. He is like the small dog, fixed upon the sister.

His erotic interest for the hinder parts appears in many other dreams. He looks at every one in the direction of the buttocks. Trousers and anus are his most important erogenous zones.

Consider the following dreams:

I am in N. and I am writing down what the people owe for bread. I am happy that I have finished my studies. A little girl is there with large buttocks; I believe it is my sister Marie. But I know that I cannot reckon up the sum, because I have not my father's books with me. I go out; *feces* are lying on the ground, quite yellow and smelling pleasantly. Before the A—— house; I am annoyed at the poor management and think that the holes (in the street) could be stopped with feces, the ground evened,

ditches be made, and water be drained off. The reckoning up seems to me like a final examination.

We see he is busy again as a farmer and in his father's bakery. The dream is dictated by his conscience. He cannot reckon up his sins, they are so numerous. And every hole he will fill up with fresh filth. Instead of growing better, he becomes more vile. The anus and feces mean for him Satan and evil. He will pass very badly his final examination on the Judgment Day. . . .

Feces and urine are to him the most important materials. He clings to anal and urinary sexuality. We know indeed that he was a bad enuretic. Now he arranges his polyuria through drinking of water and other means.

He writes concerning his urinary sexuality:

The polyuria took the place of the enuresis. The transition from enuresis to polyuria was from the twelfth to the thirteenth year. I was an object of mockery every morning on account of my enuresis to my brothers and sisters, the servants, and others who knew of it; especially as the straw mattress, wet and smelling of ammonia, had to be laid every day in the sun or at the stove to be dried. The bed wetting happened usually shortly before waking. Besides, I often got up at night after wetting the bed to urinate. I either was frightened or I had pleasurable dreams. The usual fear was present at going to sleep that my father would do something to my mother. It was unpleasant and painful to me that I had to sleep with the brothers and sisters.

The curing of the habit at the institute was the result of separate sleeping space, which I had to share with the other bed wetters. Evenings we had to take cold foot baths. My pride was very much hurt, for because of this I was looked upon by the others as inferior. In time we were also subjected to certain distressing things on the part of the authorities. I resolved to conquer the enuresis.

In its place polyuria appeared and almost simultaneously onanism. At times the latter was burdensome to me, but on the whole it was very pleasant, for I had in it a lightning conductor for disagreeable thoughts, and it was good also for the neurasthenic necessity to be doing something. Furthermore, urination is strongly toned with pleasure. It takes the place with me of ejaculation after frustrated coitus, after which the erection ceases. During coitus and even at the beginning of erection there is increased pressure of urine, so that I often have to think of urination. The feeling of pleasure is therefore the same as in urinating,

and latterly (for about four years) coitus does not last longer than an act of urination.

I find perfume which contains an ammoniacal odor very pleasant, as I also liked the exhalation from under the covers after wetting the bed. For a long time I could not urinate in the public urinal if any one was near or was looking at me (during the treatment for gonorrhea).

I should not have noticed the polyuria, that is, that it was pathological, if Dr. Dishoeck had not asked me about it. At that time I urinated every half hour. I had to get up at night two or three times. Now I go to urinate every hour and a half, seldom get up at night, unless I go to sleep with an erection or in a state of great excitement. I take large quantities of liquid, which at least must call forth disturbances of the heart and vasomotor system. The urine has been examined: findings negative. Bladder free from gonococci; epithelial secretion. At the time of strong injections, I could retain the urine an entire forenoon without difficulty.

The polyuria existed before the gonorrhea. Some one said to me after the infection: "If you had urinated immediately after coitus, you would have washed out the gonococci." In standing, which is unpleasant to me, I take a position as for urination. If the polyuria ceases, I have the feeling of being dry. In sitting I direct attention to the bladder, urethra as well as penis; the constant pressure of urine is then accompanied by anxiety in the feet. I know now that the urination affords me pleasure and is merely a form of psychosexual infantilism. I liked to observe also the urination of animals, especially of dogs upon the street.

But it is very painful to me if I see a dog defecating. If I see animals moving, I have to look involuntarily at the anus. If I see people going by, my thoughts revolve about their defecation.

When I think of sitting, the expression: to remain sitting on his hole (anus), is always in my thought.

Every living thing has an evil odor. . . . Everybody is to me too imperfect; I see in each one the base and common; I am often afraid of all people and I cannot approach them; everything then inspires me with fear. Especially the professors at the university. If any one looks at me, I am as if hypnotized; I even forget what I was going to say. That used to happen to me formerly in the shops when I had something to buy.

It seems to me that I have *never* in my life *laughed* with my whole heart, never been merry. If others were gay, I was sad;

their behavior disgusted me and everything seemed to me stupid and senseless. Since the first analysis a remarkable indifference toward everything that happens to me; things only irritate me.

Pessimism, displeasure in regard to sexuality, abstinence.

My lack of energy in all things particularly annoys me; I seem to be as cool as a clam. I often say to myself, idiot, pig, dog! I am greatly dissatisfied with myself; I should be glad to work at something with all my energy, for *I am tremendously ambitious.*

But I can neither work nor economize. I had the idea for a long time that I would be frightfully rich, make all my family multimillionaires.

One resolution, however, takes the place of another.

It is interesting in this record that he comes by a long way round from the anal complex to the money complex and also tells of his avarice. His depreciation of human beings takes the form with him in which he pictures to himself that they also have to defecate and urinate. The closet is for him the place of the public; the spot to which the emperor, too, goes on foot.

Even divine beings are desecrated through imaging their defecation. Later, anxiety on account of blasphemous thoughts and fear of being recognized and seen through, which manifests itself as fear before his professors.

These anal fantasies are now obsessions. Even when he sits down he has to think that he is sitting upon his buttocks, and he has the same sense of pleasure as when upon the street he observes the hinder part of men and women. He says of this: "The anus is my erotic focal point. My pleasure forces unite at this one spot." Besides, the movement of the nates excites him sadistically.

He then brings some memories which throw light upon the origin of his sadism and its connection with beatings.

Memory from the tenth year: I am running away at the grain harvest, because I see children with a paper dragon (flying dreams?). Father, mother, and brothers and sisters scream after me that I shall be beaten when I come home. (The work was very pressing, for a storm was coming; the grain should have been quickly brought under cover. I ought to have helped Father bind the sheaves and hold the shock.) I was afraid to go home

and sat at the entrance to the graveyard in the dark. Some farmer boys went by and asked me what I was doing. They recognized me. My brothers hunted for me and dragged me home to my father. I was both afraid of the whipping and yet wanted it. I had to go on my knees to my father and beg his forgiveness (humiliation). I should have liked it better if he had struck me, and I went to bed dissatisfied.

The desire to be beaten by the father shows itself in this recollection. Other memories follow where he was whipped by his mother on the nates. A teacher gave him a blow on his head with a Bible because he was talking. Once his mother hit him on his head with the scissors because he had called a neighbor a thief. He wanted to tear the scissors out of her hand and stab her. He looked on when his father beat his brothers, but does not remember that he was ever flogged by the father. The idea that a child is being beaten plays no special rôle.

More important is the fact that once as young boys they actually hanged a girl, who urinated from fright. People came and released the child, who otherwise would have been killed.

The anus rouses a bipolar attitude. First the will to power: he would like to strike the person concerned; second, the extreme form of the will to subjection: he wants to perform anilingus upon the individual.

A large part of his day fantasies occupy themselves with urinary sexuality. He says regarding his fantasies, the cause of obstruction in his studies:

With me the art of fantasying consists in this, that I always take the place of another or think of myself in this person's situation and give my will to him. In onanism, too, I think of everything possible, even the nonsexual. My last onanism fantasy: the woman is clasping me with hands and feet. I have all kinds of devices for making daydreaming easier. I like best to dream in the café. I bring myself every evening through *smoking a good deal and through strong coffee* into a wonderful delirium, without which I cannot return to my home. In this way I interfere with my studies. I cannot concentrate. How has it been possible that I could so long idle away my time? For this, too, I have employed artificial means.

I had to grasp everything intellectually, in order to believe anything (for which reason I believe in no God, unless sometimes

from fear), and in order to attach myself to any community. The question of purpose and goal comes first.

If I join anywhere and see that either end or aim is bad or that the members do not exactly keep to the regulations, I leave (loneliness, isolation). Improvement after having read Freud's *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego.* (I cannot therefore be a Catholic or anti-Semite.) Scepticism.

In studying: I have to have everything understood in detail; every turn of expression must be clear to me. I dissect each word (whether I comprehend it correctly, whether I do not deceive myself, whether there is not some other interpretation), every sentence. Yet after a long time I get to the end. Only I am no longer sufficiently at peace to do this; I cannot subdue the thoughts that rise between (the seething fantasies).

If I succeed in understanding anything, it remains with me always. This was the foundation pillar from which I proceeded (obstinacy). I could not seek anything else, for I lack a forward vision.

I cannot yield to emotion, for I—apparently totally without feeling for those nearest me—am too full of feeling, and it so permeates me that I always overreach my goal; hence the consciousness that I cannot do anything right, so that I no longer strive for that which could be mine (sense of inferiority).

A trifle can make me very sad or very glad—soon fades away however. Indifference I do not know—everything makes an impression (perhaps even nothing or everything the same).

Enormous sense of responsibility in the most trivial things.

Since, however, feeling forms the basis of life, I shall always fail, for very little is completely grasped, logically proved, and carried to the end. My feeling is bound to things which I myself do not know, so nothing but intellect remains for me.

I am the slave of my emotions; they never let me go. I see, for instance, a book; think it might be delightful (*I do not first convince myself*); I keep on thinking of this book and bend everything to procuring it. Or: I receive word that early in the morning an acquaintance is coming. *I harbor always the same thought* (fantasy) whether I sit with a book in the afternoon, then eat; whether in the evening I see the most beautiful play; or whether some one is with me and talking; whether I dance and have a pretty girl near me: *the hysterical intoxication never loosens its hold,* the tension becomes ever more annoying, calmness outwardly ever

greater; I fantasy always from early morning on; nothing can take me from it; I cannot myself get free.

I have no humor; I cannot make witticisms, understand none; cannot laugh spontaneously or share experiences anywhere. And yet I am exceedingly ambitious, so that my lack of success pains me more and more.

I dream that I have coitus with every girl on the street; in reality I am not in a condition even to attract one to me (because I am a dull, tedious, impassive, sorry fellow). If I were well and my ambition continued the same, I would devote health and position to one thing in which my ambition might be gratified. I want always to shine.

If several persons look at me at the same time, I do not know where to go or what to do; I cannot play my part and I blush (egocentric attitude—strong self-criticism).

I have to tear a letter open several times for fear that I have written some secret of mine in it. Have to look again and again whether everything has been locked or I have not lighted a fire with my cigarette.

Such are the practices with which he burdens his life and particularly his studies, in order to accomplish his life plan and become a farmer. He makes learning difficult through two questions, Why and how? He begins to speculate and then finishes nothing. The fantasies thrust themselves between. Now he indulges in his delusion of greatness; he will be the greatest analyst of all time; he makes an epochal discovery; and so on. Then he broods over all sorts of themes. He comes upon the word *family*. At once the family appears before him as a unit bound by a navel cord. Then he is again a child and lives through his childhood. Or he is a whore and gives himself to all men. Suddenly he hates his father, because the father polluted his blood with syphilis. Then he hates his mother, because she loved her sisters more warmly than her children. Now he broods over the mother. With whom did she deceive the father? Did his jealousy have good ground? Was it the uncle or was it the hired man with whom she was so friendly?

Thus it goes even upon the street. He sees an abstinence placard. Immediately the delusion of reference sets in. His

father overpowered the mother when drunk. For this reason he has become a degenerated cripple!

He symbolizes the entire day. He goes walking. There is not a minute free from compulsive actions and compulsive thoughts. He goes over a paved walk. Then he says to himself:

"If you come to this large paving stone and can climb over it, you will have committed a great sin." Often there is a strong impulse to commit the sin and he cannot conquer this urgent feeling.

The paving stone then represents a complex that he wants to overcome (for example, the sister). Since he is always immersed in this fantasy, it is unpleasant to him if the people look at him. He himself must regard every person and specially think of that person's anus, so that in despair he cries out: "If people only had no anus!"

Then he begins to curse and execrates his father, passing on to blasphemy, whereupon he is again overtaken by fear.

The mouth also becomes the anus. Every movement of the mouth, singing especially, seems to him absurd, exasperating, offensive. He has to think of flatus.

The compulsive parapathy shows paranoid traits. At times a form of delusion of persecution enters.

I had the feeling before the first analysis that some one was always walking behind me and pursuing me. I therefore looked around frequently and hurried. When my condition was particularly bad, I had the feeling besides as if a kobold were sitting at the back of my neck or on my shoulder and suggesting frightful things to me (thereby fear for the knees, pressure of urine). These states have now disappeared by day, but appear in the evening when it is dark. I feel as if I were a pursued criminal. An inexplicable urgency to steal (even worthless things) and to lie takes possession of me. I like to exaggerate, invent experiences, and the like.

This delusion of being pursued has a religious root. God is pursuing me and will punish me. Childish impressions arise. I heard a great deal about every one having a guardian angel. I have lost divine grace and my protecting angel! My conscience oppresses me sorely that I had not taken leave of my grandmother

when I went to the institute. She died after fourteen days. Poor grandmother, she would turn in her grave if she should know that I will never be a priest. I believe that Satan is pursuing me. He sits in my neck and leads me into every evil and shameful thing. Then again I laugh at my superstition. There is no devil and there is no God! You can do whatever you wish. Your father does not believe, and he has become rich. Where is the punishment of God? Is there a hell?

His religious complex manifests itself in many dreams:

I am walking upon a dark street. A small child is walking near me, a boy of light, and shows me the way.

The boy is Jesus.

The following dream is interesting, which I will give with Silberer's interpretation:

I and my brother are lying upon a high rectangular place. I am holding fast with hands and feet to the fissures. I see before me an enormous depth. A stone falls below. I grow dizzy. Dr. Stekel says: "Look, formerly the clock there on Untersberg was at the left (or right; no, left)!" There is also at the right a clock or some other work of art set in the wall of rock. (I see two clocks.) We climb down. (Not clear!) Then I am in Dr. Stekel's office, where in the midst a large heavy chest has been placed, which threatens to fall over to the left. I prop it with my back. I escape toward the rear and think the others should do it. Two old men (patients) come there; one holds a long pipe in his mouth, which he uses as a walking stick at the same time that he smokes. Dr. Stekel has made a green ointment which looks like applesauce, and a son of his rubs some into the beak of a bird. Two sons are there; one of them has an eruption upon his face and breast. Dr. Stekel is holding an examination; I do not pass it. Awake with palpitation of the heart, which continues severe the entire forenoon.

I am with the German army. Then I go to the railway.

The dream considers the life conflicts of the patient from a religious point of view.

The two clocks denote two valuations, also two periods of time. He has become an entirely different person in Borromäum; paralogy was added to the parapathy. At the right (the right) the clock on Untersberg, upon which is a cross, and from which Charles the Great will issue forth on the day of the great battle (Judgment Day!) (also, church militant); at the left the one on the Gaisberg, where is a hotel: enjoyment; the left clock with art

work (plastic kiss). Thus it is seen from the standpoint of Borromäum, from the black block.

But now again this position is deserted. The patient casts down the brother, which is also his own religiousness. And he goes to Dr. Stekel's consultation room; that is, into the psychoanalytic conception of things. But he brings with him his old point of view, the black block: the theological chest lies as a heavy burden upon him. He should be through with it, but he runs away (from the duties, the conflict that analysis lays upon him, and from psychoanalysis itself. It was a critical week with such ideas, in part because he felt so ill). He thinks the others ought to do it. And in fact he leaves the two patients, parapathy and paralogy, both become inveterate, to Dr. Stekel and his sons (assistants, Dishoeck and Silberer). On the other hand (puffed up with the idea that as a physician he could turn to psychoanalysis) he makes himself Stekel's second son and has himself (as bird) fed with his wisdom. The patient, feeling himself to be an analyst, lets his clock run differently from mine and makes himself independent. Dr. Stekel is also disparaged: he rubs (salve) something together or voids it (applesauce). The two (valuation) clocks are naturally changed through Dr. Stekel as regards the old point of view.—My beak (as bird) is stopped and I am killed.—The green ointment (psychoanalysis) as knowledge (green bands), medicine, and poison.—On the paralogy idea of self-fellatio (ego libido).—Bird, also the Holy Ghost, must learn anew.

Here is heard also the solution of the conflict and of self-consciousness (poor result in Dr. Stekel's test): work, fulfillment of duties (German army, railway).

The identification of me (Dr. Stekel) with his father is very clear. One of my sons has an eruption on his face and breast. I have syphilis. Silberer, too, is dishonored as my son. The patient had made a remark the day before the dream, concerning which he later reproached himself severely, because he considered it the cause of the suicide of his gifted analyst.

The syphilis theme (also a symbol of unbelief) recurs in many dreams.

Thus in the next dream:

I see myself upon the highroad. I am filthy and covered over and over with sores. A gentle woman says to me reproachfully: "Why did you not keep your promise? Now you are leprous."

We come in the analysis of this dream to the unfulfilled promise

to the Virgin Mary. I call his attention to the fact that his withdrawal to mental onanism may rest upon a formal subsequent fulfillment of this vow.

"You are right; thoughts deserve punishment but fantasies may be inspired by the evil spirit."

"Yes, that is your game! And so it happens that you escape responsibility in your fantasies also, for you think: If I were so and so, I would do this and that. . . ."

"I can now understand my flight from coitus. It is death.—This explains, too, why I was suddenly afraid when having coitus with Marie in Salzburg; I found the reason then in the thought that what we were doing was a hateful thing, when her husband was at the front. But it was the *first* breaking of my vow."

The uncovering of the religious complex and the significance of the vow occasioned the patient the greatest surprise. He tried to belittle these discoveries after the first astonishment, but he experienced a renaissance of his religious feelings. He is completely abstinent in the analysis and even goes to church, without uttering blasphemies. Lumbago * and a pressure in the shoulder blade reveal themselves as expression of his Christ parapathy. He bears a heavy cross; he suffers for sinful humanity; he will redemn it through the new analysis. Other passages from the story of Christ's passion appear in a variety of parapathic somatizations. His difficulty in swallowing refers to the Holy Communion, and so on.

Now he uses the analysis for obsessive thinking. Instead of the previous obsessions, analytic solutions and problems occur to him. A new symptom appears:

He sees Morse signs between the lines when he is studying.

In other words, he has begun to learn and attends the lectures, which he can follow well. Now the pious thoughts announce themselves as the Morse code (telegraphy from God).

He suffers again from anxiety states at night, has to think of the future, doubts whether he can overcome his impotence.

The following night he has a pollution dream. There were two dreams this night, and he is not sure with which dream the pollution occurred. Both dreams are tremendously important and read:

* *Kreuzschmerzen: Kreuz* = cross (translator).

I am up in the hayloft. It is very high. I feel dizziness. I want to go down because there is a fire or some other fearful thing is happening. My sister is with me. My father and brothers stand on the barn floor and call me down. I am holding an ax in my right hand, my sister by the left. I want to let her climb upon the ladder and hold with one hand to the supports above me. Then I lose my balance and fall.

I awake with my heart beating violently and fall asleep again. I dream:

I see my loved one. She is undressed to drawers and chemise. Her breasts stand out sharp and taut. Suddenly I notice that she has only *one* nipple, which runs down in a long stick. She takes the stick and moves the breast away, which now is merely an inflated pig's bladder in the form of a heart. I see a penis coming out from her vagina; I am disgusted. Then she has a cloak on and is dancing. (The pollution seems to have been in this part of the dream.)

The first dream is one of his many incendiary dreams. One recognizes clearly in the dream the tendency to rescue the sister and let the rest of the family perish. The ax represents a second criminal fantasy: To slay the other members of the family with an ax.

The theme is continued in the next dream. The sister appears here in condensation with the mistress. Yet his mistress is only his sister. But the second part contains also the warning and the debasement. The sister has a pig's bladder in place of a heart. The nipple is malformed and suggest the lingam principle (bisexuality), which is still more clearly expressed through the penis in the vagina. It is plainly indicated that the breast-sucking complex contains the fellatio complex also, that the nipple is a substitute for the penis, and that the love to the father is still stronger than that toward the sister. The pollution appears without any action remembered in connection with it.

It is interesting how sexual activity in his dreams is always carried out with disgust.

Another pollution dream reads:

I come to a certain place (brothel); there I am asked by a woman to perform coitus. I say, "You have *sypherer* (syphilis)." I turn her round and observe on the anus nothing but pus and ulcers. I see pus running from the corner of her month. Then a second woman present says it was indeed quite satisfying; my semen was also running out of her vagina. I look at my penis;

there are now fungus growths upon it, and on the glans bismuth in masses.

The religious conception of coitus as a loathsome sin is very evident. The woman has syphilis; her anus is covered with ulcers, the corner of her mouth shows the pus running out of it; his penis is covered with mold.

Here again it is not stated when the pollution occurred. It seems as if the disgust was a condition of his sexual excitement (coitus with old and ill-smelling women, interest in the anus, and so forth . . .).

The next dream, which again sets forth the theme of the sore penis in masked form, brings homosexual motives:

A buffalo is at the door and knocks. I shoot with a revolver. I am fit for field service. I am in the field. Fragments of shell have torn open the left under arm; in the openings is rubber or wax, which gives me great pain.

I want to draw my revolver from my left trousers pocket, but it comes out with such difficulty. Then I come to a wood. There a snake suddenly rears itself straight as an arrow, clothed in a cat's skin: it twists itself out of the skin. Cats and lions are there, too.

In this dream the conflict with sexuality is represented as the war. He is severely wounded in this war. He recognizes the father in the buffalo, whom he both loves and hates (ideas of shooting him; homosexual scene). His wound is represented this time on his under arm—the arm with which he has practiced onanism. The openings are stopped with wax. From wax he comes to the religious complex, in contrast to the dream where he stops up the holes with fecal masses. The serpent as symbol of sin, his passions as cats and lions. His impotence complex is connected in part with homosexuality.

Evident signs of sadomasochistic attitude, which is much more plastically represented in the next dreams:

He writes in his notes regarding this complex:

I am an out-and-out *masochist*. I always feel myself ridiculous; where I am not, I consciously or unconsciously make myself absurd. I feel unhappy in my rôle of stupid fellow or puppet, but yet feel good (actually an attitude of defiance). Self-consciousness is lacking; I have a permanent sense of inferiority.

I have also ideas of castration. (If a member offends thee, cut it off . . . I have actually had the wish no longer to possess a penis or to tear it out (in the period of puberty). Then am I

holy (Christ neurosis). I might go everywhere as savior, deliverer, benefactor. Force myself everywhere with my favors. Offer myself to all.

It may be that I have constructed my anal world philosophy in order to humiliate myself. My face seems to me like an a——. I have the feeling that my clothes do not fit me. I am indifferent to my clothing and almost never change it. Fine garments are disagreeable to me. The purpose of poor clothes is to make myself ridiculous and expose myself to no temptation. The feeling of being a Bohemian, passing no tests, disgracing myself, is pleasant to me. It is no doubt a consciousness of guilt for my sins.

His sadistic fantasies often have reference to the breaking in of a skull. He would like to butcher women like pigs.

The following dream is characteristic:

Some woman lies on the floor. An oblong piece is cut out of her skull (with an ax, by a large man). I hear the cracking of the skull.

He remarks in connection with this dream: The large man is my father. I remember that I looked on at the killing of the pigs and then thought: You could make use of the dead sow. Therefore I wish that the woman will not move at coitus. Every woman is to me a pig. I am also afraid that the partner might defecate and urinate at coitus. That comes from the fact that the pig defecates and urinates when it is butchered, when stabbed. I can never kiss a woman at coitus. Nor afterward. . . . I have never imagined my mother's genital as human; always like that of a cow or of a pig. Naturally, also, a wish is concealed behind this fear that she will defecate. When I hear the cracking of boards which some one is striking, I always have to think of the breaking of a skull. This idea is not unpleasant to me. In the war I viewed many broken skulls with a certain feeling of pleasure.

My sadistic fantasies overtake me even upon the street, if a woman walks in front of me and moves her nates. If I see a girl kneel, I could fall upon her, strike her, and ravish her. I see also in my fantasies lions that fall upon a woman and tear her flesh to pieces.

Often the craving to strike a girl in the face is so strong that I can hardly resist it. I should like to seize her by the foot and throw her down. I could so smash her face with my fist that she would be unrecognizable.

The only man I hate is Carus, my friend who became a priest. Very likely, because he attained my ideal. He is chaste and lives

according to the commandments of God. He is what you call my hate object. Otherwise I do not hate men, except at times my father and my brothers. I fall in love suddenly with men.

A painful erection took place when a physician introduced a catheter in treating me for gonorrhea, and I looked upon him quite infatuated. I often have the feeling when eating meat that I am eating a dead body. I can then eat no more. . . .

Sadistic fantasies appear in many animal dreams, of which I bring one as typical:

In the stable at home a cow is about to calve. Mother and I want to assist. Father and brother are near; also my sister Marie. I see that the cow is going to die; the entrails are coming out; the belly wall is torn open. I try to stuff the entrails back into the belly. Then the cow springs up. Like a human being. I see a small dead calf on the floor. Mother and I hide in a narrow passage. I am afraid that the cow might trample upon us or bite us.

He remarks with this dream: Pregnant women excite me. The sight of them at once calls forth an erection. I often saw my mother in this condition. I also when a child witnessed a birth with a sister of my mother. I had thought that the child came out of the navel, whereby the abdomen cracks, or out of the anus. It would be a satisfaction to me to stab a pregnant woman. Now it occurs to me that I often consider my penis as a knife. I stick it into the woman. I would have no rival. I wanted to cut the child from the mother's body.

The sight of pregnant women produces a flow of saliva. Just so to look at dead bodies, manure heaps, feces, a slaughtered animal.

Necrophiliac fantasies follow and the story of a helper in the anatomy class who stole human fat to make himself soap.

The next dream is concerned with the killing of unborn brothers and sisters:

I cut up an embryo (or a roasted chicken) and taste a bit from the intestinal region; I taste that it has putrefied. I reach it with my left hand to my sister.

He leaves merely his sister alive. The other brothers and sisters are killed and devoured (cannibalistic and necrophiliac instincts).

Beside the breaking of the skull, stabbing the abdomen plays also a large part in his dreams. But he fears the vengeance of the dead.

Observe the next dream:

It is frightfully dark and I am afraid of murderers. A great

fellow actually does shoot a bullet into my abdomen (navel region). He, too, sinks to the floor smitten with death, a severe shot in the lungs.

I make an examination, hold my belly together, out of which runs colorless slimy fluid. I bandage myself, but the bandage is soon off.

My godfather lies dead in bed. His wife says, "Do not look at him!" I push him a little, then his eyes move and all at once his whole body. He shows me a photograph on which is a dull-looking girl, who moves the muscles of her face. He says he would like to assure himself of offspring. He falls with all his covers upon the floor; first he lies toward the outside upon the edge of the bed. Then he dies again.

I come back to the place of the murder. They want to take vengeance upon me. I am terribly afraid.

The large man whom he kills is his father. He appears in the second part of the dream as the godfather. But he is not quite dead. He lives again (the same fear with the fantasy of necrophiliac acts). The dying father will only secure his own succession. He knows of the murderous purposes of our patient. He leaves him merely the sister as a sheepish-looking girl, who cannot speak and betray him.

The motives are repeated rather monotonously in his dreams. The next dream combines the wounding of the abdomen, the lingam motive, the pig bladder as heart, and the pig vagina with a fantasy of the mother's womb and of rebirth. His rebellious thoughts, from which he flees, are represented as Bolsheviks:

Cousin Annie and I are in our uncle's garret. She lies down with me in bed and I come at once under her gown. I perform cunnilingus, first upon the abdomen, where a stopper comes out; then on the vagina, which resembles a pig's vagina. I go in with my finger, but do not go through. Besides this she has an aperture apparently due to an injury. I hear the Bolsheviks coming. It is best to flee. I run to the left down the stairs, where a hole leads through the wall. I notice stairs which would have been nearer this opening. I get through with difficulty. A winding stair leads down and I think I can no longer get out; they will catch me and destroy me. I hear an uproar and music. Wake with fear. Very strong desire for urination.

Weaver Steffi is there. Her mother says: To deal in girls one must go to Upper Austria; there one earns a good deal, must sell a girl.

I am in the habit of asking my patients what book has made the greatest impression upon them. He names Paul Keller's *Die Heimat*. And the content? A farmer shoots himself on the border of a wood because he is bankrupt. His son, a student, will no longer study for he is homesick. He wants to take over the farm property. The farm burns. The mother dies and Heinrich, the son, becomes the owner. A rag dealer advances the money with which he works his way up.

One sees in this novel all the motives which enter into our patient's illness.

The patient makes great progress in analysis. He attends the lectures here; he can already do some studying. He hopes to solve the conflict through a compromise. He wants to marry a rich farmer's daughter, who is in love with him. It does not trouble him that she has already had an affair before him. (One does not take those things too seriously with them.) He wants to be farmer *and* doctor, be relieved of his money cares, and finally renounce his religious career.

He leaves Vienna. For a long time I hear nothing from him. One day he is again in my consultation room. I recognize at once what is the matter. He is not only Christ; he is also Judas, and the Judas seems at times to be stronger than the Christ. He discloses in his eyes that flickering hate which springs from an unrequited love. He wants to kill me or injure me in any other form. His chief motive, that I allow him to be treated by other physicians and do not take him on myself. I have no time for him, he having come unannounced.

I put him with suitable instruction into the hands of my trusted assistant, Dr. Werner Lippmann.

The latter reports as follows concerning the brief phase of his last stay in Vienna:

Xaver came to me after Dr. Stekel had given him the solution, which he accepted, in relation to his final depression. It had to do with a homosexual fixation upon his cousin.

He came extraordinarily distrustful and offended because Dr. Stekel, his father imago, had repulsed him. Nevertheless, the transference began to work at once, and he took me, as he said, as a substitute for his cousin, which should mean sympathetically.

X. was very greatly depressed. Declared that every way was closed for him. There was no more deliverance.

I observed him first while I let him tell me his story and at the same time worked over with him in the usual manner his dream material, which he brought with him beside a great mass of notes from his earlier analyses. The patient worked like an analyzing machine. He brought his dreams punctually and associated to them without interruption all the complexes that could be thought of. His necrophiliac tendency stood at the time particularly in the foreground. His associations revealed the typical output of the individual who uses the analysis in what it reveals merely for his excuse. If one lock is released, another springs shut; in any case he continues in his parapathy, and he gains the victory over the analyst with the latter's own weapons.

His actual disorder was his polyuria, which tormented him very much. He fasted, as he later discovered, because this was the time, the church taught, of the fast of Christ in the wilderness; he drank a great deal of coffee and smoked cigarettes. Besides, he was in a constant state of excitement, ran from one spot to another without being able to perform coitus or onanism. He had to drink so much in order to keep up the amount of fluid. I pointed out to him that he artificially created the polyuria by taking so much liquid, and mentioned especially the specific effect of the caffeine, and also the fact that his being in a state in which he was always ready for erotic stimulation led to increased abdominal hyperemia, which in turn increased the secretion of urine. We discussed likewise how far this urinary pressure belongs in the field of urinary sexuality, or whether at least a secret value was added to it from many acts of coitus. Upon this the difficulty improved.

The necrophilia occupied him psychically. He could not study anatomy. The work in anatomy was not at first disagreeable. But now he has attacks of anxiety, which arise from ideas of coitus with dead bodies.

He associated then something like this: Anatomy, dead bodies, filthiness. My father is a swine, my mother is also a swine; I dreamed that my father had coitus with a sow; I could kill my father, but I may not; every woman for me is the mother, therefore she is forbidden me; but I cannot go to a man either, because the incestuous fixation upon my father prevents me, and so on. So that I asked myself seriously whether this was not a paralogy.

I spoke of this to Dr. Stekel, who suggested to me that without doubt strong impulses to murder lay in the patient and that I would have to call his attention to the transference of these murderous fantasies upon the analyst.

The patient made this easy for me. He came into the room on the fourth day and said: "Doctor, I am much surprised that you are still alive; I thought that you had hanged yourself like Dr. Silberer; to whom, so to speak, I gave the death thrust." X. admitted in the further course of conversation that he had of course come to Vienna with the conscious purpose of making Dr. Stekel dead, at least as a citizen, if he would not help him. He was not quite clear as to whether he had actual murderous intentions beside those of social and scientific slaughter or not. Nevertheless, he affirmed that it would afford him satisfaction if Dr. Stekel would die by suicide or otherwise.

His purpose was chiefly, however, to destroy himself. He has postponed it temporarily. I direct his attention to the displacement of hatred from his father to Dr. Stekel.

From this time on I let the analysis entirely alone and occupied myself solely with demonstrating to the patient the meaning and object of his psychic combination locks.

In the course of the next days the patient confessed that he now had fantasies which confirmed to him his hatred for his father. The most essential was this: "I bind my father fast in a standing position, so that he cannot move a limb; first I reproach him with every form of revilement with which he abused my mother, cast at him all the insulting words, and then slowly torture him to death."

The discussion extends itself particularly to the relation of his condition to the Christ parapathy. I explain to the patient how he is still carrying the heavy burden of the oft-repeated vows of chastity during the period in the seminary for priests, for him a disastrous time; that the idea of saving himself and the world, therefore also the loved and hated father, through chastity and self-mortification, but at the same time of escaping all the miseries of incest and narcissism, was for him of great significance.

Setting aside all other secondary determinants and traumata, the influence of which upon his development certainly cannot be undervalued, the following main direction appears: The primitive man strives in the patient with the social individual. The primitive individual, the child in him, desires the father and will not give him up; all who take from him any part of this love are

destroyed, finally even the father himself, according to the principle, if I cannot love you, I will hate you!

Practically we have the phenomenon of the child who outwardly breaks all the bridges leading to the father, but within clings so much more firmly to the thought: I will remain dependent; I will pass no examination; I cannot become independent, with the underscoring, I may not! for I have to fear the vengeance of fate because of my sins. Just so much as I lift myself up will I be brought down, therefore here "talion" and "Christ parapathy" set in. He adheres to the words: "He is despised and rejected of men!" but, too, "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner!"

The old narcissistic game. If I cannot be the first, I will be the last. If he becomes therefore ascetic and saint, all his sins will be forgiven him and he will continue with the father! The last upon earth, the first in heaven!

In no case will he take a middle course. If he cannot compel the father to love him, he will force him to have part with him through his illness and dependence.

But he needs a public, so he stages a tragic farewell to the analyst: "Doctor, I come for the last time; in two hours I will depart from this world."

I believe that he actually was convinced that he would take his own life; he put himself into that affective ecstasy in which he delighted, divided all his possessions, wrote letters; and when he had been with me two hours and I had called attention to the value of the scene for him, he broke down weeping because he was too cowardly for this, too.

The next day, however, he came with the analytic weapon and said: "Doctor, I have not obtained the revolver; I did not want to hang myself lest in the final pollution I should experience what is forbidden!"

A visit to Dr. Stekel and the talking of the thing out produced a very favorable result. Nevertheless, the demands for love continued.

Two days later he handed me a visiting card with the parents' address and this instruction: "I shall probably go mad and come to Steinhof; then let my parents be informed!" I explained this to him in the light of the Stekel and father complex, told him furthermore that if his life was actually so impossible, he should go calmly to Steinhof or seize a revolver, but in my opinion he had no ground for such an idea. To this he gave the classic re-

sponse: "There really is no sense in killing myself, for it would make no difference to my father! At the most he would say to me that it is the best thing I could do. And I haven't the courage to kill him."

Xaver then saw that there was only one way for him, and that was to free himself from his family; that all symptoms and complexes were being used by him solely to maintain the fixation, and that his strongest affect lay here.

His future will depend upon whether he recognizes the connection between this will to be sick, that is, dependence, and his efforts after purity.

If he succeeeds in withdrawing his affects from the objects of fantasy and achieves progression to manly independence in place of the regression into the infantile which burdens him so heavily, reality will provide him with so much subsistence that he can live in it.

I have nothing to add to this report. It is well known that parapathics who will not renounce their fantasies and their parapathy become ill of an "analytic parapathy." They surround their fantasies with analytic accessories. They go on dreaming under the pretext of self-analysis and sink ever deeper into their complexes. They expect their cure from new solutions, freshly appearing memories, from the rising of submerged traumata, instead of from work. The pleasure premium of the fantasies goes over to the analytic parapathy. They become very sharp-sighted for the complexes of those about them and blind toward their own, which they believe they have overcome, while these have merely undergone a "secondary repression" (see *Peculiarities of Behavior*). Hatred toward the father becomes hatred toward the analyst. Just as our patient would not grant his father the joy of having a highly educated son, a doctor, so he will not permit me to have the triumph of having cured him.

There is proof of this. The patient wrote me before his analysis that he could not possibly come to Vienna for it. I recommended him to Dr. X., who has diligently studied all my books and has written me that he is engaged in analysis. Dr. X. advised him to give up his studies and devote him-

self to a business life. He was very indignant at this and repeatedly found fault with Dr. X.; he thought he understood nothing of the mental life of a patient and warned me against sending patients to Dr. X.

Who was the first physician whom he visited after the close of his first analysis? The same Dr. X in whom he had scented an opponent of analysis. The Judas in him was too strong. In the same manner he changed temporarily from a social democrat to a *Hakenkreuzler,* to return then in full conviction to the social democratic party.

He awaits healing by a physician, wants to see a miracle, and refuses to give up his attitudes and day fantasies. His interest goes to the world of dreams.

The last reports sound favorable. He is supporting himself in hard, honorable work; he is employing his rich talents in an important social service. But he still shuns the lecture hall; he cannot become "doctor." I am making an effort by correspondence to shatter the last remnants of his parapathic system.

We hope that he will succeed in finding the way to complete health and to the social service of a beneficent, ideal physician.

VIII

COMPASSION

> That which produces a pleasing effect in so-called tragic pity, fundamentally in all that is noble even to the most sublime and delicate shuddering of metaphysics, obtains its sweetness only from the intermingled ingredient of cruelty.
>
> NIETZSCHE.

The first and most important primitive reaction of man, when he hears of the misfortune of another, is a malicious pleasure. It is a part of the most common demands of culture to hide this joy in another's hurt. The custom of condolence and the expression of "deepest sympathy" have as their purpose the concealment of this primitive reaction through an active overcompensation. While condolences are "gratefully declined" only in the rarest instances, there are callings which have an actual fear of good wishes and congratulations. It is as if some individuals wanted to acknowledge the insincerity of these wishes and preferred to dispense with them. It is a well-known fact that sympathy in a person's joy stands much higher and appears far more rarely than sympathy in sorrow. Inasmuch as we obviously know ourselves and our egoistic impulses, we are cautious in judging the attitude of others. Hunters, as we know, will not allow themselves to be wished good luck. That brings ill luck. Actors go still further and express their friendly feelings in a curse ("Break your neck and bones!"). Since we assume that everybody desires the opposite of what he expresses in words, we conclude from a curse that the person uttering it wishes us good fortune.

The anagogic tendency of civilization lays upon us the responsibility for "being good." The first of the ethical imperatives desires of us that we change the joy in another's injury to pity. We call this process *sublimation*. I will not deny that such sublimation is possible. But we must always remain conscious of the fact that behind pity cruelty can hide. Pity is sometimes only repression and not sublimation. If we yield

to compassion without knowledge of the sadistic component of the pity, we frequently enough come into the situation where we express our cruelty upon a foreign object in the form of sympathy.[1]

I recall a rich woman who was famous as a benefactress in the small town in which she lived. She said to me once: "When I am dissatisfied with my life, I visit my poor people. I see then how bad things are for them and that I have every reason to be happy and satisfied."

This unusual candor shows us in a crass example the shadowy side of sympathy. We involuntarily compare our position with the person whom we pity, and a secret voice whispers in our ear: "Be glad that you are not the one to be pitied, but rather the one to show compassion!"

It is well known that there are monomaniacs of pity. They make use of every opportunity to make known their compassion and they weep tears of sorrow over another's grief. Analysis reveals in many cases that there are individuals who suffer under the obligation that they *have* to be fortunate, and who at bottom are only crying over their own suffering. The stage, the cinema, the sad romance, the newspapers, give abundant opportunity for abreacting one's own hurt upon another object. Sometimes, however, the malicious pleasure and the primitive sadism are concealed behind the compassion. Within, these persons are gloating over the tortures of others. It creates a certain inner satisfaction to witness another's pain, a satisfaction which rises at times to a feeling of sexual pleasure. There are sadists who come to an "affair all ready for them." Fate has dealt the wounds in which they take delight. Pity is often merely the indirect way in which they can express their repressed sadistic impulses. It may reach such a point that it dominates the entire emotional life. The objects of the compassion are varied and direct themselves according to secret unconscious attitudes. A pedophiliac or a man who suffers from the fantasy, "A child is being beaten," may found a society for the protection of mistreated children or join such a society. A gerontophiliac may find the lot of old people deserving of pity. An idea of overvaluation finds expression in pathological sympathy.

Sympathy reveals in such cases an extraordinarily strong affect, which at once makes us suspicious because of its narrowness, and it seems to need analysis. True sympathy knows no exceptions. It extends its feeling to every sorrow. There are persons who exhibit a monomaniac compassion. They are sorry, it may be, only for ill-treated little children. They read in the paper the news of a child who is abused and their tears flow copiously, their indignation knows no bounds. But in the same paper is a notice of the ill-treatment and slaughter of adults in Hungary. That does not move them in the least. "It is not in my line," said an Englishman to me. It does not fit in his system. He is interested solely in peoples suffering from hunger and the cry of "starvation" sets in motion his tear glands and his pocketbook. It is, moreover, famine in an exotic, far country, while the need of his own workmen does not touch him. I saw a well-known philanthropist, who before the war gave millions to charity, haggling with a minor employee who was begging for a slight raise in his wages. The philanthropist explained to him that it would be impossible; his business would be ruined; the other employees would also want an increase. He found a thousand excuses with which to quiet his conscience. I could observe plainly at the same time the smile of malicious joy which betrayed the inner satisfaction of the strong man playing with the weak.

Fanatics in good works are always to be suspected. They have much to conceal. The primary hatred breaks through on slight occasions and discloses the goodness as overcompensation which has failed.

We find many friends of animals among the compassionate. It has repeatedly come to my attention that murderers, particularly group murderers, have been credited with a striking fondness for animals, a mystery which the criminologists have been unable to explain. Thus Schenk, the murderer of women, bred doves. (Many lyric poems were also found among his papers.) Other murderers have exhibited a touching fondness for their dogs. Among misanthropes there are many fanatic lovers of animals. They are given to asserting that dogs are more faithful and better than human beings. Misanthropy is always allied with fondness for animals. Many haters of mankind

withdraw from human society and live with their animals. Others concentrate all their sympathy upon animals while human suffering leaves them cold.

The following analysis treats of such a case.

Case Number 18. Mrs. Helene X., a woman of forty years, pale, with asthenic habitus, coming from a healthy family, complains of obsessive dreams and obsessive ideas, which are associated with a definite event.

It was in the spring of the same year that she saw in front of the railway station at M., where she was waiting for her husband, a cattle transport. Oxen were being brought into the city on a wagon from the station. The animals looked tired and worn. One ox among them with its horn broken off particularly struck her. The blood was running from the wound over the animal's muzzle. It was a fearful sight. Since then she is compelled to think of this occurrence, which pursues her even to her dreams.

She sees in her dreams large animal shipments, brought by means of the wagon to the slaughter house, or animals which are driven in herds to the shambles. She often dreams that she goes into a street and suddenly comes to a slaughtering yard. She escapes, trembling. She comes to another street. There also is a place of slaughter. Again she hurries away. There are shambles everywhere. Escape is impossible; she is surrounded by slaughtering places. She has dreams also where horses are being driven and rushed to death.

She is much excited at torture of animals. An animal is dumb and cannot defend itself. If she sees a loaded wagon which is being drawn by horses, she has to look the other way. She is in fear upon the street that she might meet another ox transport. She rides in the electric cars with closed eyes so that she will not see anything.

She complains of a family of neighbors who live above her. They are inconsiderate and slam the doors with a crash. The two great sons are especially clumsy fellows. She is tired in the evening and is glad to rest, although in the dark she always has to think about death. Then come compulsive thoughts: How long must you still live? How long will it last? These thoughts thrust themselves before her only in the dark and disappear by day.

She can relate but little from her early years. She was the oldest of seven brothers and sisters. From eleven to fourteen she suffered fear of dust and bad air. When she came home from

school, she asked at once if the rooms had been ventilated. She thought she could always detect a close atmosphere. She could not see blood even in childhood. She has never tormented animals; she was always tender-hearted and is still to-day. She can hear of no misfortune; she has to weep at once.

She married when she was twenty-two, from love, she believes. She had had various unimportant infatuations before marriage. She reaches an orgasm in coitus and is ostensibly completely satisfied sexually. She suffered greatly in the first years of her marriage from the unfounded jealousy of her husband. She was always given to brooding. She would become excited over everything and then had to lie awake as a result of speculating about each thing. She bore four children in the first five years of her marriage. The children are healthy with no trace of nervousness. What is more important is that she has had four abortions. She has had chronic catarrh of the apex of the lung and has repeatedly been in pulmonary institutions, so that four times interruption of pregnancy was absolutely indicated and was carried out. She feels no particular self-reproach for the abortions.

She was never especially religious, but goes sometimes to church and considers herself a good Christian.

It is distressing to her that she turns pale at suitable and unsuitable occasions. The first time (fourteen) when she met her godmother on the street. Now she grows white before every physician. Every examination agitates her. She has to pass through states of unspeakable excitement before she goes to a doctor.

These states of excitement appear on other occasions, too; when she is reading the paper and when doors slam. The outbreak of the war stirred her frightfully, and our defeat and catastrophe were the cause of depression, compulsive speculation (how could it have happened?), and sleeplessness.

Frequently everything on the street appears to her strange and altered. Her emotions seem to have died away; she no longer has the warm interests she had before her illness.

She rushes into my room sobbing and weeping. She can hardly be quieted and brought to speak. She has seen again before the Meidlinger station a cattle transport. It was so frightful! so cruel!

She tells me the dreams of the last two nights. They were again horrible dreams!

I am walking with my husband. Butchers meet us carrying bloody ropes, which probably they have used in killing. We turn. But again we come to a slaughterhouse. I weep bitterly and beg my husband to lead me with closed eyes from the cruel region. We come to a house with a passage through it. My husband says: "Now you can open your eyes!" I see an ancient building. A picture hangs on the wall. I look toward it. Oh, horrors! it is an animal being butchered! I look more sharply at it. The picture melts away like a gray mass. I see now only a man lying there with a sword through his body.

A second dream:

A little dog springs upon me and gets under my clothes. I want to drive it away; it springs under my clothing up to my genitals. I lie down. I call a woman who is passing to help me take the dog away. I awake in terror.

A third dream:

It is a large hall. A church. A man is to be executed. But he may still be pardoned. These are the last moments. The people cry in great excitement: Do not put him to death! Do not put him to death! The news comes after all that he will be pardoned.

She associates all at once to the dog dream that she has practiced onanism and has for a long time struggled in vain against the sin, until she has finally overcome it. But it comes to light that she masturbates at night, and then in the morning she is unhappy and sick of life. She seems to herself filthy and base. She believes that her present trouble is the result of onanism.

An experience of childhood (five) occurs to her in regard to the man with the sword. Her mother gave her a large book with pictures. She suddenly found one which represented a Chinaman who was cutting open his own abdomen with a curved sword. She was seized with terror and flung the book away.

She was a remarkable child. She went to kindergarten (four), which was conducted by religious sisters. There was one nun whose eyes seemed to her frightful. She could not look her in the eyes nor could she speak a word in her presence. She simply was not able to conquer this fear, although the sister took great pains with her and was very friendly to her.

She is anæsthetic since the occurrence in Meidling. She no longer experiences an orgasm, and she cannot explain this to herself.[2]

She was horribly excited in her sympathy during the war. Her

husband would have been called to the front but was excused because he was urgently needed in the factory, which furnished war supplies. The exemption was however for three weeks only. It was a constant anxiety and she saw him in her mind wounded upon the battlefield.

Opposite her home was an emergency hospital. She saw the transports of wounded men and could also look into the operating room. These were frightful times, and she suffered unspeakably. She sympathized with the poor wounded soldiers.

Another characteristic dream occurs to her:

I had to be curetted because of an abortion. Then it was not I, but my daughter Helene (fourteen and a half years old!). I was in despair and kept thinking: How did the child come to this, and how will she stand it?

Her four abortions reveals themselves as severe traumata. If she sees a little child she thinks, Your child would be as old as that now! Or, You might now have a child like that!

Every birth was a time of terror. She speaks in detail of her fear of physicians.

Now come important disclosures, which give us insight into the psychogenesis of the parapathy. Her father was very irascible and whipped her with a hazel rod until she was fifteen. It was frightful to her when her younger brother was beaten. There was always strife at home. The father was brutal and reproached her mother if she was pregnant. "You can do nothing but have children!" She was whipped for trifles. Once because a spoon fell to the floor and she forgot to pick it up.

The torture of the dream world continues in undiminished force.

She dreamed:

I saw a large butcher wagon. Upon it an entire animal. The hide was taken off.

I saw a wagon full of pigs and thought, "The poor things will now be taken to slaughter."

Then I saw many people. They were standing around something. I came up curiously and saw a large hide. I thought, "There must have been some dreadful calamity."

I stood before our old (valuable) bookcase. Suddenly the case turned into a glass wagon. It was a hearse. My thought was, "Then I will be buried." But the cabinet or wagon shrank. It be-

came smaller and smaller. I thought, "How shall I find a place in this little wagon?"

While the first dreams contain motives well known to us, the last dream seems to embody a pregnancy fantasy. We know that she reproaches herself because of the abortions. The next dream confirms this point of view:

I am in the church and want to go to the altar. My sister-in-law says to me: "You have just been confined. You must pray first, then you may go to the altar."

Each pregnancy was accompanied by premonitions of death. The last birth took place in a sanatorium. She should have gone to the operating room. She refused and had to be carried down. She clung to the door knob and was out of her mind with fear. It seemed to her as if she were going to be butchered.

She is very happy to-day that the Vienna society for the protection of animals has succeeded in having the authorities forbid the use of spiked dog collars. The poor dogs were so tortured by them. Yet she realizes herself that the newspaper reports of the afflictions and sufferings of human beings leave her cold. She broods the whole day over the cruel slaughter of animals. She imagines the horrible fear of death of the beasts which await their end. Why does not some one invent the means of putting animals to death painlessly? They ought to be narcotized or killed with electricity.

She was walking yesterday with her little daughter. There are animal scales at the market place where she lives. She came there just as a horse was being weighed. She screamed and hurried away. The horse was probably going to be butchered. She rejected my protest that race horses were also weighed. No—it was a wasted animal. The next moment, however, she spoke of the beautiful beast with the wonderful eyes; how can a man kill a horse? Horses look at one so innocently. She can never forget the sight of this horse. A horse with its skin rubbed off or broken down by work awakens her pity. And then in her dreams she sees horses, pieces of their hide are cut out or whole portions of their bellies, and still they run around.

She lays it all to the impression received at the Meidlinger station. I ask for her first recollections, and I hear that bordering on the home where she spent her earliest childhood was a butcher shop. She always went there (four to five) when the oxen were slaughtered in the yard. But only once did she directly *see* the

butcher strike down the beast with a sledge hammer and then open the great artery at the neck. All the children of the village looked on with interest. Later she held her ears shut, closed her eyes tight, and cried: "Is it dead yet? Is it dead yet?" Not until then did she look on interestedly at the cutting up of the animal and the removal of its skin.

We get here the first hint of her sadistic disposition and the first important determining impression of her childhood. The next associations pass to the father, so that it becomes likely that the earliest sadistic fantasies were directed toward the father.

A dream:

I am walking along by dark, deep water. There are whirlpools at different places. I am afraid to look into the frightful depths of the water.

She states that she was already afraid of deep water as a child.

She remembers that even in her childhood she had a vision before going to sleep of deep, muddy, slimy water. The picture came to her before falling asleep and was painful to her. It is her own miry soul that she sees. The fear of recognition expresses itself in the dream.

Another dream may be traced to the need to purify herself:

I have washed the dirty linen and go to hang it up, but I am too late. All the lines are full of other peoples' washing. . . .

One sees that she has much dirty linen and it will be a difficult task to cleanse it.

An important experience of her childhood (six) occurs to her. Her mother read from the paper that an angry father had flung his child against the wall and smashed its skull. This story roused her greatly (A child is killed!). When she was in church, she was compelled to think of this scene. To-day, still, incense wakens the association of the crushed child.

The legends of bleeding saints and martyrs were likewise a source of excitement to her. For a long time she was unable to look upon the bleeding image of the Savior. ("O Sacred Head now wounded. . . .")

Her fantasy life was exceedingly active. She was always thinking out wonderful romances. She was a princess; was boundlessly wealthy and possessed a castle with wide gardens.

The reality of her life brought disillusionment. Her husband tormented her even during her betrothal with his jealousy. Later in her marriage she was often alone for weeks. His occupation as

a traveler necessitated this. She helped herself through these periods of loneliness by daydreams. Also the many illnesses.

Recumbent treatment at sanatoria increased the tendency to daydreaming, so that reality lost all value for her.

She practiced onanism very early but cannot remember what sort of fantasies she had with it. Now she is completely anæsthetic and often refuses her husband intercourse. He returned home a few days before after a long absence. She met him at the station. A tired, worn-out horse was being led by. Now her good spirits were all gone. She could not help crying. (She also weeps if she sees a covered wagon or a wagon with straw. There might be an animal inside.) How could she under such circumstances think of coitus? She wept and complained and turned her husband away. . . .

Her compassion goes only to animals. She never thinks of sick people or children.

It is clearly explained to her, and she acknowledges it, that these animals symbolize her own life. She often says of herself: "I am like a tired, worn-out horse."

Her many children were a burden to her. She wore herself out in the war. She would have been willing to have let them take from her the last child (fourth). The physician put off bringing about the abortion until it was too late. Now she has a charming girl of thirteen, who is her joy. She frequently says: "The other four—who were aborted—would perhaps also have been as dear and lovely!" At each birth she had the feeling: "I am an animal that is being led to the slaughter."

She is indeed the animal and identifies herself with animals. She has compassion for herself.

She comes again into my room weeping and can scarcely calm herself. "Has she seen another animal transport?" "No—it is the shadows of the past."

Again her stereotyped dreams:

I was shopping. I was carrying many heavy packages. I come again before the old dark house. Gray walls. Everything gloomy. A large gate. I come through the gateway into the court. At the left they are again slaughtering animals. I draw my apron over my face. I do not want to hear or see anything. The parcels hinder me. Then I come to a high wall. There is a wooden balcony. I have to climb up. There are no stairs. I climb up with difficulty, and the packages are again in the way. Then I see children

coming out of a hole. It is a stair. I come to the stairway and think that I had not noticed that there was a stair here.

Another dream:

I am feeding the birds in the garden. They all come without fear. Then comes a cat or an owl, large, spotted yellow and white, and eats the food. I want to drive the animal away and awake with beating heart.

It occurs to her with the second dream that every morning she does feed the birds in the garden. There is a cat in the neighboring house that lies in wait for the birds. Once it injured the little blackbirds that had fallen from the nest. It had torn open the body of one blackbird. She had to kill the bird out of pity. (She shudders with horror and weeps.) It is the only time she has killed an animal.

Nothing will come to her regarding the first dream. I call attention to the fact that the packages suggest that she has some burden on her conscience. Now she confesses weeping that when she was seventeen she came to a house as child's nurse. She wanted to be a teacher, but her father would not let her study. In this house she was seduced by the "master." The affair lasted three years. She suffered extremely from jealousy. She could not look on when the husband kissed his wife. Later he withdrew from her. She believed it was because his wife had noticed something. (The wife was probably suffering from woman's disease. A frequent excuse for marital unfaithfulness.) Now she hated the woman and had ideas of putting her out of the way. She left the house offended (probably only because the man no longer visited her at night). She never had felt anything with this man. She gave herself to him merely out of *pity,* because he begged so. He often met her later upon the street and tried to induce her to resume their relationship, but she proudly refused.

She had crushed this "dirty" story deeply within her, although she had confessed it to her husband. Now the jealousy of her husband is understood. He has often reproached her that she still loved this man. Perhaps he suspects that he cannot satisfy her as the first lover could, with whom, admittedly, she had no feeling.

She had only ideal relationships before this affair. When she was thirteen, she was in love with an acolyte, who was fifteen years old.

She would imagine that he was dead and she would kiss him and he would gratefully open his eyes and whisper: "I love you!" When she learned to know him, the charm had completely fled.

She was happy in her fantasies and envied no rich child. She had her own paradise. She would lie down in the grass, and all nature would begin to speak to her. Her goldfish were her second world. She put flowers in the vases and thought herself a princess. She dreamed for herself a pure life full of love. It is true, her onanism showed her that there was in her also a wild beast, and *this wild beast she would slay at any price.*

She considers herself bound in her marriage. Her husband is a traveler. She, too, would like to see the world and feels her children as chains. Many times a dull hatred toward her children arises. She had dreamed of a great love romance. She is growing old and stands in the critical period. She will no longer experience the romance. She ought to separate herself from her youth and give up her dreams. This she is unable to do, and she rebels against the prosiness of life.

She complains of headaches, which appear even at night, when she wakes from her dream. There is really a severe pressure in the head, which corresponds to the repression of her original attitude of hate.

Her dreams show some variations:

I was in the home of the caretaker, who lives *vis-à-vis.* There were animals in a chest, among them an enormous hare. I shuddered at the thought that they would one day kill it and what the animal would suffer.

In a garden. I meet a butcher's boy. I think he is going to butcher and I call out: "Wait until I go away."

There is a steep declivity; there are seats. I sit upon a seat and want to look into the descent. I am afraid and hold fast to the railing. I have a fear that the seat might slip into the depths.

It is the country. A *gendarme* is carrying a bound criminal. He has to go down a steep mountain and *it is hard work* [*muss sich schinden*]. The criminal looks at me so sharply and peculiarly, I am afraid he might fall upon me. All at once it was as in a house, a room. The former young criminal is now an older man with a beard. His hands are quite bloody. He is a sick person. I believe I understand why they have carried him.

In these dreams the animal (hare) is for the first time disclosed as a phallic symbol with a clear reference to a *castration complex.* She is afraid, however, to look into the depths of her own soul (seat on the slope). . . . She carries around a criminal with her. It is very hard work, but in the dream she comes to the knowledge

that she is not criminal, but sick. The choice of the word *schinden* [to drudge; to work hard; to skin] is significant. The skinning of animals, flayed animals, play a large part in her fantasies.

To-day it is difficult for her to speak. She had a great many things to relate, and now lies there silent. Suddenly she raises herself and weeps bitterly. She cannot give the reason. She is questioned concerning her relation to her husband and cries out: "He does not understand me! I would not have told him what I have confessed to you. Yes, if he were like you!" (beginning of the transference). Then follow remarks concerning her oldest son (eighteen), who is frankly parapathic, likewise her daughter, who suffers with night terrors.[3]

She is somewhat calmer to-day. She mourns her wasted life. She seeks for a soul that understands her soul.

The animal dreams continue:

I saw a cat in our home. It was very beautiful and had a wonderful skin, like a fox. I was afraid and was looking for a way out. I said to my husband: "Look at the cat. The animal is so afraid."—I open the door into the anteroom. The cat springs to the peephole and tries to force itself through the narrow opening. I open the door of this room. It is as if a second cat is lying bleeding on the floor of the corridor. . . . A wounded animal. I let the first cat into the garden.

She has no associations to this dream. We see the motive of the large phallus (fox tail), which tries to go into a narrow hole, and again reference to a wound of the penis. Second bloody cat (castration). We guard against giving an interpretation. The second cat reminds us again of the wounded oxen (bloody muzzle, broken horn).

She tells me weeping that she has read in the papers of the torturing of animals. The freight wagons are too heavily loaded, and the poor horses cannot manage the load. More people should protest against the ill-treatment of the animals. People are so unkind. Everything only for luxury and gratification. And these modern women! They are all hollow, all want only luxury. They are powdered and rouged to entice the men. She shudders at the thought that her sons may be caught in the net of such frivolous women.

Here we come upon her hitherto concealed jealousy and upon a Phædra motive, which perhaps plays a large rôle.

With a startling impulsiveness, she kisses my hand on leaving, before I can withdraw it.

To-day she is fearfully excited. It will be the end of the treatment. She breaks into tears and refuses any explanation. I have already recognized in the kissing of the hand the beginning of the transference and explain this phenomenon to her. No, it is no transference! It is passionate love. She ought never to have come to me. She noticed from the first day that I was her ideal. I explain to her that she came to me in a condition quite ready for love.

The hour passes in explanations.

The animal dreams are now interrupted. She has instead a dream which she cannot interpret:

I see my husband, carried wounded upon a bier out of a railway car. I am terribly excited and say, "At last!" I mean that at last I can take care of him. He says: "What do you mean? At last. . . ."

Now the truth breaks through. Her husband is also concealed behind the animal. She is playing with ideas of getting him out of the way. She is unsatisfied. Coitus is a burden to her. He does not understand her. She brings a number of complaints to show the deep rift between the husband and wife. He tyrannizes the whole house. Everything must go as he wants it. He strikes the children. He is a good man, but he is irascible. The days when he is away on his trips are a time of relaxation for the entire household. She dreads Sundays. She toys with the thought that her husband might be killed in a railway accident.

Now for the first time she becomes conscious that she has not loved him for a long while, and she confesses that hatred toward him does sometimes break through. She has displaced all her need for love upon animals. She loves the animal within herself, the gross sexuality. She admits with tears that she is burning with passion. It is no longer desire; it is madness.

She is quieted and reminded of the transference as a temporary phenomenon.

She begins to be rejuvenated under the influence of the transference. She again reads books, begins to interest herself in nature. The animal dreams have for the time disappeared, but she cannot

travel on the train for fear of seeing animal transports in Meidling.

Her dreams:

I have been bathing a child in the large tub. I was afraid that it would drown at my hands. I was thinking, I had not wanted to have a child and now I have one: now there is another one.

Here we see the old attitude of hatred toward the children, on the other hand the fantasy of having a child by me.

Second dream:

There was a sort of folk festival before our house. The people have set up a pole. Upon the pole was a crucifix decorated with flowers and ribbons. I thought the master of the house was being honored, because he had put in his house an antenna for receiving the radio concert.

No associations with the dream, only the radio antenna. Her sons are constructing a radio apparatus and planning the erection of an antenna. Her thoughts go to the oldest son. He is strikingly good-looking and tall. Again anxiety what his future will be like. The pole a phallic symbol. The crucifix a phallic symbol in pain.

The animal dreams have disappeared; she thinks of horses only very rarely. Yesterday she had a fainting spell out of doors. She lives in a new world of fantasies. In her thoughts she is always talking with me and tells me of her life. I am Christ to her—her savior. . . .

Her dreams are changed:

I saw in a dream a fiery, lively, black horse, which leaped over all obstacles. It was a glorious sight.

I was before some water which had a dirty, yellowish-brown bottom. My daughter went into the water, but came out entirely clean. It was a firm bottom.

On the one hand, thoughts of the possible fall of her daughter into sin; on the other, thoughts of the danger of the transference, which she wants to pass through unscathed. Her passion, represented as a splendid horse that takes every obstacle.

She dreamed:

I saw a horse that was hitched to a wagon. The load was too heavy, and the horse could not drag it along. Suddenly the horse reared. But it was fastened to the wagon with chains. After several vain attempts to free itself, it fell to the ground. It lay there in an unnatural position. I thought, "How can a horse lie

like that?" The driver was very kind to the horse, stroked it and loosed its chains. Here the dream breaks off.

The interpretation is evident. She is the horse chained to marriage and her duties. She tries in vain to be free. I am now the conductor of her life wagon. I must be gentle with her and release her from the bonds of wedlock and of morality.

She reproaches herself for the strength of her transference. She had considered herself a cold woman. Now she feels a warm current running through her body. She torments herself, overwhelms herself with the most violent self-accusations. She is a miserable, contemptible person and I must thoroughly despise her.

She recognizes now that she has been torturing, and has suppressed, her passion, the animal within herself. Her struggle was directed chiefly against onanism. She was so excited that she had to masturbate again, which confession she makes to me with resistance (I would despise her and never reach out my hand to her any more).

A second dream shows her resistance against the analysis:

I see a guinea pig, the skin of which has been removed in order to see inside it, and I say: "Why did the entire guinea pig have to be opened?"

It is the first animal dream for some time. But she had no terror with it. She is no longer afraid upon the street of the butcher wagon; the dreams of slaughter have disappeared. The guinea-pig dream expresses her resistance toward the analysis and repeats the motive of the flayed animal.

She comes to speak of her first experience, after beating around the bush in all sorts of ways. She can never forget it. I point out that she had loved this man and must have experienced more feeling in his arms than with her husband. "He understood me better. He was a better person. He also read good books and poetry and talked with me about them. But I have never forgiven myself the sin!"

Now we know that she is still thinking always of this beloved one. I impart to her this opinion. She admits that she has a stereotyped dream in which she has intercourse with this man (who often in the course of the relation changes into her husband). The man's wife always appears and points her finger threateningly at her.

She confesses with tears that the man in question died two years previously. Her husband brought her the news. One would have thought that she would have felt it a release (the wit-

ness of her wrongdoing is gone). No, she was very sad. Rationalization: He died so young and might have lived so many years longer (cause of death: pneumonia and not a railway accident, as I had assumed).

The ever-recurring dream shows that the desire for intercourse with the other man exists and is the cause of her anæsthesia in marriage. She weeps for the death of her lover. Her compassion for animals is a pretext to be able to mourn to her heart's content.

To-day as always she is in despair. Her husband attempted coitus and she remained anæsthetic through it. The circumstance that she reaches the orgasm through onanism proves that a specific fantasy dominates her. The dream points in a definite direction.

I was standing by the window and watching a robin which I have fed all winter. To my horror I saw that the cat stood near. I frightened the cat away, but the robin kept following the cat as if fascinated.

The robin is her son. She is tormented by the compulsive thought that he will fall into the toils of false women and be lost to her.

Another dream is occupied with the analysis:

I see a pig which is to be cut up. It is already dead, and yet it is hard to think that a knife will be thrust into the animal's body.

Scenes from her last abortion occur to her with this dream. It appears that the situation was felt by her at that time as a pleasurable one, and the butchering of animals represents the abortion and the removal of the fœtus. The idea of the killing of pregnant animals is most painful to her. The animal dreams of slaughter have now disappeared. Many dreams are engaged with my person. For example:

I am going with my little one by Dr. Stekel's house. I want to show her to Dr. Stekel. He is not to be seen. It rains and I lift my dress over my head.

It is evident what little one she wants to show me. The lifting of the clothing before ejaculation is plainly represented.

She has again had animal dreams, which this time bring us a little further in the solution of the problem. The first dream reads:

I see a railway train. Forward and back are freight cars de-

signed for cattle. As in all my dreams the cars are covered with cloths. But one sees the oxen's heads looking out. I have fearful sympathy with the beasts, for I think what they must be suffering if the sun shines upon them and they are thirsty.

It is clear that she is the animal that suffers if the sun (light and passion) shines upon her. The next dream brings us much nearer:

I see a horse lying on the street. It is all bloody at its belly. Its genitals have been torn away or cut out. There is a great bleeding wound in place of the genitals. The horse has struggled wildly from pain.

I have suspected from the beginning that the broken horn had reference to a castration idea. I guarded against mentioning it before the material should bring proof of it. She defends herself from discussion of castration. She had never thought of such a thing. Nor has she envied men and has never been any nearer the thought that her genital had been cut away so that she is a castrated man. She brings an occurrence of her childhood as the sole recollection. She once saw an enormous dog, which came just then from a man who was known in the neighborhood as gelder. The dog had been in heat and was always running away from its master. It was castrated, and she saw it running about the street howling and bleeding.

Another dream seems also to point to castration!

I see a large animal, a fish or a coiled snake. A bird had been pecking at it, for the animal was severely wounded and could not defend itself. . . .

In thought she seems to be occupied with the phallus of another man. It is characteristic that the wife of her beloved has appeared again in her dream. I want to know whether the phallus of the first lover was larger than that of her husband, but do not hazard the question. She was again totally anæsthetic at coitus. Might there not have been thoughts of revenge present to castrate the faithless lover, to break off his member?

She has also a comforting dream which advises her to be satisfied with her "child" (read phallus).

I saw a child which had a very large head. I said to myself, "Your child is much better-looking."

She is unhappy that one sees upon the street animal transports. But she has to admit that she involuntarily is on watch for such sights. She reads a book so that she will not see them. Suddenly she is compelled to look out. She runs after sorrowful impressions and finds them, for she is seeking them.

She has also seen something beautiful, over which she makes a great fuss—an elegant white police horse, which pranced along proud and gay. She had to weep this time for joy. She sheds tears, that is, on every occasion.

She also hears the old blackbird screaming and runs out at once to see if the wicked cat is not prowling after the young birds. The young blackbirds are so awkward and leave the warm nest much too soon. (We recognize the relation to her sons.) She comes also to the lost paradise and to discuss the fall of man and is seized by the fear that her sons may be infected by a corrupt woman. . . .

On an excursion yesterday she felt weak, had a slight dizziness, and had to support herself upon a stick. She lives now in a world of transference fantasies. Proof in the next dream:

I am in Dr. Stekel's laboratory. He has a beautiful slender sporting gun. I help him cram in the cartridges.

Another dream:

I asked my husband if I might go and dance. He consented. I put on my white dress and went out alone. Then I was walking toward the dance in the moonlight with you and was very happy.

Her husband is very jealous and does not permit her to dance (that is suitable only for frivolous women). She is passionately fond of dancing. Dancing has here a double meaning. The white dress shows the annulment of all previous erotic experiences.

Another dream troubled her very much:

I saw a large and beautiful funeral procession. The mourners sat in a sort of armored car. It had only quite small gaps in it. I could not discover who was sitting in it. I was surprised that I was there without my husband.

She is burying her husband, of whom she now tells me that he is often in a bad humor in the morning and grumbling. She has often thought that she would no longer submit to him. By night he would be friendly and kind and in the morning he would find fault as if nothing pleasant had occurred.

A belated association to the theme of castration occurs, that she has been afraid of pregnancy. She went to a physician and asked him for a sure means, since everything up to that time had failed, and the preparations for coitus robbed her of every illusion. He recommended castration to her; that is, removal of the ovaries or ligature. She could not make up her mind to this. She has always been afraid of giving birth. As a young girl she had imagined

adopting a child of some one else in order to escape the danger of childbirth. She is in general sensitive to suffering. The slightest pain is unbearable to her. She once had an abscess of a sweat gland. She behaved so badly at the dressing that the physician threatened to give up the treatment. The depression is already of longer standing than the occurrence at the station. She remembers that when she accompanied her husband three years ago to the salt mines, she sat before the hotel where they were stopping and wept bitterly, so that the people all asked what was the matter. She has to shed tears where nature is beautiful. She feels lonely and misunderstood and has no one with whom she can share her pleasure. She was inclined to depression and anxiety. Her schoolmates once played the wicked joke: "Go home; your mother has died!" She hastened home; her mother was at work. After this she lived in the fear that the mother might die and leave her alone with her unkind father.

Although she does not want to look into the castration complex, it appears clearly in her dreams:

I take my guinea pig out of the box where it lives. The right hind leg is as if made of wood and falls off.

She had heard a few days before that my dog had broken his right hind leg. This event had greatly interested her. Nevertheless, we see in it only the precipitating element of the dream. The destruction of a phallic symbol plays a part also in the next dream:

I am in some deep water. It is like an ocean. I have to battle with the waves. Great ships are in the distance. There are frightful sea monsters in the water. It is dark and cloudy and I have trouble in moving forward. Suddenly the water is quite clear. Thousands of wonderful silver fish swim around me. They all rise up and stand erect about me. Some of them stroke my legs and I have a feeling of pleasure from it. There are so many fish that I have to trample many to pieces, which this time does not annoy me.

She struggles with her passions; she is threatened by wild impulses. She sees something common and debasing in sexuality. But her idea changes. She senses the delight of forbidden love.

Her transference is without bounds. She no longer goes to church. She has always been seeking God, but has never found Him. Now the physician is her god. She listens incredulously

to the explanation that this is a transference. She loves me and she knows that everything will come out right.

I make use of the transference to call her attention to the good qualities of her husband and to press more deeply into the psychogenesis. Her duties as mother are pointed out to her. She is led to renounce the great romance of her life and adjust herself to reality.

She rejoices that she now has such beautiful dreams. Her entire dream life is altered. As proof, the following dream:

I am taking a walk with my children. We come to a charming meadow with rich flowers in wonderful colors. The flowers are unusually large and with glorious blossoms. The children pluck the flowers. I say to them: "You ought not to uproot them. Let one of each kind stand so that the beautiful plants will not be exterminated."

It is possible that this dream, too, has relation to the castration complex. She can bring no associations.[4] But she lives already in another world. She regrets that she has done so much work at home. A secret feeling of guilt seems to have driven her into the rôle of a maid. She would not have a servant, although her husband had repeatedly begged her to (perhaps jealousy for her two sons; a frequent motive[5]). She knows that her life has been bungled. She lives without love and without understanding. She must give up her dreams of happiness in love, her great romance. She is reminded now and then of her old animal stories. She saw to-day in the region of the Meidlinger station a wagon in which animals were being carried. She did not want to look at it. But it drew her with magic, irresistible force to gaze at it. Then she convinced herself that it was a load of wood; she had hallucinated the animals.

Even as a child, moods of sadness were a necessity to her. She would suddenly burst into tears because she thought her mother loved the other children more than her.

I ought to explain to her why she is so excited before she comes to me. I refer to the transference. She always comes with the fantasy that she is going to have some experience. She answers that she is so excited before any visit to a physician; that is, she has the same fantasy with every doctor. As a child she was fond of playing doctor, and the play ended with a thorough examination of her playmates. Now her fear of the physician is explained. The physician is her specific love condition. This makes clear the

anxiety states in the maternity hospital "Lucina," which she describes in her own words as follows:

My Anxiety States at the Lucina

After having been confined three times at home, I decided to go for my fourth child to the Lucina. I reported there for enrollment.

It was thirteen years ago. I did not sleep until after midnight, after a severe depression of spirits in the evening and lasting even into the night. About seven in the morning my little daughter woke me. I lifted her from her crib and in doing so discovered that the amniotic fluid had started. The hastily summoned midwife advised me to go at once to Vienna to the institution. It was a cloudy, frosty day. My husband brought me to the Lucina. I was handed over to a midwife after I had been announced in the office. She was a young, very pretty person, yet she was not sympathetic toward me; she seemed to me cold and heartless.[6]

It was very hard for me to take leave of my husband and it excited me very much. The midwife lead me, since the delivery room was occupied, into the operation room. The great hall was very cheerless to me and I began to suffer severe homesickness, a foolish fear; I felt as if caught in a trap. Unfortunately, a woman lay there in labor, and because no one was with her, I was very sorry for her.

The midwife pointed to a bed and said curtly: "Undress and lie down!" Then she went away. I began to disrobe and had already taken off my shoes. Suddenly I decided to run away and go back home. I quickly put on my clothes and ran crying into the corridor. There a nurse met me and called the doctors. Now I begged and implored that they would let me go, inasmuch as I had no pains yet and could surely get safely home. Naturally, they did not grant my request, and they gave me bromide to quiet me. Then I was brought to the second story to my room. There I could not be prevailed upon to lie down, but ran distracted up and down my room intending by no means to remain here. Since the water was all the time coming away and there were no pains, I was very anxious, for at my last confinement the midwife had had to open the amniotic sac after I had been having pains for a long time. I was afraid of an abnormal birth.

Finally, at three in the afternoon, my husband came, hoping that everything was over, but instead he found me completely in despair and in tears, and I begged him wringing my hands to take

me home again. My husband then fetched the physician whom I had privately chosen for treatment. He examined me and assured me that everything was normal and ordered a bath for me.

As my husband promised not to go away, I became more calm, and toward evening the first slight pains began and about eight o'clock the pressure pains.

Now began the most terrible part. I had to go down for the delivery to the room where by this time there was a vacant bed. I had discovered that next door in the operation hall the poor woman still lay and an operation would have to be performed. Then I was seized with a horrible fear. I screamed and held convulsively to the bed when the nurse wanted to take me down, clung to everything I could lay my hands upon, to the door knob, the banisters, and had to be dragged forcibly along. Downstairs in the passage, I seized also a water spigot.

I cannot begin to describe this terrible state of fear. So must the unfortunate animal struggle and defend itself in its mortal anguish, which it feels quite surely in its soul when it is led to the slaughter.

Why did I thus torture and harass myself with fear? When I ask myself exactly, I feel that it was not the dread of pain, but the fear that I should have to see near me frightful things with other women and that when I lay in pain I would have no one with me who loved me and would speak to me tender, comforting words, that only strange, indifferent persons would be there; this made me so frantic. I had borne greater pain patiently enough at home.

Strange to say, from the moment when I lay in the delivery room everything was a matter of indifference to me. Two hours more and all was safely over.

My poor husband had gone through a frightful time with me that day.

And my little one, whom I brought into the world that day, how I love her! Perhaps because her existence stood in question, perhaps because I bore her under such great terror, I have to love her more tenderly than the other children.

Mayest thou, my dear little sunshine, find in life all that is lovely, all that is wonderful! Give and receive happiness!

We see in this remarkable picture the manifest identification with the animal. We recognize on the other hand the effect of the sense of guilt. She wanted at that time to have an abortion. The physician postponed undertaking it and no one could be found

later who would assume the responsibility. She had therefore wanted to kill the child! The sight of the blooming, very lovely child reminds her of the other abortions which she had to have performed.

The feeling of loneliness and of being forsaken stands forth plainly in her account. She no longer loved her husband and she strove inwardly against bearing children. Her piety was at war with the desire to bear a dead child. She had to believe therefore that God wanted to punish her.

The possibility that birth and abortion signify for her sexual events cannot at once be demonstrated. Physicians were the particular condition for her love. Every obstetrician knows that the women whom he delivers are in love with him, at least that they are enthusiastic over him.

The dreams go more and more clearly in another direction:

I have been carrying a small child. I did not care for it and I thought, "My children are much prettier." Then I was upon a muddy, slippery road.

A comforting and warning dream. Look out for dangerous ways! The child is the offspring of the analyst. This dream is the end of a romance in which the physician plays the chief part.

Very significant the next dream:

I had dusted the room and was standing high up on a bench with my legs bare. There came my husband and the family physician, who, however, did not look like our family doctor, into the room. The physician called out:

"So you are working round again!" I sprang from the bench and threw myself upon the physician's breast and cried out: "I have to do it!"

She is proud of her beautiful calves. Here the physician has an opportunity to admire them. Also she has no secret from her husband; she kisses the doctor in his presence, and he makes no objection.

Her whole life has been spoiled through the jealousy of her husband. If they were on the train, she dared not look to right or left. When she was in the sanatorium for her health, he objected to a postcard on which other patients had subscribed their names. He suspected deceit and disloyalty everywhere. She had no opportunity to converse with other people. This explains to us her death wishes. If she made a journey with him, she could

be sure that he would reproach her unjustly. She wept in lovely spots, thus in Venice at St. Mark's Place, so that her husband said, "Why did you marry me, if you are so unhappy?" Her husband often lays stress upon his absolute faithfulness and seems to have punished his wife that he has not been able to live out his polygamous tendencies.

She reported one more animal dream:

I had freshly scrubbed the kitchen. There came in an animal, which was without a skin. The skin was very unskillfully drawn down, bungling gashes could be seen. Suddenly the animal changed into my daughter Berta. "You poor child! What pain you must be suffering," I cried out. One could see the grains of shot in her flesh.

Here we see for the first time that the animal is identified with that daughter who was born because of the refusal to perform the abortion. The daughter stands also for the sex organ, which has been unskillfully handled. The grains of shot mean the ejaculation. The skin drawn down, the loss of virginity before the marriage; that is, to the first lover, whom she cannot forget (hymen—virginal membrane).

Yesterday she saw a horse which had welts. She suspected that the driver had beaten it, and she reproached him. In the course of the associations she comes again to speak of her husband, who has never understood her.

Her masochism appears now plainly as extreme will to subjection. She is deeply offended that I will not allow her to kiss my hand and that I protest vigorously when she calls me a god. She has need of an ideal, which she may worship and to which she may submit.

She has a characteristic dream:

I saw some one driving away a dog. I said to my husband, "How can one drive from the house so faithful and devoted an animal!" A second animal was there—a bitch. I saw the two performing the sex act and that they were not able to separate. I said, "Oh—they cannot get apart."

The dream has a story preceding it. Her husband had returned from a trip. She had a warm feeling for him. Inasmuch as his mother had died early, he had had a hard youth. Now she begins to understand him. She takes an interest in his psychic life. She kissed him and said to him, "Are you happy?" He answered, "Yes, if you are well and I know that you love me!"

This made her think and after a while she said again, "I wish that you would tell me of your life, as if I were an analyst."

"I have no secrets."

"Every one has secrets. You do not know me and I do not know you. We have lived near each other, but not with each other."

This he could not understand. But we see how she is correcting her affective attitude toward her husband. The physician becomes an indirect way to her husband.

This explains to us the first dream. She cannot drive her husband out of her heart. He is too faithful and too devoted. He is the old dog. She will nevermore give him up. The language of the next dream is still plainer:

Upon a meadow were wonderful flowers—a splendid bed of the most glorious colors. My husband permits me to pluck the flowers.

She feels guilty. She ought to have understood her husband better. We comprehend why she has burdened herself with so much work. It was an atonement for her thoughts of death. Yesterday she said to him, "I have never given you what you have expected from me!" Her husband protested and pointed to her virtues, her industry, and her model bringing up of the children.

The origin of her sadistic fantasies was in no small measure due to a museum where she had frequently gone as a child, in order to see the various instruments of torture. (In passing! When shall entrance to such museums be forbidden to children and adolescents?) She is always forced to think of *one* picture. The bowels were being reeled out of one victim and wound in a roll.

At church she always had the sadistic fantasy of the tortured child which we have already mentioned. She could not pray as she should. She was always pursued by thoughts of being tortured. She wanted herself to be a martyr. She thought that the holy martyrs did not feel pain because God was their help.

Her whole life has been a battle against dust. She cannot bear to have the sun shine into the room lest one should notice the particles of dust. It is a picture of her dusty soul which she cannot endure. If the room was well brushed and swept, then she felt happy. Even her children were kept unnaturally clean.

The new thing is that she cannot be angry with her stern father. He was a restless work animal (her expression), never stayed long in one place, always hoped for something better from a change

of locality, found fault that his work was not appreciated, was very ambitious, wanted to do a great deal, and yet accomplished nothing. She cries out, weeping: *"I was his misfortune!"*

The motivation of this strange utterance is that her mother was pregnant with her and the father had to marry the mother for this reason. He was not happy in his marriage!

She again saw animals upon a wagon. She always has the thought when this happens: "The animals know that they are being carried to the slaughterhouse and would gladly spring from the wagon. But they cannot; they are bound."

Thus she is bound to her husband. She will never be free from him. She will never leap from the wagon.

An interesting animal dream shows that her unconscious avails itself of its own symbolic language, the language of animals:

I see a large cow in a stable. Her head is bound with a white cloth. I say to her: "Will you not drink milk?" (I speak that way in reality to my guinea pigs.) The cow was enormously large. I leave the stable; the cow follows me. Suddenly she flops down on the floor. I think she has surely hurt herself. She was pregnant. I wake my husband. We come into the kitchen. The cow's head lies in boiling water, cut, the wound turned upward. I turn the head about and want to give the cow some pieces of roll. She snaps after them. I have stuck them in. The head was dreadfully cut up.

She remarks concerning the cow that cows always remind her of mothers. She is the cow and will give food to her hungry animal. She burns; her head glows; she is in love. She wants to have nourishment stuck in. Her husband must be attentive. She must waken him.

Again allusions to the castration complex, to which she can bring no confirmation (fellatio fantasies?).

That was the only animal dream that was frightful. One more dream, besides, of a beautiful horse:

I saw again that beautiful, proud, white horse. He sprang with the rider over a deep ditch. Once. Then once again! Then once more. I was astonished to see how often the horse could leap. At last the horse had disappeared and I saw only the rider, who jumped over the ditch.

Obvious coitus symbolism. Once again! signifies the longed-for repetition of coitus. Finally the horse disappears and only the man remains, who likewise is a good jumper.

In another dream she is washing her linen. Her little girl is brushing her teeth and spits the rinsing water into her wash water, which irritates her very much. She cannot end the analysis if she keeps back the thoughts which relate to the children.

For the first time in a long while she feels again a "small" orgasm in coitus. She begins to speak of the unhappiness in her marriage. The old complaint, her husband will never understand her. . . . This doubtless means: He will never entirely satisfy me!

She comes weeping into the consultation room. Depressing pictures of her married life. The husband has no understanding for his children. He drives them only to their lessons, permits them no pleasure, and is talking always of duty. The children are subdued if he is at home and breathe freely when he has again gone on a trip.

In the dream she was in a cellar with her son. She saw a mother mouse and five little mice. One little mouse was entirely cut open. Then she saw a pregnant woman on the street, who at the back was quite naked and covered with hair. Although she was ugly, she had the sublime expression of a mother.

The woman is identified in this dream for the first time with an animal. She was very sensitive during the time of her pregnancy and expected that her husband would be doubly affectionate. The day before she went to the Lucina, she was walking with her husband and sister-in-law. The husband now talked only with his sister. She was hurt, cried half the night, looked for her love letters, and tore them all up. This explains to us her excited state at the Lucina.

Whitsuntide holidays have been passed with relative tranquillity. Her animal dreams show a quite different character:

Many wild animals are running about in the garden. I have seen three from the cellar window. The one was a wild cat, the second much greater than a lynx, and the third a tiger. The lynx came to the cellar window and looked at me with burning eyes. I was afraid and tested the window whether it was well fastened. I pushed forward one more bolt. The animals were rushing about in the garden. Then it occurred to me that my little girl was in the garden. I screamed: "Berta! Berta! Wild animals are in the garden! Where are you? Hide yourself!" I awoke full of fear.

We see how she fears her own passion. The daughter is a sym-

bol of her vagina. She would like to shove a bolt and assure herself against every chance of being overtaken by her unruly impulse. But wild, passionate thoughts and death wishes against the daughter rage through her brain at night, so that she seems to herself like a mad woman.

The death wishes break through again in the next dream:

I saw two hearses. There was very great traffic on the street, but the horses were able cleverly to pass through it. One horse looked around. It was so ugly and had a broad, misshapen muzzle.

I thought, this is fitting for the hearse.

The horse is her husband, for whom she secretly wishes a railway accident. She dishonors him and puts an ugly mouth on him. We hear at once why she does this. Opposite them lives a dairyman, who is married to an elderly, unattractive woman and likes to flirt with the girls. He also once kissed our patient's hand, perhaps longer than was necessary. She noticed his advances and angrily repulsed them. But her husband pursued her with jealousy and believed that she went to the window to coquet with the dairyman. She met a young fellow on the street, who accidentally laughed. Her husband would have it at once that he had smiled at her. He would not have done that to a respectable woman! . . .

Through such faultfinding and suspicions he has poisoned her life and made it impossible for her to be frank and open. It may be that he has felt that she is longing for love. Her last dream fulfills a desire of hers:

I am in Dr. Stekel's room. It is very dark because the curtains have been dropped. I fall upon his bosom and nestle my head in the strong breast, where I feel myself sheltered. My son is in the room.

My curtains are never lowered and any one can look into my room. That does not suit her fantasy, and in her dream she for once has the room dark. Her son seems to be merged with me here into one person. We are the two love objects with which her fantasies are engaged at present.

She feels a weariness of life. Everything should be dark. She wants rest and deep night. She is wretched. She just now pities herself. Immediately she brings associations of horses. When it snowed, she had to think of the poor horses who slip so much. She was happy on Sunday, because the horses could rest. (She herself takes a good rest on Sunday!) Feeding the birds was

also a compulsive action. In the morning she would run into the garden and fear that she was too late; the birds would be suffering from hunger. She becomes annoyed at the sparrows, which devour the robins' food. (Other women will take her sons from her.) She believes the obsessive thoughts regarding the animal transports started with the transports of wounded which used to arrive during the night. Everything was so strange, so frightful, when the cars containing the many wounded men roared through the streets in the dark. (Presumably she wished her husband would go to war and be killed. This possibility is not openly expressed.)

She begins the session with vehement complaints against her husband. It is the tragedy of the wife with a jealous husband which she relates. Opposite her lived a captain who often had light girls visit him and was known as a woman chaser. He was always looking toward her window. Her husband had noticed it and violently reproached her. She no longer dared go to the window. Once the officer spoke to her on the street. She trembled all over and cried, "Please let me alone!" . . . and hastened away.

Similar episodes were pictured in detail. Had she not had that experience before marriage, this would not have happened to her. But her husband was already morbidly jealous before he knew of this experience.

Her dream is significant:

I see a wide stream which is frozen over. An enormously broad waterfall is also turned to ice. All the streets and dams are torn away and covered with ice. Everything is frozen stiff.

She brings a picture of her congealed passion and love. When she is awake at night, she imagines cows in a pasture. The cows are spotted and cheerful. Now she is compelled to think of their being sold and butchered and begins to cry.

This is the last remnant of her animal fantasies. Otherwise she thinks frankly of her unhappy situation and the purposelessness of her life.

For some days the animal dreams have disappeared. Instead of them, evident transference dreams appear.

I brought you flowers. You held the flowers by the stove, and they burned like straw.

I am looking out of the window with you. Swallows are flying in the sky. I call out, "Do you not see the swallows?" You ask, "Where?" I scream, "So many, so many."

She is depressed. Life has no meaning for her. What has she to hope from life? I mention the children. After crying for some time she confesses that she is harboring the thought of killing herself and the children.[7] This plan seems to have been in her mind for some time. She is egoistic enough to want to take the children with her. Rationalization: The children need their mother. It appears that pity for the animals represents pity for her children, who have to be sacrificed. It is a gruesome punishment which she wants to inflict upon her husband.

She is instructed that she will finally have to acknowledge that her husband is a good man and that he has suffered as severely from his morbid jealousy as she has.

She admits that she conceived the idea years ago of taking her life and "taking the children with her." Rationalization: What would become of the children when I am dead! The various animal fantasies were to conceal this fixed idea. Compassion for the children has prevented her from carrying out her purpose. She is forever attempting to make herself believe that she loves her husband. This life deception has now broken down, and she will have to take an entirely different attitude to life. She must learn to surrender her romance that she will have some great experience, and devote herself to her children. But she must also give up the heavy work which she has undertaken for penance and accept her husband's offer to have help in the house.

She lives wholly in the transference. The long-restrained sexuality now breaks forth in full force. At times onanistic acts, which bring some relief.

She dreamed:

I heard a pig being stuck. It was frightful the way the pig screamed.

It was a particular pig which had been raised in her neighborhood. The little porkling was decorated with ribbons; the neighbor's children played with it; it was the household pet. She cannot endure the thought that the pig will be stabbed to death. It will be tortured by an unskillful butcher.

Such dreams always come when she is hating her children. The girls had wanted her the day before to go with them to buy shoes. She said, "Next week will be time enough." The girls began to wail. She became furious. She saw red before her eyes and started furiously toward one of the girls, who ran away terrified. She was afraid that she had wanted to strangle her.

She saw herself in a dream before a dirty glass of water. I told her to empty the glass and get clean water.

She is sad that she has so much filth in her mind.

To-day she again saw animals being led and was sorry; she had to weep. But the reactions are weak and only a lingering echo of her excitement.

She hates the children when she feels them as fetters. This attitude is made clear to her. She hates everything that reminds her of her husband. All his relatives are objects of her hatred. They are realistic individuals without heart. . . .

An ungovernable passion comes to light. She has fearful thoughts. She would like to paint herself, color her lips red, and go upon the street. She will not die without having learned to know passion. She weeps over her past life. My allusions to her duties as wife and mother she rejects with scorn. "You are cruel! You are making fun of me. I thirst for love and you give me good advice. . . ."

She remembers a scene in the second year of marriage. Her husband was unjustly reproaching her; he was again jealous without cause; she wanted to make an angry rejoinder, when the small child screamed. She became furious and at that moment could have choked it.

Freud's well-known statement that we analysts can merely change hysterical suffering into general suffering is confirmed anew. "Why have you destroyed my sympathy with animals? I was able then to cry it out. Now I weep for myself and my wasted life."

I am her god. She would gladly sit at my feet and lick the dust from my shoes. She must admire a man if she is to love him, must look up to him. She cannot respect her husband. She will atone for her "animal instincts" by a divine love and transfigure them.

Yesterday she refused her husband coitus, although she was trembling with excitement and longed for relief. She cannot love him. For he has destroyed her love.

It is explained to her how unjust she is and that she overlooks her husband's good side.

Her need for revenge is stronger than her reason. If she becomes very angry, then she is obstinate also with me and attempts again to form pictures of the tortured animals. Two horses were running behind a wagon and were fastened by a rope. The

horses will certainly fall and the cruel driver will drag them on. Thus she paints the scenes which reflect symbolically her grievous situation.

I pass over a number of interviews which belong to the transference. I have to struggle hard against her devouring passion. She tries to obtain autoerotic satisfaction and gives it up as disgusting. But a wild, impulsive cruelty comes more and more strongly into play. She would like to kill all women whom I have loved or now love. She begrudges them their happiness. She struggles with murder impulses and sees in my rejection of her a severe personal defeat.

A dream brings us further:

I see an animal wagon, which is covered with cloth. I am terribly excited. I will not look at it and yet have to look, as if a magic power compelled me. Then the wagon changes into a hearse. I see my sisters-in-law going in tears behind the coffin.

In this dream she has her husband die. In her fantasy she saw him going through a railway accident. This was her road to freedom. The scene at the Meidlinger station becomes intelligible. Her husband shall die! The sympathy for her husband and for herself is displaced upon the animals. The feeling of guilt has dragged her into the vortex of the parapathy.

She is weary of life. What purpose has her life? The longed-for experience will not come. She has no more animal dreams, but she still revels at times in fantasies of pity. To-day she saw on the railway a carload of cattle. The oxen were lowing. She thought that the animals were thirsty in the heat. Why do not the wicked people give the animals water? She simply assumes, takes it for granted, that the animals get no water, because she has need of the cruel idea. She is naturally the cow which is thirsting for love and receives no water.

The animal dreams are gone. But there are other dreams which are equally frightful. The next dream as an example:

There was a hollow under the earth. The walls were of earth, but also boards. There lay a skeleton, as if of a human being. The flesh was scraped away. It looked like the bones taken out at butchering. They were quite fresh, bloody, with flesh on them. There was a second body there, which was split. I could see the brain very plainly. A voice behind me said: "Look, on the wall there is still fresh a bloody hand." I was afraid, as if I were a criminal who was to be tortured to death. I wanted to get out,

but everything was securely locked. Then I was outside in the open; I wanted to go to a meadow, there was a steep, almost perpendicular stair. There was some one with me, who was going to help me. I said: "I shall have to climb up; I have the soup in my hand, and I will surely spill it." I was carrying something in a bowl; I could not put it away, and I was all the time disturbed lest I should spill it.

This dream has to do with a torture chamber. People were put to torment and she also will be tortured. (Connection with analysis, which is conceived as psychic torture and dissection. The brain lies exposed.) She has a torture chamber in her unconscious. Her original ideas were purely sadistic. She begins slowly to perceive this. I demonstrate to her also the unreality of her love for animals. She is not a member of the society for the protection of animals. She has thought something of that but never enrolled. As a member she would have the right to interfere in a case of ill-treatment of an animal. But this has nothing to do with animals. She eats undisturbed the flesh of oxen which have been led to the slaughterhouse and which she so pities in spirit.

Suicidal thoughts are again manifest. Only the children keep her alive.

The next dreams throw light upon the transformation that has taken place in her:

I saw a bear which was confined in a narrow cage with gray walls. The bear tried in vain to get out of the cage. On the roof above lay a traveling basket. The bear sought to reach the basket and succeeded. It then tore the basket to small bits. Suddenly it was as if I were the bear in the cage. I tried to get free. Then all at once I saw myself outside the cage. A woman who resembled me hit the bear with a whip. "What are you doing there?" I cried. "The bear must be punished. It must be punished!" "The poor animal," said I. "It sees nothing but gray walls. It longs for freedom and air." The woman continued to strike the bear. I awoke with anger.

We see how she represents herself as a bear. Marriage is her cage. Her husband travels. This explains the traveling basket, which is still more comprehensible when we know that she will soon have to leave and would much rather continue the analysis. She administers the punishment to herself for her bestial desires and her sadistic attitude toward her husband.

In the next dream she appears, however, as a torturer of animals. She has thrown a cat out of the window.

The analysis is ended. She still has some compulsive actions, which remind her of the period of illness. If she goes by a yard, she has to look in to see if animals are being butchered. But she is more quiet; she has learned to know herself. Animals no longer have the overvalue which they had assumed in her thought world before the analysis.

This analysis of a compassionate person will have to serve as a model to show how the primary cruelty is concealed behind the pity.

I might in this place mention the sympathy of parapathics with their victims. It is well known how melancholiacs torture their families, reduce those about them to despair, and at the same time are always complaining and insisting that their own lot is a matter of indifference to them; they pity only their poor families, who have to put up with so much. It becomes evident in analysis of such cases that it gives them pleasure to harass those about them, and that this torment is a part of the tendency of the disease. It is interesting that these tendencies may express themselves in sexual intercourse as impotence and anæsthesia. It came to light in the analysis of an impotent man that he begrudged his wife the enjoyment of coitus, and the unfulfilled expectation of his wife corresponded to his sadistic attitude toward her. This patient meanwhile was always complaining: "I could easily give up coitus, but I am so sorry for my wife. I pity her so!" Impotence was the punishment given her for having for a long time preferred some one else. Later he confessed in analysis that before marriage he had already had the fantasy of rousing a woman to the highest pitch and then denying her the desired gratification.

I owe to Dr. Missriegler a case of this sort, who has put at my disposal the following passage from a letter of a sadist:

Case Number 19. It will perhaps be of interest to you to receive a contribution from a so-called normal individual.

Just enough of myself for orientation. I am in my forties, married, and on good terms with one wife.[8] I have had no illnesses

worth mentioning. I have a good position as *leader* in a large enterprise. This is, I think, worthy of note, and I have thus far got on well with the people, although I am rather soft-hearted.

I was an only child, but always had a playmate in a girl cousin three years older than myself, who rather made a slave of me. I was ruthless toward other children, as my parents have related since, and I can myself recall some such behavior. My sexual life was not especially abnormal. As a boy I masturbated diligently without any particular effect upon me; then at about twenty years of age an older woman got hold of me, with whom I carried on a relationship smoothly, although without fulfilling all the fantasied expectations which I had attached to it. This was repeated until I learned to know my wife. After her [9] marriage I had no extra-marital escapades. I cannot complain of any disturbances in marriage worth mentioning, only even to the present time I have to masturbate perhaps every month or two, with which, in contrast with the childish onanism, something like an inner reproach is associated. It is as if I were unfaithful to my wife.

But now to the essential thing. I am quite conscious of sadistic impulses; I know that many times I intentionally injure people. Externally, however, I am a masochist, and my sexual life, too, apparently reveals the masochistic. You will see that most clearly from fantasies which I often have, particularly when I have not masturbated for a long time, which begin plainly as masochistic and then become more and more evidently sadistic. I will give them to you on account of this transition. Sometimes I have also the same fantasies in dreams.

I am, therefore, the slave of a beautiful young, powerful woman. Usually it is actually my own wife. I must do what she bids, unfasten her shoes, kneel before her, and kiss her feet. I must tickle the soles of her feet with my tongue. Occasionally she gives me a kick. And then—but always still at her command—I have to reach higher upon the legs. When she has had just as much as she wants, I have to stop. Naturally it ends in cunnilingus. Quite imperceptibly the fantasy now changes. I am still the slave and have to gratify her as she bids and stop when she wishes, but I have to leave off now, rather, when her orgasm is near, and she becomes more and more the distressed one. For as soon as she moans for gratification, I cease and let her implore. And besides I think up always fresh tortures. If she begs me for coitus, she has to masturbate me and I laugh derisively, instead of giving her the satisfaction she wants. And then she has to begin all

over again, using every subtle effort to bring about an erection in me, and I torment her afresh and leave her unsatisfied. Not until she is half swooning from the experience do I thrust in the penis forcibly, so that she lies there as if dead.

I could paint this fantasy still more broadly in all its detail, but I have without that given you the essence of it.

I will merely mention further that I like to practice cunnilingus actually with my wife and that this fantasy first appeared, to the best of my knowledge, when I kissed the hand of my cousin on her wedding day, the cousin with whom I had earlier been on friendly terms.

It is significant in this case that the sadistic fantasies of revenge came to light first upon the cousin's wedding day. The liking for this cousin seems to have been stronger than the writer of this letter was willing to acknowledge to himself.

Compassion plays a great part in the most varied parapathies, in which it serves the narcissistic tendencies. There are many parapathies which start with pain and force the patients always to be making complaint and to describe themselves as the most unhappy of men. No other person has so heavy a burden to carry. It is more than human what they have to endure and only certain considerations for other people keep them from suicide. . . . In these cases the sadism appears to be directed against their own persons, while the masochistic component as pity for oneself betrays the secret pleasure premium in suffering. We find this self-pity developed in a great degree especially in hypochondria and melancholia, which Freud designates as the narcissistic neuroses. The compassion in these cases is in fact narcissistic; it is a measure of the self-love. The endopsychic process often copies scenes from childhood. It is the mother who sympathizes with the sick child, feels and suffers with him. In these cases the compassion is the gauge of the love. The patient often plays the mother, and the child with the sadistic component the malicious, indifferent spectator, behind whom the father is concealed. The persons change if the father was the more tender and sympathetic.

The illness then serves to exact pity from the environment. Sympathy is love in small portions. If sympathy is refused, the sadistic tendency to revenge breaks through into the open.

Indifferent persons are hated (they have no heart). The seeking to obtain pity is a seeking for affect.

I might mention one more interesting type: the person who is sympathetic and is ashamed to show his compassion, so that he gives the appearance of a stern, hard, implacable person. The type is interesting because a strong affect of shame is associated with the pity. These types usually rationalize their heartlessness upon the ground that pity is a sign of weakness; it is a feminine quality; it is not compatible with a strong character. We have to see in this reaction, on the one hand a self-defense against the tendency to compassion, on the other an endopsychic realization of the sadistic foundation of the pity. There are frequently persons who take their revenge upon life because they themselves once sought in vain to obtain sympathy. It is important that the reaction of sympathy appears later with reproaches and leads to all sorts of deeds of penance. This type is found particularly in pronounced obsessive parapathy and will be thoroughly discussed in the tenth volume of the *Disturbances*.

IX

A CHILD IS BEING BEATEN

> When one knows, says some one, a man's character, one has the key to his conduct: this is false. One performs a bad action who is at bottom an honest man; another does an evil deed without being evil. Almost never does one act according to the natural tendency of his character, but through the secret passion of a moment, sheltered, hidden, in the innermost folds of the heart. NAPOLEON.

We find very many among the parapathics whom we treat, in whom the idea that a child is being beaten stands in the foreground of their erotic interest. Freud has discussed this theme in his distinguished study "A Child is Being Beaten" (*Collected Papers,* Volume II).

I will first give a certain presentation of his theory chiefly in his own words (what he says refers to females):

"The fantasy has feelings of pleasure attached to it. At the climax of the imaginary situation there is almost invariably an onanistic gratification. It is only with hesitation that this fantasy is confessed to. Its first appearance is recollected with uncertainty. The first fantasies of the kind were entertained very early in life, not later than in the fifth or sixth year. The influence of the school was so clear that the patients concerned were at first tempted to trace back their beating-fantasies exclusively to these impressions of school life. But the fantasies had already been in existence before. In the higher forms at school, these fantasies received fresh stimulus through the reading of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and other such books. The sight of another child being beaten at school was never a source of similar enjoyment as the production of fantasy. Moreover, it was also a condition even of the elaborated fantasies of later years that the punishment should do the children no serious injury. The individuals from whom the data for these analyses were derived were very seldom beaten in their childhood, or were at all events not brought up by the help of the rod. Various questions concerning the fuller content of these

fantasies were met only with the timid reply: 'I know nothing more about it: a child is being beaten.' In these circumstances it was impossible at first even to decide whether the pleasure attaching to the beating-fantasy was to be described as sadistic or masochistic.

"A fantasy of this kind, arising, perhaps from some accidental cause, in early childhood and retained for the purpose of auto-erotic gratification, can, in the light of our present knowledge, only be regarded as a primary trait of perversion. One of the components of the sexual function has, it seems, developed in advance of the rest, has made itself prematurely independent, has undergone fixation, and has in this way given evidence of a peculiar and anomalous constitution in the individual. Whenever we find a sexual aberration in adults, we are justified in expecting that anamnestic investigation will reveal some experience in the nature of a fixation in childhood. It was possible to look for the significance of the impressions that brought about the fixation in the fact that they provided an opportunity of fixation (even though it was an accidental one) for precisely that sexual component which was prematurely developed and was ready to spring forward. The congenital constitution seemed exactly to correspond with what was required for a stopping-place of that kind.

"If the sexual component which has broken loose prematurely is the sadistic one, then we may expect, on the basis of knowledge derived from other sources, that a disposition to an obsessional neurosis will result from its subsequent repression. This expectation cannot be said to be contradicted by the results of the study of six cases.

"An analysis carried back to early childhood shows that this fantasy, which appeared after the fifth year, had a complicated history, in the course of which its relation to the person producing the fantasy, its object, content, and the significance of the latter, altered more than once. The content, gradually disclosed, of a first, very early phase of the beating-fantasy of female individuals reads as follows: 'My father is beating the child'; or 'My father is beating the child whom I hate.' The fantasy, then, is certainly not masochistic. It would be tempting to call it sadistic, but the child producing the fantasy is never doing the beating himself. The second phase has never succeeded in becoming conscious. It is a construction of analysis. Profound transformations have taken place between it and the first phase. Now, therefore, the wording runs: *'I am being beaten by my father.'* It is of an unmistakably masochistic character.

"The third phase once more resembles the first, only the figure of the child who is producing the beating-fantasy no longer itself appears in it; instead of the father, a father representative (teacher) is administering the punishment; instead of one child, a number of boys (in the fantasies of the girl) are being beaten. The essential characteristic of the fantasy is this: the fantasy now has strong and unambiguous sexual excitement attached to it, and so provides a means for onanistic gratification. By what path has the fantasy of strange and unknown boys being beaten (a fantasy which has by this time become sadistic) found its way into the permanent possession of the little girl's libidinal tendencies?

"If the analysis is traced through the early period to which the beating-fantasies are referred and from which they are recollected, it shows us the child involved in the agitations of its parental complex. The affections of the little girl are fixed upon her father. But there are other children in the nursery who are disliked chiefly because the parents' love has to be shared with them, and for this reason they are repulsed. If it is a younger brother or sister, it is despised as well as hated. One soon learns that being beaten signifies a deprivation of love and a humiliation. The idea of the father beating this hateful child is therefore an agreeable one. Content and meaning of the beating-fantasy in its first phase is therefore: 'My father does not love this other child, *he loves only me.*' It remains doubtful, therefore, whether it ought to be described as purely 'sexual,' nor can one venture to call it 'sadistic.' 'Not clearly sexual, not in itself sadistic, but yet the stuff from which both will later come.' In any case, however, there is no ground for suspecting that in this first phase the fantasy is already at the service of an excitement which finds its outlet in an onanistic act.

"It is clear that the sexual life of the child has reached the stage of genital organization, now that its incestuous love has achieved this premature object-choice. None of these incestuous loves can avoid the fate of repression. Most probably they pass because their time is over, because the children have entered upon a new phase of development in which they are compelled to recapitulate from the history of mankind the repression of an incestuous object-choice, just as at an earlier stage they were obliged to effect an object-choice of that very sort. At the same time as this process of repression takes place, a sense of guilt appears. The fantasy of the period of incestuous love had said: 'He (my father) loves only me, and not the other child, for he is beating

it.' The sense of guilt can discover no punishment more severe than the reversal of this triumph: 'No, he does not love you, for he is beating you.' In this way the fantasy of the second phase, that of being beaten by the father, is a direct expression of the sense of guilt, to which the love for the father is now subordinated. The fantasy, therefore, has become masochistic. So far as I know, this is always so; a sense of guilt is invariably the factor that transforms sadism into masochism. The sense of guilt cannot have won the field alone; a share must also fall to the love-impulse. We must remember that we are dealing with children in whom the sadistic component was able for constitutional reasons to develop prematurely and in isolation. It is precisely such children who find it particularly easy to hark back to the pregenital, sadistic-anal organization of their sexual life. If the genital organization, when it has scarcely been effected, is met by repression, it not only follows that every mental counterpart of the incestuous love becomes unconscious, or remains so, but there is another result as well: a regressive debasement of the genital organization itself to a lower level. 'My father loves me' was meant in a genital sense; owing to the regression it is turned into 'My father is beating me (I am being beaten by my father).' This being beaten is now a meeting-place between the sense of guilt and sexual love. *It is not only the punishment for the forbidden genital relation, but also the regressive substitute for it,* and from this latter source it derives the libidinal excitation which is from this time forward attached to it, and which finds its outlet in onanistic acts. Here for the first time we have the essence of masochism. This second phase remains as a rule unconscious, in consequence of which an onanism appearing at this time may be under the dominion of unconscious fantasies, for which the familiar beating-fantasies of the third phase are substituted.

"We look upon the beating-fantasy in its familiar third phase, which is its final form, as a substitute of this sort. Here the child who produces the fantasy appears at most as a spectator, while the father persists in the shape of a teacher or some other person in authority. The fantasy, which now resembles that of the first phase, seems to have become sadistic once more. It appears as though in the phrase, 'My father is beating the other child, he loves only me,' the stress has been shifted back on to the first part after the second part has undergone repression. But only the form of this fantasy is sadistic; the gratification which is derived from it is masochistic. Its significance lies in the fact that it has taken

over the libidinal cathexis of the repressed portion and at the same time the sense of guilt which is attached to its content. All of the many indeterminate children who are being beaten by the teacher are, after all, nothing more than substitutes for the child itself.

"These observations can be made use of for elucidating the genesis of the perversions in general and of masochism in particular. The view which brought into the foreground in this connection the constitutional reinforcement or premature growth of a single sexual component is not shaken, indeed; but it is seen not to comprise the whole truth. The perversion is no longer an isolated fact in the child's sexual life, but falls into its place among the typical, not to say normal, processes of development which are familiar to us. It is brought into relation with the child's incestuous object-love, with its Œdipus-complex. It first comes into prominence in the sphere of this complex, and after the complex has broken down it remains over, often quite by itself, the inheritor of its charge of libido, and weighed down by the sense of guilt that was attached to it. It does not seem impossible that the origin of infantile perversions from the Œdipus complex can be asserted as a general principle. The 'first experience' is almost always referred by these perverts to a time when the supremacy of the Œdipus-complex is already over.

"As the Œdipus-complex is the actual nucleus of neuroses, so the beating-fantasy and other analogous perverse fixations would also only be precipitates of the Œdipus-complex, scars, so to say, after the process is completed, just as the notorious 'sense of inferiority' corresponds to a narcissistic scar of the same sort.

"Little light is thrown upon the genesis of masochism by our discussion of the beating-fantasy. To begin with, there seems to be a confirmation of the view that masochism is not the manifestation of a primary instinct, but originates from sadism which has been turned round and directed upon the self, that is to say, by means of regression from an object to the ego. Instincts with a passive aim must be taken for granted as existing, especially among women. But passivity is not the whole of masochism. The characteristic of 'pain' [*Unlust*] belongs to it as well—a bewildering accompaniment to the gratification of an instinct. The transformation of sadism into masochism appears to be due to the influence of the sense of guilt concerned in the act of repression. Repression, therefore, is operative here in three ways: it renders the consequences of the genital organization unconscious, it com-

pels that organization itself to regress to the earlier sadistic-anal stage, and it transforms the sadism of this stage into masochism, which is passive and again in a certain sense narcissistic. The second of these three effects is made possible by the weakness of the genital organization, which must be presupposed in these cases. The third becomes necessary because the sense of guilt takes as much objection to sadism as to incestuous object-choice genitally conceived.

"The second phase, the unconscious and masochistic one, in which the child itself is being beaten by its father, is incomparably the more important. We can detect effects upon the character which are directly derived from its unconscious setting. People who harbour fantasies of this kind develop a special sensitiveness and irritability towards any one whom they can put among the class of fathers."

Freud makes further reference to the connection of this fantasy with obsessive parapathy and hysteria. According to my experience all these cases are concerned with an obsession, which is very frequently accompanied by other compulsive symptoms, as the analysis of such a case will show.

The mechanism which Freud has described cannot be demonstrated in all cases. It is certainly present in individual instances. It is true that the psychic determination of this paraphilia is much more complicated than Freud has represented it. My examples, in contrast to Freud's, concern only men. I consider this beating fantasy not as a final one, but, as I will show, as a cover fantasy constructed according to the same mechanism which Freud has revealed in the cover memories.

The significance of the idea "a child is being beaten" cannot be highly enough appreciated.

There are a large number of masochists who have never practiced flagellation, but who are roused to the highest pitch of excitement through the *idea* that a child is being whipped.

This fantasy, against which there is usually severe struggle, frequently retreats for a long time into the background or for a while disappears, to come to light again when least expected. It plays perhaps the greatest rôle among all sadistic and masochistic fantasies, comes into consideration also from the foren-

sic point of view, for there are always educators who make use for their own ends of the children intrusted to them.

I will begin with some cases from my own observation.

Case Number 20. Dr. Z. T., a physician of fifty-one years of age, visited me in the greatest despair. He was on the point of suicide, for he knew no other way out. The customary refrain: I was his last hope. It took but a little while before he had calmed himself; he wept steadily, but then pulled himself together and related the following experiences. He was the father of several fine children, had a splendid wife with whom he lived in the best of marital harmony. He had never been quite normal when young. He had always been greatly roused by the idea that a child was being beaten. It made no difference whether it was a boy or a girl. He will never be able to forget how he was a witness once when the teacher gave an unruly pupil such blows upon his buttocks with the palm of his hand that they resounded afar. He has had to think of this occurrence for years.

"Which part have you played in your fantasies? That of teacher or pupil?"

"Let me think. I no longer exactly know. I believe, of both. . . . As I have said, these fantasies faded away later, because I wanted to know nothing about them."

"How long did they last?"

"Really during my entire period of study. For I was a family tutor and had to support myself."

"Did you strike the children under your care?"

"I confess that I often struggled with the temptation, for they were mostly naughty and I very easily fell into a rage. But I resolved very firmly not to do it, and I have never done it. I set my teeth and suppressed the powerful sexual excitement."

"Which roused you more, a boy or a girl?"

"Again I cannot answer that so precisely. But I believe a boy. I imagined it as the supreme pleasure if he were stripped for beating and greatly humiliated. . . . I always strove against these fantasies and was ashamed of them. I often thought, if the people knew what was passing in me they would despise me and no one would have anything to do with me. I guarded myself against books which are concerned with such situations and only once did I read such rubbish, which is widely disseminated. The impression was fearful and for weeks I could not rid myself of these vile fantasies. Then, however, I had the good fortune to find

a girl whom I loved exceedingly. It was my present wife, an ideal nature in every way. I had already had some affairs before this and had always been very potent. It was so also with me in marriage. I have an exceptional wife, whom I worship and revere. I am devoted to my children. My oldest, a girl of nineteen, is studying medicine. . . . In short, until a few weeks ago I was the happiest of beings."

"These whipping scenes have never been the object of fantasy during your entire married life?"

"I could not say that. I often thought of them, perhaps even every day, but I could ward them off. If I heard that a boy had been struck by a stern woman teacher, I was at once excited. I should like to have thought of nothing else. But I permitted myself no time to dally with the dangerous fantasies. Work was my best medicine. I have a large practice and many duties besides as health officer, which keep me fully occupied. I have also a hobby, travel and foreign languages. I am always saving for a journey, which absorbs me so much that I am busy the year through with preparations and working out of plans. Furthermore, I learn the language which I shall need for my travels."

I might here emphasize the fact that this principle of diversion of interest is tried by many people with good result. Most of my patients are extraordinarily industrious people, who permit themselves no rest. This industry arises often from motives of which they have not the least knowledge. They want to distract themselves. We see such examples every day. So it is with our patient. Love of travel is very characteristic. It represents hope, the journey into the unknown, freedom for those bound in marriage, for it is he only who goes.[1]

"So I was intending to go to England next year and extend and deepen my knowledge of English. I am particularly interested in speaking in foreign countries in such a way that the people will not immediately discover that I am a foreigner. There was recommended to me by a lady, where I was family physician, an English woman who was supposed to have an excellent pronunciation and was very intelligent. I began to take lessons from her a few times a week. I enjoyed every lesson. At first my daughter studied with me, but soon it became too hard for her, because I made such colossal progress. We were then alone during the hour. Now the inconceivable, the incomprehensible, happened. This English woman is already in her fifties, withered, lean, not good-looking. My wife is very well preserved and passes even

to-day as a beauty. Yet I took a great liking to the English woman, so that for a moment I thought of giving up the lessons. My thoughts were always occupied with her, and I noticed that I was so excited before the hour that my heart was beating violently. Only I thought that this all came from my eagerness to learn and my desire for knowledge and shoved the interest upon the descriptions she gave me of the country and people of England. I soon came to know, however, that it was something else, but then it was already too late. One day she began to tell me of a boy who had been under her instruction in England. She said that in England the children were much more strictly brought up and received many more whippings. She plainly saw that this theme interested me greatly. I began to tremble all over and the blood rushed to my head. But she went on telling how the boys were undressed and whipped by the instructresses. I must have changed very much, for she did not stop speaking and I listened fascinated. Her eyes, too, lighted up when she spoke of the punishments.

"From this day on there was no other theme between us. I fell passionately in love with the English woman, which shocked me and which had certainly not been anticipated by me. I could scarcely wait for the hour to come. She now began the description of how she would ill-treat and punish a boy who was in her care. It was a beautiful boy of our acquaintance. This made me wild. From morning till night I could think of nothing else. I now suffered an obsession which simply forced all other thoughts out of my brain: I imagined Miss P. punishing this fine lad for some disobedience or other.

"With this thought I fell asleep, and with this thought I awoke: if I could sleep at all! Usually for hours I was in no condition to go to sleep. I tried to read, to attend the theater, to go out in society. Nothing would do. I thought all the time of the English woman and always of this one thing, how she would whip this boy. I made an effort to talk with her more frequently. We really had then a love affair, without becoming sexually intimate. Her stories brought me to the pitch of excitement; also her eyes began to sparkle. . . . We kissed each other at the conclusion of the conversation; I had at this moment the height of orgasm and ejaculation, and she, too, seemed completely satisfied with this sort of sexual activity and never wanted more. It was painful to me that I was almost totally impotent with my wife. I had always to imagine to myself the boy who was beaten in order to bring

about an erection. I succeeded finally in this way in satisfying my wife, but had neither orgasm nor ejaculation in these acts. I was afterward frightfully exhausted and could not sleep, so that my wife attributed this excitement to my nervousness and wanted me to refrain, since marital intercourse seemed to all appearance to injure me.

"I experienced frightful remorse in the face of such kindly affection. I was ashamed and often wept by the hour that an overwhelming force had made me so unhappy. A thousand times in the night I resolved never to see the English woman again. I swore it by every sacred oath I could think of, even by the life of my beloved children. But when the morning came, the desire was stronger than all resolves and I again visited my teacher, who understood how to assume a majestic, repellent attitude, so that no one would have suspected that we were having a sort of love relationship. Furthermore, we never spoke of the perverse direction of our tastes, never of our love. She condescendingly permitted me to kiss her, as a mother is kissed by her child. I often imagined her as my teacher and soon had fantasies that she would chastise me like the small boy, if I could not recite my lesson. But I studied very diligently for fear that I might succumb to this desire. Recently, though, the correct answer would not come to my lips. She thereupon said to me: 'Really I shall have to punish this naughty boy a little!' I began to tremble through my whole body and my teeth to chatter. . . . She pulled me slightly by the ear and made as if she would strike me. I was so excited that I grew quite white and almost fainted. Then, frightened, she stopped the game. That was day before yesterday. I wrote and excused myself yesterday, giving as my reason an overburden of professional work, which I have never done before. . . . And to-day I am with you. Help me! Stand by me! I have thought you might hypnotize me and so deliver me from the terrible suggestion of this woman."

How often one has to hear such requests from these patients! They would be glad to be freed from their pathological attitude through the overpowering will of another. All these patients who want hypnosis are—masochists. We are better acquainted now with the secrets of hypnosis than in former decades; we have learned that the patients see in hypnosis a kind of sexual activity and that secretly they expect a sexual act. They want to be delivered over to another's power accord-

ing to the principle of "pleasure without blame," to submit to it without later having to reproach themselves. The men who wish to be hypnotized are all masked homosexuals, and fear of hypnosis arises from the same sources. Various analysts (Ferenczi among others) have called attention to the fact that hypnosis represents actually a sort of fascination, a lightninglike falling in love. Jung relates that an elderly woman after the first hypnotic session expressed her gratitude with the words: "I thank you that you were so honorable!" . . . This plainly discloses what these persons expect in hypnosis. Hence arise the many accusations of hysterical women who are hypnotized. They are wish fantasies, and in no small part acts of revenge because the secret desire was *not* fulfilled.

Now hypnosis is not in the position to cure such morbid attitudes. Hypnosis is really only a kind of game and often not a harmless one. Most of these patients by no means go to sleep readily. They have to guard themselves from the betrayal of their secrets. There exists in most of them beside the will to get well also the will to be sick, which is just as powerful and through fear prevents hypnosis from taking place. Furthermore, it is no cure if one substitutes for one compulsive thought another hypnotic one. The patient must be enlightened; he must be educated; he has to learn to get rid of his illness without the will of another.

I first advised our patient to withdraw entirely from the English woman and to confide in his wife. His wife had been pressing him for weeks, had visited me, and showed so much understanding that I could feel safe in giving him this counsel.

He obeyed me and even these measures proved themselves of incredible benefit. He wrote to the English woman breaking with her once and for all and begged her also to give up the lesson at the house where he might accidentally meet her. He made generous reparation to her for this in a material way. . . . He told his whole trouble to his wife and all that he had suffered. She understood at once that it was a matter of psychic difficulty and had the warmest sympathy, did not reproach him in the least, and treated him with all consideration and affection, which he actually had deserved as a loving and blameless husband. These two steps already so relieved him that he was again able to sleep

and became much calmer. The obsession of the English woman ceased, and there were often six to eight hours during which he had not thought of her or of the boy. Then the thought would flash like lightning through his head, but he was able to master it.

A variety of interesting material came to light in the very brief analysis which now followed. He had been ardently devoted to his mother, whom the English woman resembled in certain respects. The mother, who had died the year before, had become in her latter years very delicate and thin, and she had the same voice and eyes as the English woman. He recalled that he had been whipped a few times by his mother. He was however not aware that the blows had been particularly charged with pleasure for him. He submitted to his mother in blind obedience. He designated his attitude toward her as thoroughly masochistic. Now we know that the English woman presented striking likeness to the mother. She was older than he, thin, slender, blonde, had blue eyes. His wife, whom he loved extraordinarily, was a good deal younger than he, plump, dark, and small. Therefore the exact opposite of the mother. If it is true that men choose their wives according to the mother ideal, which I have often been able to confirm, there is also a contrast type who seek for freedom from the infantile ideal. We know also by this time why he had made the relation to the English woman an asexual one. It could not be a sexual one, lest the fiction should not be complete. We understand the renaissance of his paraphilia. He wanted to be a child again and to have a mother once more.

Yet why had this need arisen so suddenly and, moreover, at his age? If we conceive of the masochistic scenes, the being overpowered and beaten as a child, functionally, as a symbol of inner conflicts, we shall have to explain the new paraphilia thus: that a violent struggle against the infantile had set in, a struggle which expressed itself functionally in the picture of a chastised, punished boy. In other words: *He wanted to suppress the child within him!*

Since all strivings are bipolar, this force, which would repress and suppress the infantile, corresponded with another which reaches back to the childish and prefers it in contrast to all other streams. The severe parapathic condition arises then from the conflict between this defense and this inclination, manifesting itself in our patient in *tædium vitæ, insomnia,* and incapability for work.

For he had not been able to work for some time and had had to get a substitute for certain duties, inasmuch as they excited him

too much. It came to light that this related to certain days in which he had to examine a large number of factory workers for insurance. On such occasions the workmen had to undress completely.

"Why was it just these examinations that excited you so?"

"I do not know. . . . There are rough fellows among them. They are dirty, usually do not bathe regularly, smell of perspiration. . . . In brief, they are repugnant to me. . . ."

"Do you have the same repugnance if you have to examine female employees?"

"No—they are very much cleaner and take much better care of themselves."

(One sees that the patients always know how to justify their dislikes so that they need not recognize the sexual roots.)

"Do you examine prostitutes also?"

"Yes, twice a week."

"Have you a feeling of disgust with them?"

"No!"

"Not even if they are ill, suffering from syphilis?"

"No—I know nothing of repugnance. I am a physician. I am sorry for the poor things."

"Does it not strike you that you are very unfair to the laborers? That you are under the control of a definite affect toward the workmen which you are not willing to admit?"

"I do not know what sort of an affect that might be."

I will give no more of this conversation here, which only goes to show how difficult it is in such investigations after the truth to come to the real basis. I will now report further. The patient was instructed concerning the presence of homosexual currents. He now understands his attitude toward the naked workmen and informs me that he always first looked at the penis, as he thought, only out of "interest in the matter," and because he had imagined that he had a very small penis. He suffers as do many men a penis envy. . . . We learn of homosexual fantasies of his early years, a relation with a cousin, play with schoolmates. He had pronounced homosexual relationships in his childhood. But then, say around his seventeenth year, he says, loathing of all these "unnatural things" set in.

We come here upon the important homosexual attitude,

which we have been able to demonstrate in all these paraphilias.

The origin of the parapathy and the reawakening of the masochism, the love toward the English woman, are all to be explained thus. Every man passes through a critical age in which he bids farewell to youth and love. Our patient had such feelings even before the outbreak of the parapathy. He frequently looked at himself in the mirror, so that his wife noticed it, and said to himself: "You are already growing old, Boy!" At this period, in which one loses the energy to woo and win, in which one must renounce all silent, unconfessed expectations, in which a powerful reaction of all the polygamous instincts disturbs the conservative elements of the psyche, every buried wish becomes again active. There is a reanimation of all the sexual impulses. Our patient had only lived out the male in him and even this in a very modest degree. For his monogamy was a forced one. He admits that he was true to his wife physically only, but never in his thoughts. Many women had pleased him; he had always been able to control himself . . . for fear of results and chiefly lest his wife should learn of it. In the critical age of this man, in which he had to say: "You still have many wishes which you have not fulfilled, many desires that have not been satisfied," the repressed homosexuality also had to come to light.

It came and revealed itself in the reluctance to look at naked men. . . . And this aversion appeared before he had yet learned to know the English woman. He did not recognize the root of the repugnance. Other symptoms were also manifest that bear witness to the revival of the homosexuality. He preferred the society of old friends and school comrades, went again to the tavern, where he spent many hours in the company of men. He achieved a regression into the infantile attitude. He fled from recognition of homosexuality into his old paraphilia; he escaped from the woman in himself and became rather a child. He needed a mother whom he could love asexually, because his entire libido had streamed away into the homosexual channel.

He found the English woman, a mother imago, and moreover a type which through absence of secondary sexual characteristics approached the masculine. (She was slender, lean, had

practically no hips, no bosom, a deep, almost masculine voice, a slight indication of a mustache.) He needed a great love in order to forget the homosexuality. This obsessive love, which represents flight from homosexuality, is one of the most interesting phenomena of the morbid psychic life. It often acts the part of a passion which reaches the highest degree, a passion which pertains not to the object but to the repressed goal. I might formulate it thus:

Every love the *affect* of which appears excessive and which manifests itself in pathological reactions, is under suspicion as an obsessive and substitute love. Thus it was also in this case. The man had to have a homosexual object, which he did not want to recognize, with which he was in love.

An object was sought and found in this flight from homosexuality which permitted a regression to infantile sources of pleasure and granted in the accompanying phenomena a certain expression of the impulses which he desired to escape. I mean, the repressed had to be mingled with the repressing force. Every parapathic symptom is a compromise. The infantile and the homosexual have to come to light in the love. He did not wish to see the woman in himself and became a child. But in the affair he played the part of a woman, and in his fantasies more often identified himself with the woman who whipped the boy than with the boy himself. A definite homosexual love object must have existed to occasion this complete conversion of love.

In fact I succeeded readily in arriving at the origin of the parapathy. It was a case of a very handsome nephew, who had attached himself to him very closely in recent years and was warmly devoted to him. The idea of loving this boy, subjecting himself to him (for love is the will to submission), was bound to call forth the reaction of showing his power to the boy and remaining master over him. The will to power had to battle with the will to subjection. And so the love had to seek a form in which a strong will to power would consent to unite with the love. The English woman became a symbol of the domination of the feminine over him, the mastery of the man in him, and the suppression of the infantile. She per-

mitted him a love in which a boy played a rôle. But this boy he always imagined as the nephew.

He had also brought it about that the nephew should learn English at his expense, and in fact by the higher-priced teacher whom his parents could not afford. This generous act was only a necessity for having the image of the English woman merged into that of the boy, which had to be repressed. . . . He reluctantly confessed that his favorite fantasy was that the English woman was beating the boy upon his naked, round buttocks. Now the paraphilia becomes clearer. The whipping serves as excuse for the baring of the body; the buttocks of the boy are the sexual goal of the masochist.

Behind the love to the English woman is concealed the much stronger love to the boy; behind the love toward an older woman, that toward a younger boy; behind the masochism the sense of guilt of the older person roused from his state of equilibrium.[2]

The clinical picture contains a further determination through the flaming up of incestuous inclinations toward his daughter and toward his son. He saw in his daughter the younger edition of his wife. He was jealous when she went out alone or with young men. He compared himself mentally with the young men and said to himself: "Yes, if you were only still as young as that!" In other words, he has to remind himself that even if he were not her father, he would not be physically attractive to his daughter. Now he has fallen in love with a thin old teacher, as if he wanted to prove that even in the critical age one could be the object of a violent passion. His son formed the homosexual object which was hidden by the nephew. The wish to touch his children is changed to the desire to beat them or to look on while they are being beaten. He acknowledges having the sadistic conception of the sexual act when he was a child. "The father strikes the mother," he thought to himself when he had once been able to watch them at coitus. Beating meant the same as having intercourse.

The entire phantom disappeared very quickly. The English woman left Vienna. He saw the boy only very rarely and the latter soon lost all significance for him. He was able to over-

come the woman and child in himself and again felt himself to be a man.

Case Number 21. I will give this observation only briefly. It will further our understanding of the psychogenesis of impotence and afford us an interesting contribution to the history of love marriages. It concerns a judge of high standing, forty-two years of age, who found his way to me from Germany. A powerful man of Herculean build, he introduced himself with the complaint that he was impotent and would gladly be cured of this dreadful difficulty. He loves his wife and is unhappy that he cannot be a husband to her. He is father of four splendid children. At the question whether he had been potent in the beginning of the marriage he answered: "I was never potent during my marriage. I really do not know how I begot my children. I have made feeble attempts at cohabitation, but have never had a complete satisfactory coitus." Now one may not believe these statements unqualifiedly. Most people have not a clear knowledge of themselves in the sexual life and deceive themselves, subject themselves to hypochondriac autosuggestions. I shall never forget the time when a parapathic visited me who suffered from the compulsive idea that he had too small a penis. It became evident in the investigation that he had an abnormally large member. So also men have consulted me for disturbances in potency, whose wives (in part very experienced women) were very well satisfied with the husband's accomplishments.

But our patient was right in his complaints. His wife, who accompanied him, confirmed that he suffered from such *ejaculatio præcox* that he was through in a second and she had never reached an orgasm. In later years even these modest attempts had completely ceased. The wife has become very parapathic through these conditions. Not in a position to permit herself unfaithfulness, she has lived, like many of her fellow women, the life of a wedded martyr. The husband learned to know the wife ten years previously and was passionately in love with her. She also loved her husband and still loves him. She has the greatest appreciation of his condition and the sympathetic attitude of a tender-hearted sister. . . .

The man told me his life history and admitted "errors," which in his opinion had nothing to do with the impotence. He was interested in his early years only in boys who were whipped. He did not know whether he also was beaten. He at least did not

recall it. But he knew definitely that he was once witness when a fellow pupil was beaten by his father. He was seized at the time with violent excitement and was surprised that his member became erected. This picture—the boy who was whipped—has pursued him, and he has not been able to free himself from it. He came then to onanism through a cousin and soon performed onanism always with the fantasy that he was present at such a scene. He was at that time ten years old. He does not remember sexual events that lay farther back. He has in general no memories of early childhood. This is a sign that he had many experiences and fantasies which he does not want to recall. We will return later to his earliest memory. He masturbated, then, without scruple until his sixteenth year. He was taught about this time by an older colleague that onanism was very injurious and very dangerous; further, he ought to give up the vice. A frightful struggle now began, which usually ended in defeat. Still, there were intervals up to three months during which he did not perform onanism. But the fantasies and the great interest in flogging scenes remained. He soon became interested also in tortures. All scenes in which an individual had to suffer through the power of another woke his lively interest.

He grew older and entered upon his judicial career without being able to give up his "vice," as he called his onanism. He began procuring books which treated of masochistic scenes. He ordered from a bookseller, whose address he found in a newspaper advertisement, some masochistic writings, which had a very demoralizing effect upon him and still more kindled his fantasy. After this first order he became a regular customer of this bookseller, who sent him without request all the new things that appeared in his firm. Other firms also overwhelmed him with sadomasochistic works. For this bookseller evidently sold his address to other colleagues who handled similar books; he was as a result deluged with offers, advertisements, and books of sadistic-masochistic content. (The literature of this paraphilia is enormously great and does immeasurable harm. More of this later!)

Every new book led to fresh defeat; for he had to perform onanism despite his best resolves. After each onanistic act he was tortured by fearful remorse. He would burn the offending book and wanted to destroy every trace of his "perverse thoughts." Then a host of obsessions appeared, which tortured him more than the paraphilia. He would imagine that he had not thoroughly enough destroyed the catalogue of masochistic writings. Other

people could then be made wretched through his fault. Some other man might have found the trace of a book and then also ordered one; this one would then have contaminated others. Thus he would have been the source of unnamed misery and of many diseases. Indeed, it might come to pass that he would have to sit in judgment over persons who had become sadists through his means. He could not rest until he had reached another department, in which he had nothing to do with sexual transgressions. He thought seriously of taking his life or in some other way atoning to the uttermost for his crime. He began to concern himself with social provisions and to join societies for moral improvement. He worked with himself until he succeeded in mastering the onanism.

He hoped however to be fundamentally cured through a great, pure, and strong love. Up till this time he had learned to know sexuality only in brothels and there he had always been impotent. He loathed these mercenary women. He sought salvation in woman. A second "Flying Dutchman," stricken by fate, he sought for a Senta, whose love and faithfulness would purge him from sin and deliver him.

Then he learned to know a girl whom he worshiped as the embodiment of all purity. He hoped from her chastity, like the poor leprous Heinrich, complete healing and the cleansing of his sinful soul. In the first days of his engagement he was the happiest of men. The masochistic thoughts had all disappeared, as he hoped, never to return! He was horrified at his vulgarity, when in kissing his betrothed he was surprised by an erection. He cursed himself and his sensuality because he approached so pure a girl with impure desires. He had to accustom himself to these erections; indeed he soon rejoiced over them, for they were to him a sure sign of his adequate potency. If he had previously had doubts, now he was sure of himself. He felt that he would not be impotent with his bride.

If he had been able to marry soon, everything would have been all right. Unfortunately, the engagement lengthened itself. It was he himself who discovered grounds for delaying the marriage; but the bride's family also insisted that she was still too young; they ought to wait longer; the time of betrothal was the most beautiful time of life, after that came cares—and other such customary phrases that parents like to utter when it is hard for them to part with a beloved child.

Then one time a thought flashed through him which threatened to destroy his entire happiness. He sat by his beloved and suddenly saw himself in fantasy kneeling before his future wife, who took a cane and gave him a thrashing upon his behind. Horrified, he took his departure without a word. He had desecrated his shrine. There was no atonement for this. How could he again look into her innocent eyes, hers, the model among all girls, the purest of the pure? He ran the whole night like a crazy person through field and meadow and only with difficulty came back to himself. He swore that his bride should learn nothing of his vice and should never be touched by it. This oath quieted him a little; he was able again to visit his betrothed, but after that idea he suffered from fear of the fantasy. He trembled lest a masochistic fantasy should again overtake him. His bride was exalted ever higher; she became his goddess, so that he could not think of attacking her divinity and "soiling her through his uncleanness." . . .

He married and was impotent on the wedding night. After some time he effected a caricature of coitus. Nevertheless, his wife became pregnant. It was not until recent years that he became totally impotent. His wife became seriously parapathic. She noticed that things were not well with her husband. She adjured him to take her into his confidence. She heard him at night sighing and moaning. He must have something upon his heart that he would not or could not tell her. He swore that he had no secret from her. He laid his depression to overwork at his office. He was also, like most of these people who are trying to forget, terribly industrious, and even at home sat bent over his books and papers studying. He was interested besides in numismatics and collected old coins, so that little time was granted his wife.

His wife's parapathy became more and more severe, and she had to go to a sanatorium. She could not get on with his family. His mother and his sister reproached her that she did not understand how to treat her husband, until she finally confessed the misery of her marriage. Much good that did her! It was pointed out to her that sexuality was only a secondary matter to a pure German woman; she must do the best she could with such a "trivial" fault in a person of such excellent qualities and in so brilliant a position.

The husband, however, suffered more on his side than his wife and his family could suspect. He reproached himself most bit-

terly that he had made his wife unhappy. He had said nothing to her of his trouble; that had been a vulgar deception. She, pure as heaven, should never have given her hand in lasting bond to so sick and sinful an individual. He was a scoundrel, a criminal, and if it were not for the children, blooming, lovely children, he would have taken his life. There were also, now and then—with intervals of years—masochistic fantasies and acts of onanism, succeeded by severe depression lasting for weeks. He made such careful note of these unlucky days that he knew exactly all the dates of his onanism.

He read then by accident in the newspaper of a process in which a teacher was condemned to major punishment because of the flogging of a boy, inasmuch as sadism was recognized as the cause of his severity.[8] This thought pursued him for months; he pictured to himself the entire process; became sleepless so that he went to a sanatorium. First he consulted a very famous professor, who declared to him that his illness was not at all masochism; in any case only a harmless form, which set his mind very much at rest. But the treatment did not help much, and afterward he was just as ill and impotent as before.

The impotence came to pass in the following manner. He could always count upon a good erection, which however stopped at once when he wanted actually to make use of it. Some sort of an association forced itself in between erection and cohabitation. But what kind of an association was it?

We have indeed one point of departure in the fact that even in the period of betrothal he had a fantasy in which he was beaten by his wife. It was this fantasy evidently which entered in, and with this fantasy and the expectation of the whipping scene the erection came about. But all libido vanished immediately before the reality of ordinary intercourse. A small event supports this assumption. His wife was playing with him once in an innocent way. She seized a cane and gave him a slight blow upon his buttocks and said: "This would do you good! A good sound beating!"

The effect of these words was terrific. A fearful anxiety overtook him that his wife might carry out this proposal and he would be the slave of his paraphilia. He was horrified at the realization of his secret wishes and defended himself through fear and . . . morality. He read his wife a long moral lecture. How dangerous it was to play with such thoughts!

One should not even make a joke of such things.

He was therefore impotent because he had not found the sexual gratification that was adequate for him.

One more factor comes into consideration, to which we must give closer attention. His wife had said to him in innocent *naïveté:* "You must be in love with some other woman, otherwise you would not be impotent." He was very indignant at this, for he was conscious of no unfaithfulness. He pressed his wife to tell him whom she meant. But she never answered. Yet once she cried out: "If you really want to know! *You love your mother and sister more than your wife.* The love that you have is lost there for me. These two women are my rivals!"

He sought in vain to talk her out of this "delusion." She persisted in it . . . and she was right. He always stuck to his mother and visited his sister every month. She also came to him and always kissed him affectionately, which angered his wife and made her jealous. They were from his point of view only brother-and-sister kisses. But his wife suffered from these manifestations of affection, and she could no longer get on with her mother-in-law and sister-in-law in any way.

The patient had nothing at first to say concerning his relationship to his mother. Later he was able to give me very remarkable details, which I will pass over. I might mention one memory, because like a flash of lightning it illuminates his entire psychic constellation.

He slept—he had already been married for two years—once in the room with his mother. At that time he had to masturbate . . . and not with masochistic fantasies. He thought of his mother as his wife and was surprised at the strength of the erection. The next day he could not look his mother in the eyes, and he had thoughts of suicide.

Now his conduct in marriage becomes intelligible. Since he is in conflict with sexual ideas, indeed with thoughts of incest, the end of the struggle has to be the defeat of the ideas of sexual desire, which reach out to the mother and sister. He asexualizes the mother and thereby the wife. This asexualization takes place in two sorts of ways. The sexual object is debased. Or the sexual object is overestimated. In the first instance the man becomes a homosexual, who experiences disgust for all women, to whom all women are "junk," who cannot understand how one could love a woman, how one could find pleasure in a woman. In the second case, the woman becomes a goddess and therefore unapproachable. His own value is reduced to a minimum; the woman is ex-

alted to heaven. One does not deserve such a woman; one must kneel before her and kiss her feet and the hem of her garment. Impotence then arises as a consequence of this feeling of differentiation between one's own inferiority and the inaccessible height of the ideal. Coitus is a desecration of the ideal, a sacrilege; even erotic speech seems like blasphemy. Many times both ways are followed. The patient passes through a homosexual stage, which he hides behind a paraphilia, and arrives then at the overvaluation of his feminine ideal.

Various recollections of the patient showed that he had associated homosexual fantasies with the idea of boys who were whipped. It never stimulated him to imagine a girl being whipped upon the buttocks. He had masturbated together with boys, and the cousin mentioned, who had led him to onanism, played a large part in his sexual life.

This idea of the whipped boy contained on the other hand the functional representation of his psychic conflicts. He was ill of the child, the boy. He was struggling against his infantile attitude. This the content of his fantasies. He should be a man and overcome the child within him! In masochism as in fetishism the pet fantasy has in it the shadow image of the psychic battle ground.

The analysis had to be broken off under tragic circumstances. The war came; our patient hastened to the colors and stood upon the list of the first victims. We were not able to penetrate the secret of his paraphilia. We had not been able to ascertain whether the deification of the woman had not sprung from a distrust and scorn of all women and especially of the mother. We are forced to think however that this powerful idealization of the woman may have other roots, also, beside the overcompensatory tendency of the "prostitute complex."

This exaltation of the ideal corresponds therefore to the striving to make the woman asexual, to remove oneself from the feminine line. "I overvalue the woman, because I must fear that I shall despise her." We shall be able to bring examples of this also. I might refer to typical images of this deification. It lies really in the very nature of love! To love means to have found one's God. This is the essence also of the transference in analysis, in which the person treated falls in love with his physician. He has found his God and he will have no other gods beside him. Love is truly the prototype of

monotheism. The secret pleasure premium in this constellation, which so frequently, though not always, leads to impotence, is the circumstance that one's own personality is enormously increased upon this indirect way. Consorting with gods, one becomes oneself a god! (What must I at last be worth, if God has thus singled me out!) Here is found the faith in a great historic mission to which all men so tenaciously cling within them. No one will be an ordinary mortal. The parapathic becomes ill because he is unable to effect his immortality. He finds a reflection of this indestructible belief in the love of a divinity which has condescended to him. . . .

Thus Baudelaire wanted to see his mistress, a beautiful woman, hanged and by her hands so that he could kiss her feet. We note plainly here that the Christ idea (the God lifted up, crucified) has been transferred to the image of the loved woman. This same Baudelaire, besides the idolization of woman, showed also the bipolar opposite: Women are beasts whom one must lock up, beat, and feed well. One thinks also of Nietzsche, who manifested both components. (If you are going to a woman, do not forget the whip!).

I could bring forward a large number of examples for this sort of deification. All these people have a double valuation for woman. They are impotent with the respectable woman, potent with the prostitute, because the respectable woman is asexualized on account of the infantile associations. Krafft-Ebing says very strikingly: "The practical significance of masochism lies solely in the psychic impotence which as a rule befalls such persons through their perversion and in the powerful urgency toward solitary gratification under adequate imaginings of fantasy, with all the consequences of this urgent force."

Let us read the letter of a masochist to his adored object. It is a worthy appendix to the writing given by Merzbach on page 150 and is introduced by the words "Most gracious Madame! Mistress, Goddess!"

Case Number 22. It has to do with a forty-year-old judge, who has remained unmarried and up to his fortieth year was potent only in a brothel. Thus far he had been able to meet his masochistic ideas triumphantly and easily to overcome them. He

also withstood the temptation to have himself flogged by a prostitute. His thought was: "I can allow myself to be whipped and humiliated by one person only, whom I would recognize as my mistress and goddess. I have really a loathing of prostitutes. I consider them as a necessity. I have always been impotent with other women and all attempts with them have come to grief." At forty the man learned to know a violin artist, with whom he fell in love. He was now afraid that he would be impotent and came to me several times to obtain confidence. He could not undergo analysis, for he did not live in Vienna, but visited me only on the occasions when he came to see his betrothed, whose home was here. One day I was waited upon by the woman. She turned to me because her bridegroom did not seem normal to her. The adoration in his letters had reached a degree which terrified her. She felt that he fearfully overestimated her, and she was well aware that she was only an ordinary human being. But he saw in her an ethereal creature and was always insisting that she could have no faults. Everything about her was divine and of another sphere. She wanted to be loved as a person, with all her failings. She let me have a letter of her bridegroom as proof of his morbid extravagance, one which she had received the day before. It was one of many letters with which she was overwhelmed several times a day:

"My adored Goddess! Supreme of all earthly beings and messenger of heaven! I bow before thee in humility and permit my words to ascend to thee as the smoke of the sacrifice mounts to the altars of the eternal gods. Yes . . . thou, too, art eternal! Thy beauty, thy purity, thy being, these are not of this world. I will kneel before thee and pray to thee, will kiss the hem of thy garment, and thou shalt pass over me, thy gaze directed toward the infinite distances. Thou walkest not; thou floatest! Saw one ever upon earth such motion as thine? Were there ever beings who moved so tirelessly as thou over the earth?

"How shall I bear the thought that this angel is mine? That the divinity in thee has revealed itself to me? That it has chosen me, the poor, insignificant person, to bestow on him thy favor?

"How shall I approach thee with earthly wishes, thee who art throned in radiant clouds inaccessible to the cares of earth? How touch this spotless purity with my base desires?

"Hast thou been sent to me to raise me up and make me clean? Art thou the angel who openest to me the gate of eternity and with arms lifted high pointest the way to everlasting life?

"Thine image stands before me and I pray to it. . . . Never have I prayed more fervently! Thou must feel them, these words with which I seek thee and sacrifice to thee and incline to thee! Hold me dear and do not leave me!

"I kiss thy tiny feet and the traces which the carpet bears of them. In everlasting adoration, Thy humble . . ."

One can understand that the sober and very logically thinking bride was shocked at this excess of devotion. She now endeavored at my advice to inform him of various facts of her life, which ought to have brought him to reason. She had already had an affair with her piano instructor, in which it is true she had remained physically a virgin but had learned to know well the different variations of the art of love without complete coitus. She began to hint to him that her purity was not what he thought it; she, too, was only human; and so on.

He listened, but everything rolled straight off him. He did not want to hear it. He believed this meant nothing; not a speck of dust remained upon her; there were people who could not be defiled; and the like.

She was in despair at being so superhumanly worshipped. But inasmuch as the connection promised very good advantages, and she was besides actually much drawn to him, she married him. . . .

He was completely impotent the first months. He proposed to her that they live in chaste wedlock like brother and sister. The most important thing in marriage is the mutual spiritual influence. Man is elevated through the sacrifice of his sexuality and undreamed-of forces stream toward him. But she observed none of these unsuspected powers and urged divorce. Then the remarkable thing happened that he did not want to let her go and gave her entire sexual freedom. He even discussed in detail with her the question which of his friends he should select as a household friend. There came about then a marriage unique in its kind. The husband continued to adore his wife as divine and loved her beyond measure, while one of his friends enjoyed every mundane delight which she could give. She then changed her friends. This made no difference at all to the husband when he learned of it, and this man also pleased him.

It was evident that his homosexuality was satisfied in this way, while the asexualization of the woman advanced thereby more and more.

This case received illumination only when we were led through a dream to the mother complex.

I see my mother sitting upon the lap of a strange gentleman. She kisses him and grasps after his organ. Suddenly the strange man disappears, and the mother seems to be floating in the clouds like a goddess and smiles down in a kindly way upon me. . . .

He enters upon the theme only with reluctance. His mother had been in fact an energetic woman, but also a saint. She had often punished him with a rod. Ideas of being flagellated had appeared now and then.

Finally he admits also that he had earlier often busied himself with the fantasy that a child is being beaten. He was an only child and had never been present at the punishment of another child. He did not know how this fantasy had entered his brain. At last he confesses that the fantasy arose from the wish to be whipped by his mother.

The first time he received a beating because he had been unkind to an "uncle." The father was frequently away on a journey and various "uncles" came to visit his mother.

He confesses to me under the greatest resistance that he has a memory that the mother kissed one of the uncles and that the latter had struck her upon the bed. He must at that time have been three years old.

To be brief: His mother had a number of household friends and our patient had witnessed several scenes. His first attitude was sadistic as a result of jealousy. Later he repressed all memories and made of the mother a saint. In his marriage he again sets up the infantile constellation. His wife is made a prostitute, while he still maintains the fiction of her being a goddess. The bipolar attitude toward the mother was transferred in its entirety to the wife. Impotence resulted from the stubborn retaining of the incest fantasy.

Even these few examples show how differently the idea "a child is being beaten" may be determined.

A penetrating analysis of such cases reveals that the scene "a child is being beaten" is by no means so uniform as Freud's presentation would lead us to believe. It must be stated first that the scene has been taken from a much larger fantasy picture. The beginning and the end of it are wanting. The very

circumstance that the patients are loath to impart the exact details proves that a resistance exists here which has to be overcome by the analyst.

The first important questions are: What has the child done? Is it punished justly or unjustly? What has preceded the scene and what follows it?

The scene itself shows the greatest variations and deviations. Let us occupy ourselves first with the person who administers the beating (punishment):

It is female or male, old or young, excited or calm. The person has a smile of mockery and superiority or the facial expression shows sorrow at having to strike. The blows are given in hate or in love. ("Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.") The person has a definite size, is of a certain appearance, belongs to a particular confession, a special class (teacher, officer, leader, and so on).

Sometimes this person who does the beating is indistinct, stands in the dark, is not recognizable, changes, in order to conceal some particular individual.

The child beaten can be of either sex, male or female; it may adapt itself or defend itself, struggle, bite, scream, or submit to the punishment without a sound. (The pain is not confessed out of pride.)

The punishment may be just or unjust. Unjust punishment is especially pleasurable. (Walter Schindler calls this the "delight in unfairness.")

The circumstance is also of significance that one or more onlookers are present. Often the patient himself has been the spectator. He usually identifies himself with all three persons, into whose place he feels himself.

The scene of forgiveness and reconciliation is of the utmost importance. The child has to beg for forgiveness and thank the person for the punishment. Or the child refuses to ask pardon. The chastiser is tender with the child or goes away indifferent. The great pleasure in most cases resides in the scene of forgiveness. The stern man or stern woman then becomes gentle. The contrast heightens the effect. These details

must be carefully considered in each case. The child punished often carries his resentment for some time and has to be brought to a gentler mood.

The form of beating also varies. In most cases it consists of blows upon the nates. The trousers are stretched tight so that the form is visible. Or the nates are bared, which increases the excitement. Sometimes the child defecates or involuntarily passes urine. Urination and defecation frequently follow after the beating.

Boxing the ears, pulling the hair, cuffing, tweaking, and the like, appear in the specific scene, which shows thus innumerable variations. These precise details are gladly kept back, for they permit deductions as to the origin of the parapahilia. This becomes comprehensible when we keep before our eyes that the scene "a child is being beaten" is torn from the connection with a larger fantasy. It is either the end or the beginning of a longer history. What is of importance is concealed beyond the conscious scene. (For example, the child has committed an aggression upon the sister and is whipped for it.) Still more frequently the significant scene of reconciliation follows the beating. Everything works toward the contrast. The contrast between the feeling of shame, humiliation, and pain and the joyful scene of reconciliation, which represents a triumph of the suppressed personality, increases the feeling of pleasure.

The scene is made use of by adults in order to produce the greatest excitement through the pumping in of affect. A certain affective disposition permits or makes easy the entrance of fantasy. One always hears that the fantasies come when the patient is excited. Vexation and anger have a particularly stimulating effect. The vexation passes over the actual experience to the phantom. But the specific scene is always an exercise of fantasy succeeded by another which hides within itself the triumph of the child beaten.

It is important that a scene of revenge follows that of the punishment, and this is most deeply repressed. The great affect in the beating scene does not arise merely from the Œdipus complex, although it surely has relations with that. Just to bring one example: A child is whipped because it has disturbed its mother in a love situation. It is—which increases

the humiliation—beaten by the lover ("Give the naughty boy a few good blows!"). The child has fantasies of revenge. After many years the fact of the mother's dishonor is repressed, the lover has vanished in the depths of the unconscious, the great fantasy of vengeance is at the same time lost to consciousness. There remains only the scene, "a child is being beaten." This scene is a compulsive idea and conceals the most important thing.[4]

Finally, we may not forget that beating corresponds to the need for contact. The child cannot bear the lack of affect in its environment. The blows express the greatness of the affect and at once create a contact. Other important complexes (such for example as the castration complex) are also frequently hidden behind the scene. This paraphilia requires as no other the analyst's entire perspicacity.

We will bring in the next chapter a complete analysis of such a case and by means of this example investigate the psychogenesis of this paraphilia.

X

A HAND IS BEING BEATEN . . . ANALYSIS OF A SADOMASOCHISTIC PARAPHILIA

> He who shows me a new plant, pleases me more than all dialecticians who subtilize probabilities. For what is their philosophy? An opinion concerning opinions.
>
> HELVETIUS.

The analysis of a paraphilia is always a difficult task. It is accomplished under the greatest resistances on the part of the person treated, who deep within is not willing to give up his paraphilia, although outwardly he attests the desire to get well. It is revealed, moreover, again and again how complicated is the structure of these clinical pictures and how dangerous it is to try to open up all paraphilias with one key. Rank has recently attempted to reduce all "perversions" to the single scheme which Freud has set up in the paper we have discussed in detail, "A Child Is Being Beaten." The case before us provides an instructive picture of the extraordinary condensation of the paraphiliac symptom. I have been able to demonstrate this condensation in some cases in the analysis of the fetishistic object *Fetischismus.* In the sadomasochistic complex, too, we have to separate out the specific scene from the entire disease picture and analyze it into its individual determinants. It is again a matter of a polyphony in which only the upper voice is in consciousness.

Case Number 23. Dr. Heinrich J., twenty-four years old, literary person, comes to me for treatment because of impotence and a masochistic disposition. Attempts to perform normal coitus with women fail. He finds satisfaction only when his hand is beaten wherever possible with a ruler. Onanism with the same fantasy. Not every hand stimulates him. The hand must be smooth and well formed, show no outstanding veins, and it *must hang limp.*

He refers this paraphilia back to an infantile impression.

He was six years old when he had to draw something. A governess who was very tender with him and whom he loved very much was looking on at the drawing. He purposely drew badly. Then she snatched the pencil from his hand and struck him upon the hand and in fact just below the wrist. He felt at this a very strong sensation of pleasure.

He confesses, however, that an earlier experience may have preceded this, when he had also intentionally provoked the slapping. This governess had told him that he was a *sleepwalker* and coming to her bed had urinated upon her. He had uttered the words while doing this: "That is fine!"

He always studied at home with a tutor. He wanted to be slapped on the hand and always—even to-day—upon the hand hanging down, limp hand. When he was ten, his longing was gratified. He vexed his teacher until the latter fell into a rage, and so he attained his end. With it erection and sense of pleasure. At thirteen he took up onanism by himself. He always imagined this same scene, much more rarely blows upon the nates. He thought only of the hands of little girls. Even now the hands of men and women have no charm for him. He is a hand fetishist, but only for the hands of children and girls. Even a five-year-old child is able to stimulate him. The preferred age is at present twelve to fifteen years. The maximum twenty-four years.[1] Beyond this age, the fascination ceases.

When he was thirteen they had a male servant whom he induced to strike him upon the hand. He went to the gymnasium soon after this and became infatuated with a fellow pupil, by whom he was often chastised. Other friends also took part in his punishments. He was bound with straps to the window, chained, placed on a low stool, then beaten, and so on. At fifteen years of age he read in a book of the harm of onanism and the danger of masochism. He told his father about himself, who went with with him to a professor. The professor thought it was only "childish imagination" and had a long talk with the father. Some days later the parents made an excursion with him to a brothel. They took him as far as the corner of a street; then the father went with him into the house, where several girls sat in their chemises in a reception room. He selected the very best for himself, went with her into a room. She undressed completely, which intimidated him. He felt (and still feels) disgust before naked women. He was completely impotent. He left; at the corner his father was waiting in the carriage. . . . Heinrich reported to him his failure.

Even to-day he speaks quite freely with his parents concerning his sexual tribulations. (He is the *only child* of two healthy parents.)

He fell in love with a girl when only twelve years old. But he experienced his great, real love after graduation at seventeen. It was at a summer resort. There lived an old woman, whose companion was a former governess who had slapped him (not the one mentioned belonging to his childhood). She had the care of a thirteen-year-old girl, with whom he fell "madly" in love. He prevailed upon her to strike him, but he struck her under various pretexts always upon the hands; only once did he give her a gentle blow on the cheek. He dictated to her other punishments also, into which the girl willingly entered. When they parted, he kissed her on the back of the hand.

This seemed to him a great sin. He never kisses the girls with whom he mingles in society. They are sacred to him, because they are confided to his care. But he instructs them in masochism. This is no sin. A kiss upon the mouth would seem to him a shameful betrayal.

He fell in love a second time when he was eighteen with the same result; then at nineteen with a girl of thirteen years, whom he called his betrothed and wanted to marry. He always arranged it so that it came to slapping of the hand and all sorts of small chastisements. It would sometimes be months before he attained his goal, but he finally reached it with every girl. In latter years he has been afraid of making himself ridiculous with being struck upon the hand and has forced the sadistic component, which will show him not as a boy, but a man.

His still-existing manifest sadism is directed against animals and is very unpleasant to him. He would much rather not speak of it. He has tormented animals in refined fashion. He has allowed May bugs to perish in pitch. He has narcotized a mouse and dissected it. He has put live fish on the spit. His last sadistic act took place three years ago. He cut off the legs and then the head of a living lizard.

He reproaches himself severely for these things. Everything that one does to human beings can be made good. But how shall he make reparation for these sins? He is a lyric poet by choice and has a very soft, tender heart. How are these contrasts to be harmonized?

He comes in the greatest excitement. Now he has naturally a great love.

It is again the true, genuine, only love, a cousin upon whom he has prevailed to allow herself to be slapped on the hand and to strike him. She is in bed to-day and at three o'clock has to receive a tutor. She is very lazy and her father will *compel* her to leave her bed. He would like above all to be there. He wants to be the only one who has anything to do to her. The father often boxes the daughter's ears, if he comes upon her reading an unsuitable book (Casanova, Zola, and others. The "child" is sixteen years old!). He should like to be there when she is punished.

He does not believe that there is help for him. He will by no means give up his peculiarity. He will experience the pleasure of being beaten. He does not want to change. He only wants to be at peace.

He is terribly excited when he thinks that something is happening with the girl and he is not there. He has already watched nights before her house. He loves her and knows that he is not loved. She will never marry him. She wants to be rich and live in luxury. This he cannot offer her. She promises him, nevertheless, that she will always remain his friend.

He is besides so moral that he has felt himself in duty bound to tell her father of his paraphilia. The father says, "That makes no difference"—and depends upon his influence to have his daughter play the piano a little and learn languages, which two governesses installed in the house have not been able to accomplish. But she *understands* him and his art. He whistles to the others; he wants only to please her. The others may call him crazy. It's all one to him.

He used ether even as a child. His tutors and the servants tolerated the misconduct. But he believes he has ruined himself through onanism. He is too weak. His cousin has told him that she cannot marry him; the children would turn out weak.

He does not believe in his talent. His last poem always pleases him, but after two days he finds it horrible.

In the evening he will go to a piano teacher who strikes the children on the hands. This will soothe him and let him forget his cousin for a while. But he will never allow this innocent, harmless pleasure to be spoiled through analysis. He will keep the child's play at all events.

He feels himself extraordinarily quieted by the analysis. He has the certainty today and the sure confidence that I will cure him. He wants me to give him the imperative for the entire day.

Yesterday he was with the teacher mentioned who strikes the children. There are always several men present, who are all sado-masochists like himself. He is ashamed when he thinks that they might know why he has come.

He has resorted to onanism to-day. One is his unlucky number. I must assure him that he does not have to perform onanism twice. He often masturbates ten to twelve, even sixteen, times a day. Formerly always with seminal discharge. To-day he does it in such a way that he holds back the ejaculation (*masturbatio interrupta*).

He holds his hand in his pocket and really is masturbating all the time, only he stops before ejaculation.

He dreamed:

I am present when my little cousin is beating the youngest. I am looking on and have a feeling of pleasure. Then my uncle comes into the room. I am ashamed. . . .

I was together with N. He talked a great deal with me. My mother stood in the room, her face turned away. She was insane.

Nothing occurs to him with the dream. He refuses every association.

He is always wanting to know whether what he does is immoral. He has a rule of conduct: to commit no immoral act at any price.

To-day he doubts the success of analysis. His uncle has warned him against it. Moreover, he does not want to change. He will not give up his pleasure in beating.

He was very much excited yesterday and masturbated twice, not for enjoyment, only to calm himself. He is frightfully superstitious. He has to knock twice with certain words to guard himself from bad luck. Last evening he held his cousin's hand. Doubts torment him whether that was not immoral. He was also in the church in order to quiet himself. Often, when the church is closed, he has to perform some good deed so that in this way he can obtain peace. But he is, he thinks, not religious.

He does not believe in dreams. What sense can there be in what he dreamed last night?

I was going with the electric train in N. down the steep mountain. There were several cars there. Two of them fell into an abyss, because the brake had failed. The conductor was slightly wounded on his finger.

The only association he can bring to the dream is that once

when he was a boy he had hurt a finger on the carriage door, because he had not been careful. It struck him even in the dream that the train had several cars, while in reality it consists of only one car. He has always had the unpleasant thought, when he has used the electric: What would happen if the brake should fail just now?

We recognize the functional significance of the dream. He has ugly passions and must always put on the brake. What would happen if he should slip off the track?

He is excited while he speaks of an accident, runs to the table, and knocks twice upon it to protect himself from the catastrophe. He had seen this done by his mother. He does not really believe in such nonsense. But once he had bad luck after he had omitted the exorcism. Since then he will have nothing to reproach himself with. Maybe there is something in it. . . .

He dreamed:

I take Mary (the cousin) to the governess (the woman who strikes the children in the presence of men). I am frightfully excited and have a pulse of 120; I am giddy; I feel as if I should fall in a swoon and awake with violent heart beating.

He struggles plainly with the temptation to bring the cousin to the "governess." He admits that he has such thoughts. But he thrusts them back. He was indeed afraid that he might injure her.

Mary is to go away and postpones the departure. He is genuinely unhappy over it. He does not like this change of program. He wishes the grandmother, who has delayed Mary on account of a cold, were dead.

He reacts in general very promptly with death wishes, if he finds a situation disagreeable.

He is in love with his own hand. It gives him satisfaction to contemplate it. If the hand is struck, he looks intently upon the spot that has been hit. When he is masturbating his eyes are upon the free hand.

He dreamed:

I had fastened cuffs and was glad of it. . . .

He wears rolled ones at present. During beating the cuffs have to be laid aside or turned back. That is the only association he is able to bring. The cuffs attached to the shirt are the image of a rigid fixation. The second dream of the night agrees with this:

I am on Sylt. I have to reach a train and must hurry myself greatly. I have notes in my hand. . . . Then I see the steamer. There is still time. I am with many people in a bathing establishment. We are swimming. I am swimming against high waves. I see then at the right an island, on which the waves are breaking, at the left a deep gully. I am walking with our chambermaid—it is the mother's maid—up a steep way. I have a splendid view over the raging sea. I see three breakers.

The chambermaid still takes care of him. She is thirty-seven years old. When she was younger, he would have her strike him. They have long ago given up that play. He would be ashamed of it now. He is a passionate lover of nature. It is his grief that his cousin does not care for nature. He loves storms, snowy landscapes, walks by night, especially in the moonlight. He loves everything out of the ordinary, the unusual, the original. He will not be a Philistine. He will not live like the average man.

We can understand the dream only when we know that in dreams the maid becomes the symbol of the mother. The mother is the unattainable one. She is the train which carries him away, the steamer, which he can still reach; she is the island on which the waves break. She is also his ideal and merges into the Virgin (the pure heavenly Maid) who leads him up the steep path to the height of knowledge, where he can look down upon his passions, when he has overcome them. The three breakers symbolize the three currents: man, woman, and child. He has remained the child. The chambermaid is called significantly—Marie.

He dreamed:

I beat the chambermaid and felt no particular pleasure in so doing.

He denies that he has any erotic interest in Marie (the maid). She is on the contrary disgusting to him. . . .

If we put the mother in place of the chambermaid, we understand that the matter is one of striking the mother. His first conception of the sexual act was a sadistic one: The father strikes the mother.

To beat means to have sexual intercourse.

But he has also denied his religion and sinned against the commands of God. His feelings of guilt have their origin in the Œdipus complex.

Yesterday he went into a bar and had eight drinks. He counted first two, then two times two, then two times four. (He often

goes up to thirty-two!) Then he wrote a confused letter to his cousin.

He was born on a twenty-second day. He affirms that this date is the starting point for his counting parapathy, but will give no closer information regarding his complicated system.

He has an extraordinary fondness for poisonous snakes; once as a boy he kept a sand viper secretly in a terrarium and put mice in front of it. He liked to watch the large serpents devour live animals. He has a passionate delight in observing the feeding of beasts of prey. He was until recently an enthusiastic hunter. Now he feels sympathy for the animals.

He would like to educate for himself a young girl of twelve years. He could strike her and punish her under the pretext of piano instruction. He never strikes without "secondary motivation." Then he fantasies that he would train this girl for his mistress, which he naturally would not carry out, for his moral inhibitions are much too great.

His parents' hands are not to him sexual objects. They are "disgusting" to him. Homosexuality is likewise repugnant to him. He is instructed regarding the bipolarity of feeling and attitude. He describes his states of inordinate excitement. He has as he thinks given up all compulsive actions and every superstition (from fear of the analysis).

Analysis proceeds under great resistance. He remains passively resistant. He does not pay attention to his dreams; they are unpleasant to him and weird. He gives up his superstition out of fear that it might be analyzed. He reports circumstantially the happenings of the previous day and wants definite command and instructive advice.

He tells of the influences from his father, who always held it before him that it was immoral to obtain gratification in any way from a respectable girl. His father once made the acquaintance of an English woman who had a little girl of eight years. This little girl was brought up as his sweetheart. He was introduced to her later; she was to educate him sexually. It did not reach that point. The girl fell lower and lower after her mother had been involved in a scandal process. She was infected, led a loose life, and was brought after the scandal into a house of correction, although too late—for she was already ill with syphilis. He then saw her again. She was converted and became very re-

ligious. She tried to convert him likewise to the faith, in which she succeeded temporarily.

He is extraordinarily interested in prostitutes, seeks their acquaintance in cafés, pays for their innumerable drinks, and takes them to the theater. It pleases him to be seen with a cocotte.

He speaks very unwillingly of a "system." He was with Mary yesterday and he had previously arranged everything. Masturbated four times, drank four drams, smoked sixteen cigarettes (four times four). Everything happened very luckily. Even numbers which are derived from two are lucky numbers. But for a while odd numbers were also lucky. He sees two parallel lines: even and odd numbers, and must sometimes jump from one side to the other. This is very complicated, and he can really give no precise description of it. It depends on his mood and inspiration.

Even numbers symbolize heterosexuality; odd ones, homosexuality. His vacillation between the masculine and the feminine attitude is explained from his love to the father and the mother. In the end he escapes decision, for he takes refuge in being a child.

He dreamed:

I was with Dr. Stekel and my father. Dr. Stekel said to my father that he was very sorry to have to tell him that he could not cure me. My father was very much grieved at this.

The dream shows a tremendous resistance toward getting well. He does not want to be cured and wastes the hour in relating his various extravagances. Yesterday he experienced a great excitement with Mary. He was telling her of the sadistic teacher —we will call her Madame Bertinger—and described at length all the intimate details of this *salon.*

Mary was indignant and said: "One does not talk of such things. One does them and says no more about them." This stirred him greatly. He felt he had done something immoral. He had to make it right. He remembered that his father had given support to Katherina Steiner (a former prostitute, who had been innocently incarcerated for four years). The father borrowed 20,000 kronen, went to Mrs. Steiner, who lay ill, and gave the sum to her. Now to-day he is without money.

He has an instructor of whom he is very proud. He permits himself to receive tuition free of charge because he cannot raise the money for the teacher, and sends the money to a former

prostitute. He wants to be taught out of love and so arranges it always that he has to ask money of his father.

He has struggled with the temptation to go to Madame Bertinger, although she showed him the door the last time. He disavows her before others. She is offended at this. He will not have her notices brought him. He is afraid of scandal and the police. He learned to know her through an announcement: *Leçons disciplinées et sévères,* etc. One of those well-known advertisements which sadists at once understand. Madame Bertinger has a peephole in the wall through which her customers may observe the punishment of the children. She whips them upon the bare bottom. She has sadistic books and journals, pictures and photographs, for exciting the fantasy. Our patient had also given her some slight compensation, ostensibly of his own free will.

His father's behavior is remarkable. He, too, was at Madame Bertinger's to check up whether he could find something for his son and whether he could trust his son to her. He looked upon the whole thing as harmless play. This father is a unique phenomenon. He hunts up girls for his son, who do not however please the son. Papa avenges himself for this and criticizes the ones which Filius has selected for himself. It seems to be his endeavor to provide for his son sexually. They were together once with a procuress. She absolutely would not believe that these were father and son and said never in her life had she seen such a thing.

One can understand the father only when one knows that the son is his idol. Heinrich's wishes are law to his parents. He prefers to allow his son childish play in order to protect him from greater follies. He has therefore always been making an effort to cure the son by wanting to secure for him a normal sexual relationship. But he has been afraid his son might be infected or—which he looked upon as the greatest crime—he might seduce a respectable girl. Prostitutes are there just for the satisfaction of sexual need and protection of decent girls. The cocottes and the paid relationship answer as a compromise.

But the more the father wanted to force the son into the normal course, the more stubbornly did Heinrich cling to his paraphilia. He expected precisely in his infantile attitude gratification from his parents.

He was in love with his hands as a child. *The hands were to him something alive.* As if they were persons. He often thought

he would like to go into the forest. Then he would be a bear and eat up his own hands. He often bit and sucked at his hands.

As a very small child he had also sucked his fingers. He had however first-class strict governesses, who cured him of this bad habit. One of these governesses stayed a long time at the house. She threatened him once that she would nail his hands to the table if he was not good.

His reading is decidedly sadomasochistic. He has in his possession a large number of such books, chiefly of French origin.

Yesterday he was at a children's playground. He believes that all people who are interested in watching children's games are in some way paraphiliac. He was very happy because he could watch a very beautiful fifteen-year-old girl, who was punishing her younger sister. At such moments he identifies himself with the child *and* with the older person. He feels himself into them both.

In N. he once saw a young man strike a girl upon the hand. The scene is ineffaceably engraved upon his brain. The youth was plainly a sadist, for he then chastised his younger sister. He led her around the corner, so that only the little one's cries could be heard. But this sufficed to excite him wildly and to make him infatuated with the young man. He constructed a fantasy in which a bridegroom and his bride were concerned.

He is interested also in lust murder, but believes that he could never commit such a deed. He is too compassionate and cannot bear pain, either his own or that of another.

He has made his sadism socially possible, inasmuch as he employs blows only as a means of discipline. The beating is used only when it is necessary. He now has a small pupil and is sorry that she is so good. He has no occasion to whip her and would not do it without cause.

One dream points to his latent piety:

He dreamed:

S. was to have played his new opera for me. Mary was somewhere else and I wanted to call her. She was busy somehow in giving a tied parcel to a maid. She did it as if in this way she would become religious and this had not yet happened. Mary knew it. I awoke and called a name.

S. is a well-known composer, a good friend to whom he clings. He unites in this dream both components of his sexuality. The tied package apparently contains a prayer book. He should become

pious like this girl and knows that he cannot. Both he and Mary knew in the dream that the girl would not become religious.

His friend's new opera is very gruesome in content. He wants to draw Mary into his paraphilia, which is also evident from the fact that he likes so much to tell her of the Bertinger *salon.* But she saves herself through her faith. The tied-up package symbolizes moreover the secret of his paraphilia. He clings to his mother, and Mary is, like the housemaid, only a mother substitute. She gives back to the mother what belongs to the latter.

The dream is thereby hypocritical. The opera contains an incest conflict. As long as his mother is religious, his secret wish cannot be fulfilled.

He is at times tortured by remorse.

He perceives that his hypocritical method of education through beating is something pathological and forbidden by religion. But he cannot desist from it.

He would gladly transfer his paraphilia upon older persons in order to free himself from the children. But the former do not interest him. He delights only in youth.

He is fearfully excited. To-day Mary has gymnastic exercises. It might be that the instructress would strike her. He would like to be listening behind the door. He is very much roused in such a case. He listens to every sound and depicts to himself scenes which do not really take place. In one such state he lay for hours in the summer on the floor that he might listen. He would like to be present when Mary chastises her younger brothers and sisters. He might hear from the stairs, but he feels this dishonorable to this situation.

Boys in sailor suits excited him when he was small (five to six). He imagined that they were whipped. He insists however that he did not know what a sexual feeling is. He was "terribly unenlightened." When he was twelve he asked his mother (!) why his member was stiff. He believed even up to his sixteenth year that children were produced through infection. One is touched and infected with a child. He often looked on and does yet to-day when his father takes a bath. He would then have the idea that his own organ was too small, and he would never be able to satisfy women. He took up onanism by himself without knowing what he was really doing. Nevertheless, he had a suspicion that it was something forbidden, for he never spoke of it. He was told even

in his childhood that one did not touch oneself below. He thought it was unæsthetic. His mother used to kiss him upon his behind when he was defecating. This has happened until recently. His mother looked after his defecation, particularly whether he had a sufficient movement and what was the appearance of the stool. She wiped him until his fifteenth year, ostensibly because he was too awkward to clean himself.

His grandmother, to whom he clung with idolizing love, seems to have played a great part in the origin of his parapathy. She was tyrannized by him. He had at home the rights of a despot. No one might touch him. But once the grandmother purchased two rods, a small one for the hand and a large one for the nates. He does not know whether she beat him. But he recalls that she told him how the soldiers were beaten and that she pictured to him the running of the gauntlet, which excited him very much.

He has a pronounced gerontophilia. It has now somewhat subsided, but it was formerly very marked.

His father, too, has struck him. Once on the hand with a violin bow, often upon the foot, never on the nates. He was flogged also with a riding whip. In short, he has undergone a decided training for masochism and for infantilism.

He has after a good deal of debate entirely given up Mary. He professes to have now only *one* goal. He wants to get well and be rid of his paraphilia. He will obey me and be guided by me.

He tells of the mistakes which have been made in his education. He was beaten by his parents, who had never troubled themselves much about him. His mother gave him only blows on the head; the father struck him on every occasion. (In the first sittings he had stated that he was never beaten by his parents.) He would not stand this and even attacked his father, so that every beating degenerated into a wild scuffle, in which he had the satisfaction of "setting up" the father; that is, bringing him into the greatest excitement, so that he had to break off the whipping. He valued his father as an individual, but has, he says, no feeling for him. His everlasting whining makes him often despicable even as a person. . . .

He repeats that he is in love with his own hands. He was even as a boy, and he was terribly afraid he would grow older and his hands would come to look like the hands of elderly people. He feared the veins would show. He wanted to preserve his childish hands. It is unfortunate that he must grow older.

He hates ugly hands; warts and chilblains are intolerable. The worst of all for him are bleeding hands. He cannot look at blood. Hands which fascinate him must be young and bent down from the wrist. Formerly he had another favorite position. This varies with his ideals.

The hand is to him the genital. He looks at a hand in a glove as a normal individual does at the entire clothed form of a person. The removal of the glove is exactly the same for him as undressing. A naked woman leaves him cold, while a girl taking off her glove exercises upon him a great stimulus.

He comes again to speak of blood. He can on the whole look at no blood but his own. It is disgusting to see people eat. He cannot watch even his own father eating. A table with people eating—he imagines a bird's-eye view of it—is outrageous. He thinks of the food and how it is then digested in the stomach to a hideous pulp.

He fights the entire day; he wants to go again to Madame Bertinger. He pictures the delights which he has enjoyed there. He has experienced there his most beautiful hours. Once she gave her daughter a spanking before him during a piano lesson; then they sat on the divan smoking cigarettes and talked for a long time of the scene. He insists that I shall permit or forbid him to go there, which I have refused to do. He fears he may get into court. He has already questioned a jurist concerning the point. The latter assured him of the harmlessness of his paraphilia from the legal aspect. Even his father thought he might go, because it would be better for him there than with Mary, where he is so excessively roused.

He has firmly determined in these days to be a different person. This resolution is supported by the fact that Mary has warned him that she will withdraw her friendship. She is no longer willing to share his childish performances. Although he has previously raved for hours of his great love, he bears this deprivation with relative ease. He needs another object and wants to get well by shunning analysis. So just as he renounced his superstition at the moment when he noticed that the analysis was approaching the roots of his system, so now he will recover his health by means of an affair, without sacrificing his fantasies and points of view. He makes the acquaintance of a girl in a café, finds her wonderfully interesting, at once devotes the whole evening to her, invites her to the evening meal, and so on.

He dreams the following night:

I am with Else (the girl) in a restaurant. A roast costs 300,000 kronen. The waiter lays the bill before me. It has on it 1,000,000 or 120,000 kronen. I believe it was 1,200,000 kronen, but I have to pay only 120,000.

He insures himself in every possible way against normal sexuality. He reckons before me how expensive a sweetheart is. He does not trust himself to have the power to keep a mistress through force of his own personality. He has to pay her. In the dream even a supper costs four times more than he has. He has at present at his disposal 300,000 kronen. But it costs him much more. He will have to give her something, which is beyond his means (beyond his power). Money is love. He should give her all his love. . . .

After all sorts of misunderstandings he meets Elsa again, goes with her to supper, and then drinks a quantity of stuff with her at the café! He talks of an excursion, when the great event will take place. He stays up until late in the night, talking all the time but avoiding any action, although the girl gives him to understand that he will experience no resistance.

He dreamed the following night:

I bought an orange on the street and ate it up at once. It was very bad and did not taste good to me. I bit upon hard pieces without flavor, like iron or glass. I took them all out of my mouth.

The dream is clear. He begins to disparage the girl. She is a street woman; he knows it; he will experience no pleasure with her. Splinters of glass were always his mother's anxiety. One might die through bits of glass or rusty iron.

He fears woman. Behind his paraphilia, fear of woman, dread of his impotence are concealed. He doubts whether he can satisfy the woman. He is afraid he will be disgraced. For this reason he always wants to pay. He does not feel himself to be a man who can woo a girl and fulfill her sexual desires. He would rather stay a child. If he strikes with the lead pencil, he is sure that the pencil will remain stiff. He avoids defeat.

We come after many resistances to the nucleus of his parapathy. He believes that he has ruined himself by onanism. He has no more true, no more thick, semen and produces only very little. It is entirely exhausted. He no longer has a strong erection. He is psychically impotent. He read books even when he was

fourteen which suggested this nonsense to him. He knows "with absolute certainty" that he is impotent. For this reason, he clings to his paraphilia. He guards himself against the expected disgrace.

Yesterday he again visited the famous instructress, listened from an adjoining room to all sorts of scenes of punishment, and had to accompany this with onanism. He is afraid that through the analysis he might be delivered over to a woman, and he seeks his old childish pleasure. Evident will to be sick.

He confesses with some resistance that he has imagined during onanism other scenes than the striking of the hand. He fantasies that a hand is being knocked off. He reproduces a gruesome description which he has read in a book.

Now the sense of guilt which is associated with the harmless fantasy and fact of hitting the hand is explained. His paraphilia is merely the rudiment of a distinct sadism. The striking of the hand means the striking off of the hand. This is the reason why he always prefers the position in which the hand is hanging limp.

He admits that sadistic scenes of this sort play a greater part than he was willing to acknowledge at the beginning of the treatment. But he considers these sadistic scenes as exceptions and forms of play, echoes of what he has read, while in actual fact they are the chief things. He has repressed his far-reaching sadistic inclinations and permitted himself the innocent striking paraphilia as rudiment and memory symbol (as shreds of reality).

Relation to castration was at first denied, but it was admitted that in his fifteenth year there were ideas of allowing himself to be castrated in order to conquer the morbid impulse.

If he really loves, he cannot be cruel. He would never strike off Mary's hands.

He can never watch his father when he gargles and then with effort brings out a bit of mucus. He believes that his repugnance toward kissing (he speaks of it for the first time) is connected with this. He feels otherwise, too, a physical aversion to his father. He could never lie in bed with him, while with his mother it was very lovely. He often crept into bed with his tutors, never, as he thought, from sexual motives, but because it was so delightfully warm and cosy where they were. He liked also to take a dog to bed with him.

He was a fearfully naughty child. He exaggerated hysterical

attacks and illnesses to frighten his parents, ate pieces of carpet, bored holes in new wall paper, slandered, lied, scuffled, and so on.

He stole his father's medicines (morphine) so that he might have them. He takes this opportunity to express himself frankly about me and finds much (negative transference) to criticize.

He has a peculiar attitude toward his dreams. They are to him unsympathetic and he does not believe that they have any significance. He doubts to-day that any one can help him. He is convinced once more that he is incurable.

He dreamed last night:

I had a tame starling. Possibly it was a mother with young ones. I fed them and was very kind to them. As if the starling was sick. It seemed to me like a personal friend.

I am walking with Madame B. and am crazy. I go into an apothecary's shop to buy some urotropin.

I am to go to *Tannhäuser* and have forgotten the score. I am somehow prevented from going.

Before awaking, hypnopompic dream: I am cutting off the forward part (platform) of an electric car and eating it like a cream puff.

As a boy he was a hunter and shot at birds. The first birds which he killed were starlings. In this dream he atones for his wrong. He is friendly to the starlings. On the other hand, the starling is his dear friend, that part of his ego that wants to be blind (grauer Star [starling] = Cataract). He will not let the starling kill itself.

In the second dream bit he is crazy. He takes urotropin. He often uses this to disinfect himself if he thinks that he has influenza. It is plainly a mental disinfection through which he passes (Urine = sexual act?). Here we find the first reference to his ideas of poisoning (urotropin = atropin).

Tannhäuser represents the principle of penitence. Tannhäuser was in the Venusberg and had to make a pilgrimage to Rome to atone for his sins.

Yet what are his sins? The last bit tells us that. He is a giant (Gulliver!), cuts himself a piece of the electric car, and devours it. He has cannibalistic impulses. He has when a child, as we know, eaten bits of skin from his own hand and devoured carpet. Now he would gladly be a vegetarian so that he would not eat the carcasses of animals (moral reaction against the cannibalism). To-day he can neither fish nor hunt. He should like however to

shoot at people, if he had any excuse (for example, to defend Mary). He regrets that criminals do not have to be tortured before they are executed. He would first cut off their hands.

He has fantasies that he is witnessing the cutting off of the hands and then the head of a patricide.

We strike in these fantasies upon the central point of his parapathy. We see how the parapathic symptom unites pleasure and punishment, how it acts as warning and as stimulus.

His behavior toward his father is treacherous enough. He feels best when his father is not there. He is remarkably shy in his presence. He is always trying to disparage him. His father is now no longer in the splendid position he occupied before the war and no longer has the means he had then. He complains at the hard times, which seems to the son womanish and childish.

His father's beatings, who is a kind-hearted man but a passionate one, have wakened his feelings of revenge.

He has wanted to kill his father or cut off the hands with which he has been struck. We see how the parapathic symptom has stubbornly maintained the old attitude as paraphilia. It is a continuous demand not to forget.

He dreamed:

In the neighborhood of the Secession. I have heard that it is an orphan asylum for boys. I speculated whether there would not be whippings there. . . . A club for good fellowship is to be founded. I was with Madame B. and her pupils. I should have joined the club, but I delayed. I notice that she will be angry if I do not do so. I wanted only to look at it. I was the only man. I put my name then upon the paper and heard that 150,000 kronen a year were to be paid. Somehow in connection with it I found Dr. B., the pianist. I played my songs before him. They pleased him. I had two wounds on the palm of my hand; the entire skin was off; I saw the raw surface; something was over it like a hide, a fleshy structure, so that I could not close the hand.

Near the Secession is a café in which for the first time he had been able to observe the doings of the cocottes and might amuse himself with a cocotte. He sees instead of the Secession a large gray building like the supreme court. It is like a warning from his evil impulses. The orphan boys remind him of wicked thoughts (If your parents were dead, you would inherit the entire property!). Mrs. P., another teacher of song, with whom he has played, has a similar institute like that of the piano instructress

Madame Bertinger. But he does not enter. He hesitates; he will first observe. The piano teacher yesterday demanded a rather large sum of money from him, which was very unpleasant. He is always afraid of extortion. In this dream he is the only man among many girls. He has no comparison to fear. He can evade his impotence complex. But there appears to him Mr. B., a famous piano player and a very fine-looking, vigorous man. Toward him, too, he shows himself the stronger. For he is composer. He plays his songs for him. Finally the dream passes over into an identification with Christ. He still has thoughts of being a savior. He would suffer and endure that he might perform a great work for mankind. He also has stigmata on both hands, which are however much greater than those of Christ. He cannot fold his hands; he cannot pray. He is himself a god and will be worshiped. His impotence manifests itself as voluntary asceticism and his paraphilia as protection against the dangers of sexuality. In this dream, too, he has to pay an exorbitant price. He had at his disposal 300,000; now his money has dwindled to 150,000. He has therefore to pay all his money (his entire love) for his paraphilia.

The Secession relates to his desire to emancipate himself from his parents. It is a matter of a mental secession. He has often pictured himself as an orphan child. The familiar ideas of putting some one out of the way arise—the latent theme of father murder. The hands of a patricide are cut off as talion.

The first secession was the rising of the oppressed against those who afflicted them. Thus this spoiled child felt himself oppressed when the father struck him. He would then rush angrily upon the father, bite and scratch him and strike him in the abdomen, until the father as the stronger came off victor. He has repeated these scenes in his fantasy (he is the pianist who plays the old songs to himself). He wanted to atone for this and for a long time considered being a monk (the order represented as a club). He views the two great traumata of his youth as wounds upon the hand. The idea of being a monk led to the Christ parapathy.

He reports a number of sadistic fantasies. If he walks behind a man, he might shoot a bullet into his head or strike him down.

He has long denied every homosexual impulse. Now he admits that young men stimulate him and he should like to carry out on them all sorts of things. Naturally, only flogging scenes. But he

would strike not only upon the hand, but also on the buttocks. He knows now that his mother has whipped him upon the nates, but believes that he felt no pleasure from it.

He was whipped by his parents upon every occasion. The last time he received a box on the ear from his father. He had at that time a childish flirtation with a girl. His father thought he would have to marry the girl. A decent person did not do such things.

He was brought up in an incredibly absurd manner. A kiss was an obligation to marry. One must not become involved with a girl whom one did not pay. Cocottes were there for love; respectable girls wanted to be, and must be, married.

The entire freedom of youth was lost to him. He was afraid with every girl that she might want him to marry her and therefore he avoided them all. He held to his paraphilia out of spite toward his parents, who had given him this imperative.

He has in these days an evident flight reflex, wants to go home to his parents, ostensibly because there is a girl there who is very charming and he would like to see her before she goes away. The positive attitude toward the parents makes itself felt. He would gladly to-day sleep in a bed with his mother. But this would be nothing sexual, it would be only pure affection.

Three weeks of analysis slip by without our being able to make any progress. He insists that he is cured. He has no compulsion toward doing things in series, and the hand seems no longer to dominate. He seeks the acquaintanceship of girls and achieves with a prostitute complete coitus.

I do not trust this general peace. I notice that he dissimulates in order to keep his paraphilia and to triumph over me. He brings no dreams or quite insignificant scraps, to which again no associations will come to him. He thinks he is through with his love to Mary, puts advertisements into the newspaper, and seeks for a suitable girl, but this is all done with so many precautions and protective measures that it can amount to nothing. He also masks the transference and pretends indifference. He is carrying on the same game with me as with his parents.

He announces himself as well. He has interest only in his art; he is very industrious; he does nothing foolish.

Then one day his father appears in Vienna. The entire picture changes. He has a bad relapse. He can do nothing, cannot play his music, and begins again to visit little girls whom he can beat.

His feeling toward Mary flames up again (displacement once more from the father; bipolar attitude: love and hate).

A dream brings us on the trail. He dreams he has been struck by a girl who had already beaten him many years before. This girl was wearing a bright-colored necktie such as his father now wears.

The girl is a disguise for the father.

Now he recalls that as a boy he had the wish to be beaten by his father. He played various pranks to make his father angry. He behaves himself in these last few days in the same way toward me. He says disagreeable things to me in the hope that I will be severe with him. He has not masturbated now for six weeks. Yesterday he yielded to the pressure. He performed onanism once, then was afraid it was too little, fell into his series and carried through the act five times.

To-day he recalls that he was punished in his fifth year by his father in the following manner: He lay in bed, the father lifted up his legs and turned him about and then administered a few light blows on his hinder part.

He wants a repetition of this scene. His obsessive series is the wish to live again through this pleasure-toned episode. This scene is mysteriously interwoven with that of his hands. He is the father and the child or girl becomes his infantile imago.

He confirms this opinion by imparting a number of details.

If he reads of a crime, he is afraid he might be taken for the murderer. He has fantasies also of mutual hanging. Sometime ago he stole Mary's books of piano music, where it was noted in some places that she had not practiced. He had the thought that she would be beaten for this by the teacher and masturbated with this idea.

He is ashamed of his day fantasies and asks repeatedly whether he must tell them to me. He collects them now and is astonished how frequently sadistic fantasies appear, which interest him, he states, as something quite outside himself. He considers them as idle play which has no meaning for his mental life. One example among many. He has an uncle who is parapathic. He has heard that the uncle is very ill. Suddenly the fantasy comes to him that he might cruelly beat the uncle until he collapses. He brings me in his fantasies into connection with Mary and other persons. Often the daydreams are very childish, mostly snobbish;

he moves in the best society, is distinguished, and so on. He had the fantasy in childhood that his father had a cabinet with various instruments for flogging and torture. He had the wish to be beaten by the father upon the nates and tortured.

His mother sometimes punished him by striking his hands with her lorgnette. He struggles against seeing the origin of his paraphilia in these chastisements and gives as the reason for his view the fact that his mother's hands were very antipathetic to him. The "hanging hand" was originally not necessary. Now he believes that the "hanging hand" must remind him also of the pendent penis.

The "hanging hand" therefore symbolizes also the impotence complex. He strikes a penis. He cuts off a penis (second appearance of the castration complex).

Treatment becomes more and more painful to him. He cancels his appointments, comes too late, and suddenly finds that it is urgent that he go away. He cannot endure the heat in Vienna; the treatment makes him nervous. It has fulfilled its purpose, for the repetition compulsion has entirely disappeared. There is no longer any series.

I bring to his attention that he breaks off the analysis at the most important moment. He considers himself cured.

After a summer interval of three months he again takes up the treatment. It has gone so splendidly with him during the summer that his parents have looked upon him as well. But he does not yet feel himself free from his obsessive actions. He would be willing to give up his paraphilia only if I could promise him complete substitution through the normal. But he makes no preparations for procuring the desired or undesired normal satisfaction.

He makes use of the ordinary devices to destroy the effect of the analysis and make it impossible. Nevertheless, a great advance is made. *It becomes evident that he counts the scenes when he was beaten by his father.* He repeats that he had behaved badly in order to be whipped and admits that he is happy that he can no longer attain this end.

Yet he tries through all sorts of infantile tricks to bring about a whipping scene with me, of which he is not conscious and which he energetically denies.

It is important that this whole paraphilia really developed at the age of seventeen (after his father had slapped him). Probably it

would have receded entirely if he had not found Stella, a charming countess, his first great love since graduation. He was seventeen and she thirteen. He was enraptured with her and was proud to be able to be in relation with a countess. She told him that she liked to whip her brothers and sisters. Once he was somewhat ill-behaved and she said: "I really ought to treat you as I do my sister." The first beating scene occurred at this time. She struck him. Later he rendered her this friendly service. So he returned to an infantile form of gratification, which under other circumstances he might have forgotten.

This love, which was his greatest and perhaps his only experience, suffered a violent end. The parents of the countess forbade their going together and found that he was not worthy by birth of a countess. For the first time the feeling of inferiority took possession of him, the pampered and proud youth, omnipotent in his own family. He felt that he was not a full-blooded aristocrat and was angry with his parents that he was not a count.

He now seeks Stella in every girl. He still carries her pictures around with him.

Two great events were determinants of the regression. First the circumstance that he was looked upon as not equal in birth, and secondly the fact that he had had his ears boxed by the father. Both things wakened the sense of inferiority and called forth the reaction formation.

To this must be added the fact that Stella was a little sadist and in that way responded to his infantile constellation.

He saw in her the fulfillment: the highborn aristocrat, the dazzling beauty, the sadist, and at the same time the ideal.

Reality tore him from these dreams. Now again he took refuge in his childish fantasies. He performed onanism always with the fantasy that Stella was striking him upon the hand or he was hitting Stella.

He tells me this at the last hour. We see once more proof of the significance of the recent experience. Without that experience with Stella he would surely have overcome his paraphilia. Onanism firmly establishes the fixation upon the unattainable ideal, which can again take root as the mother imago on account of its inaccessibility.

Every onanism closes with a prayer to Stella and with the fervid wish that she might save him.

Mary was only a new edition (shifting of the affect) of Stella. If he cannot have Stella, other women mean nothing to him. He

seeks now only poor girls whom he can impress as an aristocrat. He cannot forget the former humiliation.

After this important disclosure he again shuts himself up. He plays the person who is going through analysis, in such a way that the analysis can make no progress. He is shown that the analysis must come to an end if he is not able to recognize and conquer his resistance. He drinks every evening, wine and stronger liquors, so that he is soon narcotized. It is forbidden him.

He fears the end of the treatment and makes some communications. He reports a number of obsessive actions, a ceremonial before going to sleep. The pillow and the covering must lie "slantingly." He kneels down before his bed and repeats "Our Father." Then he masturbates and repeats the prayer in the same position.

We know that as a child he was in love with his hands. He was afraid that when he was older the blue veins might stand out as in his father. *His mother often kissed his hands and praised their beauty.* She indulged him beyond all bounds. He must never lock the water-closet. His mother came there to him up to his tenth year when he defecated and often kissed his buttocks (!).

He was wakened at night by the English nurse so that he should not wet the bed *and frequently struck on his hands.* The hands might never be under the cover. *He was warned against onanism, and if he transgressed, was punished.* His onanism at the present time is an attitude of defiance. He always had a violent impulse toward freedom. He envied the wild animals and would gladly have been a wolf. He identified himself with Mowgli in Kipling's *Jungle Book.* He gnawed like a beast and bit like a wolf. He bit his grandmother in the breast, pinched his nurse in the arm when he sat upon the pot and she held him. He tortured animals and struck the heads off thistles with the fantasy of beheading people. He wanted to be a murderer, a famous criminal, an outlaw. . . .

The fact appeared more and more clearly that his sexual impulse had manifested itself powerfully in early childhood and his parents and teachers had struggled vehemently against it. If he now furiously masturbates in series, he is thus avenging himself for all the prohibitions, and he counts the years of childhood in which he was inhibited through the imperative of those who brought him up. But he also counts the days which lay between

the individual acts of onanism when he tried during the religious period (seven to fourteen) to free himself from the habit.

He can relate nothing concerning the first onanism fantasies. Later, however, pronounced sadistic fantasies appeared, which preceded the masochistic period. The latter very evidently came after the repression of the religious impulses.

He is again excited and insists that he will have to break off treatment. He is unable to continue; he must go home once more.

Another pause of four months. It has gone splendidly with him. He has cut down the onanism very much, temporarily given it up altogether. Also he drinks no liquor. Mary was a guest at their house this winter and they talked a good deal of love. She confessed her love to him. Notwithstanding, he knows that she will not marry him. He thinks he is not healthy and rich enough (both not true).

He will go on with the analysis to the end.

I had so far conducted the treatment under a condition that was impossible. He did not want to lose his paraphilia (a child is being beaten) and wanted merely to be delivered from his morbid love to Mary. He wanted to be able to write poetry and work. We have attained both these ends. Now I place before him the alternative: "You must have the will to be freed from your paraphilia, otherwise I cannot treat you." He requests time to think and comes with all sorts of conditions. The analysis proceeds out of scientific interest against my inner conviction.

He confesses that he still has "compulsion two." He has to do everything twice. He urinates in two divisions, and so on. . . .

He admits reluctantly that he loves the odor of the hand and often smells it. He is in love with the smell of his own hands. He dreads growing old. He would like to begin a new life. Some interesting dreams, which I will pass over. The first intimations of the fantasy of the mother's body come to light.

He dreamed:

I am standing before the ocean. Little girls are there. The waves rise higher and higher and I rejoice that portions of the dike are being destroyed, and I think I could not miss this beautiful spectacle.

A resistance dream. He does not want to give up his parapathy and the affect drama of his psyche. He continues to believe firmly in his impotence. He masturbates every evening and wonders that he has so little semen.

Before onanism he smells of his hand, he licks it (kisses it), sucks on it, and then regards it as transfigured. An act of onanism is impossible for him without a moist hand.

He never kisses upon the mouth. He feels disgust at a damp mouth. He gives only dry kisses upon the cheek and never kisses the lips. The compulsion to do everything twice goes back to the wish to be reborn (twice born). He fears age and death. His first counting pertained to the length of his life. Now he counts so that he can be double his age. Then he reproaches himself. How have you squandered your life? What have you got out of your life? He never, he believes, thinks of his parents' ages.

He reports for the first time his smell complexes, which usually play a greater rôle with foot fetishism than with hand fetishism.

Months went by before he confessed them to me. Notice the contrast: While he cannot give a moist kiss, his own hand stimulates him only when it is damp from kissing.

He dreamed:

There is a kind of symphony. Like a most sacred one, folk pageant. N——, market for delicacies? I am with Mary and looking on. The effect of the crowd in the open has pleased me very much.

N——. Many people were invited. Also the little F. I was sent out to purchase a hen.

I was with the three sisters and their father. It was ordered that I should give them piano lessons. The father had taken me and said that since he was present nothing would go on there. One of them tells that she has had piano instruction and given it up, because her father beat her.

I came to a beautiful old house, poetic. I came only to the gate.

Somehow again something about blows and then the close.

The religious tendency appears plainly from the first dream. Copper vitriol occurs to him in regard to the fowl which he must buy. He speaks at length also concerning the sister complex. He was afraid he might have a sister and determined to kill her as one kills young chickens or beetles.

Now he wishes he had a little sister so that he might beat her. A hatred arising in childhood drags itself from the sister complex into the present time. He treats girls like sisters, hates them, and harbors unconscious death wishes.

An afterthought comes to him while we are analyzing the

dream. He wanted to go into the old house and feared that they would not let him out because he had struck the girls.

The old house is his mother. He had the fantasy of killing his sister in his mother's womb. He had only one anxiety in childhood, his mother might become pregnant. Later he disguised this fear and took the attitude that he would be happy to have a little sister. It is true that he had heard repeatedly that his mother did not want more children. One notices the contrast in the dream. He begins with a symphony in the *open* and ends with the attempt to press into the old house, where he might be *locked in.*

As the raging of the sea in the former dream represents his agitated psyche, so he symbolizes the symphony of his love, which he hears with Mary (Virgin Mary—Mother of God). The mother is the most sacred one to him and at the same time the object of his desire (market for delicacies). He was born in N——. Therefore also the birthplace.

He was always very jealous and wanted to have his mother for himself alone. An association with copper vitriol leads through vitriol to poison and to the poison complex. If the hens should lay and new chicks (sisters) should appear, he would poison the latter. Then follows the scene with the three sisters, which contains his secret fear.

More memories follow after a rather long dream analysis. The father whipped him a number of times upon the buttocks. He recalls a large box which played a great part in his childhood. He liked to hide in this chest (fantasy of the mother's womb). There were a number of sticks in there. There was a table also in this room. Once the father undressed him, laid him on the table, and whipped him upon his naked bottom.

Then there were in his home two servants who were both masochistic. The first had him beat him and struck him upon the hand (eleven). The second was decidedly paraphiliac and was in love with him. He was an assistant servant over sixty years old. Heinrich beat the old man, threw him to the floor, pulled him by the hair, and gave him then as a reward an old pair of underdrawers to smell.

This servant was infatuated with the smell of the boy (twelve). He began at that time to practice onanism. He does not remember whether the old servant was his instructor in onanism.

His mother came upon him once in Sylt (thirteen) after onanism. She found a *moist* spot upon his shirt. He showed her the penis, which was not erected, and wanted to prove thus that he

had not been masturbating. The mother was confused and left the room. She had threatened to tell the father everything, but she did not do it.

Mamma was always peculiar. She pinched and scratched him when she was angry.

His father had contributed a good deal to strengthening his impotence.

He said to him repeatedly: It is a crime to marry if one has not first proved his potency and exercised it with prostitutes.

Heinrich has the two following dreams:

1. I make a trip with Mary over a snowy field. I cut my foot with a broad piece of glass and see the pool of blood like a ribbon.

2. I have to go to Trent. Then it was as if I were with Mary in Gomagoi.

He once made an excursion to Trent. He wanted at that time to go to Vienna with his wheel. He was tired at Trent and *turned back.*

Trent in this instance signifies the return half way on. It occurs to him afterward that in the dream Trent was under water, and merely a dangerous, small footpath led along the water.

Thus appears the memory of something old, submerged. Only a narrow path. Then he thinks of the danger of the narrow way and that he had made a trip with Mary to Gomagoi. She had said to him while going: "I would not trust myself to lie with you in bed at night. . . ."

The associations now stop. But the broad pool of blood in the first dream points to the criminal complex. (The ice field symbolizes frozen memories and attitudes, at the same time the white bed.)

I ask him now:

"Do you know that a crime was committed upon Stelvio Pass?"

"No. . . . I do not recall it."

"Think a moment!"

"I know nothing."

"A famous spot."

"Yes—now I know. A man murdered his wife, pushed her into the frightful abyss. There is a stone on the road. I stood there with Mary and we read the inscription."

Now the repression is lifted and a stream of associations follows.

He is a lust murderer and has the fantasy of murdering the woman whom he embraces. Originally it was the unborn sister. Now it is his cousin Mary, also a sister imago.

Memories of having lain in the mother's bed and having stuck his legs between those of his mother. Then a clear recollection that he was first slapped by his mother upon the hand because he had played with his organ. (Evidently a cover memory. He might have made an aggression toward the mother.) His father's riding whip, with which he was flogged, lay in the chest mentioned. Further memories follow, which all relate to blows from the persons who brought him up.

Again the memories suggest the connection between the forbidding of onanism and the paraphilia. He received the first blows upon his hand with a lorgnette. His repetition compulsion is explained from the wish to live through the scene again. He likes to use articles which are like the lorgnette, a long pencil, a narrow piece of board, and has even broken his glasses by using them for striking.

The love scenes in his mother's bed appear together with this memory, so that we may assume a close connection between these two recollections. He repeatedly manifests the wish to be able to sleep again with his mother and believes that only the warmth and the skin contact were toned with pleasure for him, but that he never had an erection then. The erection was the alarm signal in his early years, and he was often examined by the mother to see if he had one. This explains the later scene in which the absence of the erection (thirteen) should prove to the mother that he had not been indulging in onanism.

Again we strike upon the connection between the forbidding of onanism and hatred. He had to hate the mother because she took his pleasure from him without giving him a substitute for it. The onanism was thereby associated with the fantasy of lying in bed with the mother and clasping her legs. For he takes this position in masturbating. He grasps a pillow, crosses the legs, and presses them convulsively upon each other.

He dreamed:

I was first in Russia and then in America. I was, together with some girl, condemned to death because of revolutionary plots against the czar. I had wanted to murder him. A great court process. Every one was stirred. The public prosecutor and the judges wept after they had condemned me. It grieved them that I must die so young, but they could do nothing. I was led away by soldiers. I succeeded in escaping. I had to part from the girl, otherwise we should have been recognized. She escaped to the

east, I to the west, to go to America. Now I found myself in flight. I knew if I reached the sea, I was saved. I experience in the meanwhile all sorts of exciting adventures. Soldiers inspect my false passport. I come through. I reach a suspension railway which carries me over the mountains, which are otherwise impassible. I climb higher and higher. One chain of mountains lifts itself behind another. I climb to a height of over 2,000 meters. Finally I see the ocean. I have to submit again to having my passport inspected before I may embark. I pass myself as an Englishman, inasmuch as the Germans are hated. I have great difficulties and am even subjected to a physical search. Two officers are there. One of them wants to let me through; the other one mocks and thinks I am a criminal. A strange Englishman takes my part and speaks to me in English. I was an old acquaintance of his, an old chum. Finally I get through and reach the ship, breathing freely. The ship has to overcome endless difficulties. First it passes through a swampy region, which is dry in places, so that we are in danger of being stuck fast. Then the ship mounts a height of 800 meters. It goes up upon the dry land and down with rushing speed. I am terribly frightened. Twenty minutes more and I am saved. Finally the open sea beckons. Criminal officers come upon a steam launch in order to search through the ship. An officer looks me in the eyes and says scornfully: "Are you not the murderer we are looking for?" I wake at this moment bathed in perspiration.

Such long dreams correspond to a day fantasy. The relation to analysis is transparent. He is a patricide and I come upon his secret throughts. He must at any cost escape me and in the end even speaks a foreign tongue in order to baffle me in my investigations. But we also see that he fears the reckoning at the Last Day and hopes to waken his judges to pity. He has suffered so much in life. The girl who is condemned with him is Mary, the mother imago. (The association leads by way of England, King Edward, to the famous ballad *Edward*. The ballad tells the story of a father murderer who had committed the murder through the instigation of the mother and now has to flee over the sea.) The many inspections (fear of the truth) and obstacles are wonderfully represented. The ship is the course of his life, which leads through morass and dangers, but also his mother, whom in this way he finds again before he is born anew (America).

This dream contains at the same time a warning, for it brings before his eyes the great dangers of parricide and of flight.

The recognition of his thoughts of hatred reveals itself ever more clearly.

He had a frightful hypnagogic picture before going to sleep. He saw two statues. Their eyes seemed to be alive. Burning glances like flashes of lightning came from their eyes. He awoke with his heart beating rapidly.

It is the woman of which he is afraid.

Then he slept again and dreamed:

I am in an ancient castle. I am standing above. There are a number of people there, my mother, too. We are to observe some nature drama, which I have seen once already, sunset. He then who looks at the sun sees the blue marvel and becomes blind. Finally the sun is in such a position that I can see the wonderful thing. It was not so beautiful as the first time, which I do not recall. I have to go home and must pass through a long corridor. I see there a tame vulture. (Or was it flying?) It seemed to me as if it were a dead vulture. Then I have to pass three lions. Two of them are tame; the third is very wild and roars. I am afraid. It strikes me with its paw upon my hand. I turn and look it firmly in the eyes. It becomes quiet, but I hasten away. I flee through a series of rooms. The doors have no fastenings. I hear the lions roaring behind me. Dr. Stekel tells me I need have no fear. Nevertheless, I flee. When I am below, I am able to mount my wheel and ride away. I meet people, a woman and children. I warn them not to go up and say: "Beware. There is a savage lion up there." She wanted to convince herself. I wait now until she returns. She comes back. She is terrified. I reproach myself that I have injured the management of the castle by saying that there was a wild lion above. The lady confirms me: "Yes, there is a wild lion up there." She came down quite terrified. I awake. . . .

The wild lion is his passion. In the beginning of the dream he is with the mother and is going to pass again through birth. Also to look on while his mother undresses to go to bed (sunset). He escapes through a long corridor. There he meets the vulture, his father's phallus. The association with the vulture is the ballad of *Edward,* which he knows in the sketch by Löwe. Edward has slain his father. He admits death wishes toward his parents and relates all sorts of unedifying scenes from his parents' home (grandmother).

He experiences his rebirth in highly dramatic fashion. He may go again into the old castle out of which he has come; he shall

once more experience birth, the great miracle. But he who sees his mother naked, goes blind. (The associations lead to the blinded Œdipus.) In order to get to the mother, he must first kill the tame vulture. ("I have slain my vulture dead.") Three passions threaten him, which are represented as lions. Two of them have been put to death in the analysis, his homosexuality and his lust-murder fantasies. There remain yet murder of the father and incestuous love for the mother. I promise still to free him from these. (Dr. Stekel tells me I need have no fear.) In spite of my assurance, he wants to flee. The woman and children again represent a duplicate of the mother, whom he warns of his passionateness. He now reproaches himself that he has given me too much information about his parents. (He has injured the management of the castle.) "When he mounts his wheel," that is, flees, he is saved, but he warns women of his passions. The lady with the children is his future wife. In the transference the lady with the children is also my wife, whom he hates and out of jealousy would destroy.

The criminal impulses now come clearly into consciousness.

He confesses that he frequently feels the impulse to stab a person from behind.

He cannot see blood on a hand. That is loathsome to him. The hand loses every charm. On the other hand, he imagines in masturbation that his hand is a piece of flesh. He is a wild animal. Moving his hand means that a wild beast drags his booty from one place to another.

He emphasizes his feelings of inferiority. He is ugly. He is weak. He can never please a girl.

Should he not break off the treatment? He could spend the money which he pays me for an elegant cocotte. (Defiance because of rejection of the transference. I am not affectionate enough toward him!)

He had auditory hallucinations before going to sleep. He heard the words: "Wait a while! Not yet!"

He can give no explanation of this. The words express hope. He will yet reach his goal (the mother?).

He relates that in earlier years he thought during onanism of bent *stork's feathers,* which really were hands. Then a voice called, "Murdered!" The story points to birth fantasies.

He dreamed:

I was with Mary frequently in the café and she behaved very

improperly. She sat upon the men's laps and clawed at their beards, so that I was angry and struck her. I said to a young fellow, "You take her!" in order to insult her. The young man looked at me derisively and laughed.

I was with Mary and the children. We should have gone home together; we slipped away and went around in the city right and left. We caught the children in the house and instructed them what to say so that no one should know of it.

Then I was in a café; my money was all gone; I was 500,000 guldens in debt, was asked for payment, and borrowed from Mary 200,000 kronen. Then I was in a carriage. Mary was on my knees; she was small and not very pretty and said she belonged to me. I was sorry for her.

It was a restless night.

He is devoured with jealousy. If Mary speaks to another young man, he could kill his rival. As Mary is very coquettish, he suffers the tortures of hell. The café represents for him the school of cocottes. Mary stands for the mother. The old jealousy fills his heart. He was jealous of every person who had anything to do with them. Mary often goes walking with her younger brothers and sisters. Here they are instructed to tell lies. He, too, learned very early in childhood to lie, which has now changed to a fanatic love of truth, which often goes so far as to be injurious.

It is unpleasant for him to acknowledge that he identifies the cocottes with his mother. He wants to give money to them without demanding a return. If one thinks of money as a symbol of love, one understands the last dream. He takes love from the mother (money from Mary) and gives it to cocottes. He displaces a part of the love upon prostitutes. But then begins the degradation of the mother. She is no longer the woman with the flashing eyes (see the statue dream), but she shrinks to a small unattractive child. It is not love that he feels for her, it is merely pity. The dream tells at the same time what he is doing in the scene of striking. He is the mother, and the child whom he hits is he himself. The mother should however be sorry for him and not treat him so cruelly. She shall go all the way with him (run away) and never return again to the father.

He dreamed:

A physician makes an injection in the hand to make it non-

sensitive. He makes it each time at the wrong place. I know where the right spot is. I do not tell him. . . .

We see his resistances are very great. He confesses that he cannot think of life and love without his paraphilia. He makes all kinds of ridiculous attempts to convince himself of his potency. He chose an ugly prostitute and then wondered that he had no great satisfaction. Immission succeeded, then the erection subsided; he indulged a little in onanism, the erection returned, and so he arrived at ejaculation with a weak orgasm.

He tells for the first time that the odor of the vagina is intolerable to him. He fears infections. He is afraid of the disgrace; in short, he has built a wall of obstacles around his infantilism.

The description of his first attempts is edifying. We already know that his parents brought him to a prostitute in a carriage. Now he adds to this that his mother had threatened him that she could never kiss him again, if he should have intercourse with a prostitute.

Fresh disclosures bring also the discovery of the *castration complex*. He had for a long time the wish to castrate himself because he wanted to be freed from his morbid (particularly the sadistic) sexuality. Such thoughts come when one wants to castrate another (talion). He does not recall castration fantasies which pertained to the father. But he admits that the cutting off of the hand corresponds to a castration. The hand symbolizes for him the penis. That he knows quite well.

The dream brings us at the same time the significance of his homosexual attitude. He loved his father and his formula read: Either the father or the mother. I should give him the injection in the right spot; then he could get well. He expects a sexual act (pederasty), and that would help him more than my elucidations. For he is perishing with desire for the fulfillment of his secret wishes.

In discussing his not being able to endure the smell of the vulva, the remarkable fact comes to light that the odor of his hand reminds him of the odor of his mother's vulva. This smell memory is so distinct it comes to him during the day like an hallucination of smell. The scene in question now represents itself that he touched his mother's vulva because his hand then had a "lovely" odor and that he was slapped on his hand for this reason.

This memory is the most important determinant of his para-

philia. The hand is a living being; it symbolizes his childhood, the small wild animal that takes its pleasure without hindrance where it can find it and is then beaten for it.

But these blows are not painful and serve only to keep the memory images fresh.

The position assumed by the mother must also be mentioned. She leads her son to the harlot who shall save him; she waits with the father at the street corner until he returns. But how could the effort succeed when she gave him on the way the adverse suggestion, "If you have intercourse with the prostitute, I will never kiss you again!"? She had thus given the very provocation for the attempt to fail. We learn again and again that fixations and paraphilias arise through the active participation of the parents. It is not impossible that this mother had tolerated the first play of her son and only dealt him the blows later when he was older. The bitter struggle against the onanism has its origin likewise, in part, from egoistic motives.

Yesterday he had to drink four glasses of vermouth. He had already drunk three and found himself on the way home. Suddenly the obsessive thought came to him: You must drink a fourth. He went into a café and obeyed his impulse. The analysis gives the following facts: He had this evening seen three girls, spoken to two of them, followed the third into a café and asked her address. Now he went home and yielded to the impulse. The impulse arises from not being satisfied. You have not attained to the real thing. You still have to win the ideal (Mary—mother). He admits the thought of Mary; that of the mother he seeks to weaken.

Immediately, however, there follows a memory which confirms our assumption. He first performed onanism on a chair. His mother often sat on the chair. He was impregnated by his mother (displacement).

He had the idea when a child that he might stuff his mother in order to have her always about him and make a rug out of her hair (that is, he could always tread upon her and lie on her). He delights in loosened hair. He has often taken down the mother's hair and plaited her braids. He likes to play with the hair of his ideals. At times he has fantasies of cutting off the hair and putting out the eyes of all girls.

He fears his potency. He might become a lust murderer. He is also afraid, therefore, of performing coitus while drunk. He

is really never deeply intoxicated. His consciousness is always on guard.

He is forever picking his lips; he then smells of the bits pulled off and eats them. He recalls that in his youth he suffered constant erections. The old servant mentioned told him that an erection should be so strong that one could hang a ball on the penis. As we already know, he frequently saw his father's penis when the father was bathing.

His *first* memory occurs to him: He was asked by the servant what he wanted to eat. There were two platters, one with roast beef, the other with slashed beefsteak. He said, slashed beefsteak.

He was pampered beyond bounds. He had his meals at table before his father. His attitude toward his father was one of defiance. He would never let his father know that his punishment hurt. His father used a riding whip, which he called the "silk thread." He loved this riding whip and often played with it when his father was not present.

This first memory is remarkable, and easily to be recognized as a cover memory in Freud's sense. The two platters represent father and mother. His love in childhood was bound with cannabilistic instincts. Just as he wanted to kill and stuff the mother, so he wanted also to eat her up out of love that he might completely incorporate her in himself. The parents should be hacked to pieces and then devoured. He was strengthened in this fantasy through the tale of Hop-o'-my-Thumb. The little fellow is more clever than the giant, who eats his own children. He also bites his thumbs first when he bites off pieces from his own hands.

He would begin with the hands, if he wanted to eat any one. The striking with the pencil symbolizes the slashing of the meat to make it tender before it is to be eaten. He wants to eat up the little girls. He is a lion and a vulture; this identification helps us to understand the preceding dreams. For this reason he warns the mother with the children. The lion will devour your children. That means: I might devour your children out of love. Various tales occur to him here, especially *Little Red Riding Hood* and *The Wolf and the Seven Kids.*

He dreamed:

Papa wanted to buy me a motor bicycle. It was in two parts. It was really also an airplane. The pneumatics were flat and had no air. My father showed me another motor bicycle, too,

which was cheaper. I did not want to accept it for it was entirely of paper and did not suit me.

He brings as the first association the fact that his father had complained in his presence of his own impotence. We now understand the flat tire and know that the airplane, which mounts to the heights, represents a phallic symbol. His father gives him only paper love. He merely writes affectionate letters. He craves more.

The second dream is still more important:

I show Mary the books by Dr. Stekel. I cover over objectionable places, for example, onanism. One especial case interests her very much: An old man who is in love with his servant. The history was printed in a remarkable hieroglyphic writing. Then we embraced and kissed each other. There were several people there. She then talked and flirted with other men, at which I was furious. It was at a concert. A symphony of Haydn was being played. Then we made up. A steward came in, who was at the same time a famous neurologist. I lay in my mother's bed. He said: "Why then do you lie in your mother's bed?" I answered that I slept elsewhere but used this room for washing and making my toilet.

He carries on a strange game with Mary. She acts coquettishly with him, sits on his lap, bends over so that he must see her bosom. He lies upon her bosom. He takes care that no erection shall result, which nevertheless does often appear. He is usually jealous when she has piano lessons. It is an obsession that she will play badly and the teacher will strike her upon the hand. This thought makes him wild and restless. It is explained when one knows that playing the piano means for him onanism. Mary is hit upon the hand for onanism, by which he repeats his own original scene (identification with Mary). He would like besides to convert her in the dream to a freer philosophy (Haydn). She should read my books. His father had repeatedly impressed upon him that it was a fearful crime to have an erection with a respectable girl, to say nothing of going further. This corresponds to the Christian point of view. But he needs a new one, a heathen (symphony by Haydn).* He assumes in the clinical history mentioned (love between an old master and a servant) that he is my servant, who subjects himself to me, and that I am in love with him. But Mary is also the mother. He lies in the mother's bed; he identifies himself with her and I come to visit him. He is

* *Eine heidnische* . . . (Haydn) = a heathenish . . . (Translator).

ready for love. Since his father disdains him, the physician shall save him.

He confesses that he prefers to masturbate in a rocking chair. He smokes a cigarette, rocks, and plays with the penis with his left hand, while contemplating his right one. He is the child upon the nurse's breast and is rocked. The hand symbolizes his *childhood,* himself as child.

He presses the legs together while masturbating in the rocking chair or forces a small pillow between the legs. We know the significance of this arrangement, of which he has previously informed us.

A fiction shines forth from the dream, to make the father love him. The original fantasy discloses itself at the conclusion of the dream. He lies in the mother's bed. He takes this place as the scene of his most important fantasy, to lie in bed with the mother where he can observe her at her toilet and her washing.

His obsessive ceremonial at going to sleep shows us that he is half conscious of the wrong of this fantasy. He has to put the pillow awry; that we already know. But with his large toe he pushes the chair into the same position. We know, too, the meaning of the chair. He arranges everything for incest. Then, the cover over his ears, he takes the embryonic position (mother-womb fantasy). He does not forget in his prayer, which he says first, to pray for the father's life, which represents a compensation for his parricidal fantasy.

A dream brings us the final explanation of his paraphilia.

I find myself in a dark cave, which has only one small, narrow window. A large man thrusts a stake in, because he believes a wild beast is there. He strikes me first in the region of the genitals. I hold my hand before the genital to protect it, and he pushes the stake against me. It was not really painful. I merely thought: "When will he stop pushing?"

He finds himself in this dream in the mother's womb and is thrust upon by his father (the gross fellow) at the genital. He enacts this scene with his childish paraphilia, which thus, together with all its other meanings, represents a regressive fantasy back to the embryonic state.

The analysis is at an end. The system seems to have collapsed. The absurd day fantasies are destroyed. He is able to work and makes astonishing progress. He has obtained a prom-

inent position and fills it to the satisfaction of his superiors. He will make his way and certainly accomplish important things.

He seldom masturbates and now is seeking the way to a woman. He has been advised to marry. His love to Mary is in its last throes, which he bears without pain. He is once more reminded distressingly of his paraphiliac past. Madame Bertinger is the center of a scandal process in Vienna. Important persons, even a distinguished physician, are involved in the affair. Madame Bertinger has beaten children and allowed the men to look on for money.

Heinrich had found out only later how far Madame Bertinger had gone and had never been present at these scenes. But the police will find his name on her lists. His kindness in giving her money will be bitterly punished. For Madame Bertinger has faithfully entered all sums which she received from Heinrich and added his name to them. Conscious of his innocence, he admits the blows upon the hand. He has committed no further crime. Nevertheless, he is in danger of being drawn into this, because one of the children thinks he remembers him. But there is nothing with which he can be charged, and he escapes merely with the fright.

He comes to me again for treatment and makes the following confession:

"You know that I did not want to get well. I entered into the treatment at your suggestion that I come, and I intended not to let you rob me of the hand-beating. Furthermore, when you set the condition 'either-or' I left the door of retreat open. But now I want to be cured. I have resolved to be relentlessly honest and I beg your help."

The third phase of treatment begins.

He makes the remarkable admission that the hand was *originally unsympathetic* to him and he was ashamed to speak of the hand. He felt a loathing for every hand. Nevertheless, he was fascinated by the story of a governess who had her hand nailed to the top of the table by a mischievous boy. He wanted to hear this story over and over again.

He contemplates his hand a very long time before going to sleep, whether it has hair, how the pores look. There is always one definite little spot on the back of the hand which attracts his attention and at which he gazes. He also strikes himself here, never anywhere else.

Suddenly two ridiculous things occur to him: a dog's paw and large green leaves. The leaves disclose themselves as fig leaves; the dog's paw symbolizes animal sexuality. These associations betray the genitalization of the hand.

He is afraid of becoming bald. Hairy hands and a bald head represent age and he would like to be eternally young. He shows a pathological fear of losing his hair.

He reports choice scenes in regard to his first visit to a prostitute. His father showed him a preventive and demonstrated first to him on his finger how he was to use it. Then Heinrich had to put it on before the father. After the attempt that failed he had to give a precise account how deep the organ had penetrated, and so on.

He believed that he had been robbed in this way of all that was precious in the forbidden and secret.

Sometimes now he feels that the whole affair with the hand is absurd, and he would be ready to give it up if he could find a girl to love.

He suffers again from his repetition compulsion. Yesterday he drank four drams of spirits. If he does not do this, he has ill luck. It will go badly with him; everything will be against him.

He performs onanism now upon a straight line. He is careful to have the number of onanistic acts remain always an even one. He indulges evenings and then in the morning, then he will have good luck. In masturbating, he holds the lowered hand with the the upper arm bent as much as possible so that he can *smell* the hand and eventually *bite* it. He admits frankly sadistic fantasies in onanism: inquisition, torture, cruel punishment, but always with the qualification that the punishment is a just one. He should like to travel to a country where flogging has been made obligatory for criminals.

He cannot live without his parents, especially without his mamma, and yet he has a sense of confusion when he goes home. He would almost rather be alone. He knows that his fantasies are somehow connected with his parents, even when he pictures other persons to himself.

He speaks very unwillingly concerning his obsessions and his paraphilia. The hand is indeed for him a genital: he has genitalized it. He also feels a reluctance about talking of it, as if it would be a desecration of something holy. And he cannot imagine

giving up his paraphilia. A woman is really disgusting to him. The kiss is an object of horror. It is pointed out to him that this attitude has its origin in the Œdipus complex.

To-day we have first a homosexual dream, which surprised him very much for he is entirely indifferent to the object of the dream.

Then he enters extensively into his sadistic fantasies. He would like very much to be Nero. Or an emperor in China, who had the right to torture and punish numbers of criminals.

He hates the vagina. If he had his way he could thrust glowing iron into it, pour molten lead or sulphuric acid into it, and destroy it. He is Jack the Ripper. He would like to cut women to pieces to see what they looked like inside.

He tells of a dream in which he saw his father handling his razor awkwardly.

In reference to this, recollections of seeing his father shaving and of having criminal wishes at the time.

The session to-day brings to light some important things regarding the psychogenesis of his paraphilia. There must have been a wish originally to go to some institution where flogging would have been the order of the day. Later his parents threatened that he would have to go to a reformatory if he did not give up his evil habits. This reformatory stood like a nightmare before his mind. The beating was then a preparation for the time at the reform institution. Its terrors are as nothing when he experiences the pleasure of the beating.

Freud's remarks upon "A Child Is Being Beaten" are supplemented further by the fact that here there was no sister, but that the boy, as we have already discovered, imagined he had a sister. First there was fear of the sister and then appeared the wish to have a sister. According to Freud, he should first have had the idea that the father would beat this imaginary sister. He cannot recall this. Possibly in the second period, in which he had the intense desire to be whipped by his father.

The new fact is that all girls were to him sister substitutes. Stella, as well as Mary, was his sister. His reluctance to use these girls sexually arises from the incest barrier. The sisters are also the younger editions of the mother.

Later the desire to be beaten by the father disappeared, and the idea that another child was being whipped by a teacher while he looked on appeared in the foreground.

He remembers his first sadomasochistic action. Upon the piano

stood a letter weight, a block, and behind that a bust of his aunt. He looked at the bust and struck himself upon the hand with the block. This performance is easy to understand if one knows that the aunt is the mother's sister and represents her image.

He always offended the various persons with whom he came into contact, both in childhood and later, and when he went away from them would beg forgiveness. These scenes of reconciliation were pleasurably toned. The doing of the injury seemed all arranged in order to bring about the forgiveness (kiss of the hand).

He dreamed:

There were two girls, one rather pretty, the other ugly, both ordinary; they did not particularly attract me. I believe I have met them somewhere upon the street. Then somehow in a small house. One of them said the other might be killed with cocaine. I was very much afraid of both of them. I wanted to put them both to death. I gave one a blow on the head and scattered powder in the wound, which was like a socket. . . . I see her again. The poison has not yet taken effect. I am terribly afraid. Suddenly M——. I escape and run. A woman takes me on a wheelbarrow driven by a motor, which she is pushing besides. It cost 80,000 lire. . . . Again in the small house. There live there a public prosecutor and an advocate. I am accused of an attempted murder. The prosecutor asserts that my blows upon the hands are a simulation. I am a murderer and have already a number of murders upon my conscience. The advocate tries to defend me, but I have the feeling that I will be condemned and think: "At least the matter will have an end and I shall be safer in prison than outside."

Associations and memories which complete the picture of the parapathy stream forth with this dream. An exceedingly strong criminal complex is unmasked. Heinrich is interested in poisons, has fitted up a laboratory, and manufactures potassium cyanide. He takes an interest in the poisons that can be rubbed into wounds so that the person affected will die and the murderer not be discovered. He has shown a particularly active interest in arrow poisons. He experiments with every kind of toxic substance. He has purchased animals and then poisoned them. He procured a syringe of his own and injected the poisons.

Between the ages of thirteen and sixteen he made the most hideous experiments. He bought animals, for example, mice, anæsthetized them and then dissected them. He laid the heart bare and tore it out. He cut the young from the belly and sewed

the belly together again. All these operations were, as he says, performed under narcosis. Limbs were cut off; various incisions were made; preparations made of the bones; and all this not on dead animals, but on those anæsthetized.

He comes at the end of this information to speak of his father. The father is not very well; he has a presentiment that he will die soon, that he will have a stroke. Although he loves his parents, thoughts of death are always occurring to him.

He wants to be free and feels himself pressed upon by his parents. Yesterday he wanted to go to the house of Mr. L., of whom he had heard that he beat his children and one could hear from the stairs the children crying. He had been repeatedly in the stairway and listened excitedly if he could not hear a child being whipped. Yesterday he had the same impulse. But he thought of his parents and went into a café to drink liquor. He had to take four drinks.

This obsessive act may be explained by the death wishes toward his parents. The four drams are the exorcism which prevents misfortune. The number four is determined by the fourth commandment. ("Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.") The drinks remind him also of the poison. He himself has taken different poisons, in small doses, of course, in order to study their effect. There is not a poison or a narcotic the action of which he has not tested. He anæsthetized himself for some time with ether, which even his tutors knew.

He states that he had no erection with his vivisection. It was only a scientific interest. He originally wanted to be a physician; a surgeon, in fact. His grandfather on his father's side had been a famous surgeon. His impotence is explained from his sadistic attitude. He would like to poison or strangle women in order to observe their death struggle. The girls in the dream remind him of girls whom he learned to know on the streets. He led them into the café and paid for their drinks probably with the fantasy of poisoning them. He would then have chopped off the hands from their bodies. The farcical scene reveals itself as the rudiment of an infantile fantasy: to inflict a small wound upon the hand with an arrow or knife that is poisoned. He was warned by his parents against blood poisoning, when he had cut his hand.

The blow upon the head contains a deeper determination. He had the habit of shooting birds. His father used to kill these

birds by piercing their skulls with a feather and said that was the kindest way to kill birds.

Once he shot a rather larger bird, it might have been a raven (compare the vulture dream). The animal lay on the ground wounded. He then struck the bird on the head with a stick to kill it more quickly(?). At this moment he had a disagreeable vision.

The head changed into a hand.

The blow upon the hand represents therefore the smashing of the skull with a club or an ax.

He would escape his passions. But the means (a wheelbarrow) pushed by an old woman, who symbolizes his past, is a poor one. The wheelbarrow goes slowly. He also comes back to his past, and in the end the dream acts as a warning against his evil impulses. You will become a criminal yet, if you do not conquer your sadism!

The two girls are also the unborn sisters. He was often asked if he would like to have a little sister and energetically rejected the idea. He has already admitted that this thought occupied him greatly and that he had the plan of putting this little sister out of the world with poison.

It was over seven months before he brought himself to the point of relating his sadistic deeds and fantasies.

The paraphilia as obsessive parapathy reveals itself in this case with especial clearness through the combination of various obsessive ideas and obsessive actions. Before onanism the hand was rubbed on the open lips until it was damp; then he smelled of it. If he sees another person making a similar movement, even Mary whom he loves so warmly, this person seems disgusting to him and every desire disappears at once.

He now faces an important event in his life. He is afraid he might make a mess of it. For that reason he remains "upon the straight line." This line revolves about the number four, while three is "frightful," means bad luck, and corresponds to a crooked line. He goes back to his grandmother in interpreting the number four as a lucky number. He was between eleven and twelve when she died. He lost in her the dearest friend he had on earth. There were four in the family before she died, afterward only three.

The grandmother lived in their home, but was very badly treated by his mother. The servants were instructed not to obey

her. Grandmother was resentful toward her daughter-in-law, often cursed her and knew that God would punish her. She impressed upon the boy that all wrong in the world would be avenged. She was very patient and bore with his moods and his wrongdoing. He loved her for this, while he hated his parents to his twelfth year.

The grandmother then suffered a *stroke*. She was paralyzed, drawn, and could hardly speak. The stroke occupied his thoughts very much. It is woven into his hand beating (see the bird whose crushed brain changes into a hand, p. 413). Heinrich had to swear at his grandmother's deathbed always to walk in the right way and commit no sin. His father took down his oath in the presence of the dying woman. (The beaten hand, the hand struck off, have reference to the oath.) Perjured, the fingers with which a false oath has been sworn will be chopped off. The grandmother's last months were fearful. She had a sadistic nursing Sister, who tortured her and treated her sternly. His mother thought it was all right; his father reproached himself bitterly after her death.

Both women (mother and grandmother) reviled each other to the boy, so that he was early dragged into the horrible family conflicts. The grandmother's death was a severe blow to the petted child. He lost himself in fantasies of revenge.

Then came the wish that the mother might die. At that time he arrived at two; that is, upon the straight line. If the father dies, that will be again a crooked line. These death wishes now express themselves in the obsessive series formation as remorse.

His hatred toward his parents had no bounds. The unkind treatment of the grandmother brought him to the attitude of defiance. He was forbidden to go to his grandmother. He would slip away secretly to her. He knew how to evade the tutor's watchfulness. It excited him then to be unjustly punished. He was beaten for trifles, while his actual misdeeds went unpunished. He was whipped for stumbling, blinking his eyes, stammering. That threw him into a violent rage. He could have killed his parents.

He cannot bear to have his father beat the dog. The dog is being treated as he was once. (He was coddled and yet continually punished for disobedience.) He believes that the dog is a masochist. The dog has erections, if it is shown the whip. He identifies himself with the dog. He himself also strikes the dog. The dog is the scapegoat of the family, the object of discharge for

the family sadism. He feels it, identifies himself with the dog, and hates his father when he ill-treats the dog.

Any one who has to do with obsessive parapathics knows how difficult it is to bring them to a confession of their "system." They hold firmly to their system and months pass before they at last find it necessary to betray the more or less complicated structure. Our patient, too, used every possible device to maintain his system. The system disappears during treatment or it is concealed in silence. This time he is in earnest and tells me about it. But new difficulties arise. He has forgotten the system; he cannot reconstruct it. The system is not rigid; it changes from time to time.

He must inform me, however, that he is again under the power of the counting obsession. This obsession proceeds in two series. The one relates to the drinking of liquor. The day begins with the morning, and the series closes with his going to sleep at night. The masturbatory series closes in the morning of the day. We know that he moves upon straight and crooked lines. The crooked ones denote bad luck, yet the opposite may be true. For the moment the crooked ones are unlucky. Yesterday he had eight drinks. To end with eight means luck. Always two and two. Now comes the strange thing. He has to admit a ninth dram. In that way he breaks through his system and conquers his superstition. The bipolar is evident in the formation of his series. He will and yet will not. Finally he accommodates himself to both currents. Great doubt arises when he orders a double dram (that means, a double portion in one glass). Is he to count this double Stanislauer as only one drink or as two? We see here how he arranges for doubt, which expresses his bipolar currents just as does the ninth dram, through which he now remains upon the crooked line.

It is incredible how many numbers appear in onanism. Since he often practices *masturbatio interrupta* he may reach a very high number; for example, sixty-four. He states that he has gone on to twenty-eight times a day with discharge of semen. Now he no longer attains such an advanced number, but eight to ten seminal emissions are nothing unusual. One naturally does not wonder that he mentions that the semen no longer has its former thick consistency.

He promises now to observe his system very carefully and tell me all about it. Yesterday the number nine seemed to bear relation to his old fear that his mother might become pregnant.

We receive new light from his earliest years. His strongest childhood love was a governess, Else H., who stayed with his family a number of years. She loved him "madly" and yielded to him in everything. She never whipped him in earnest. She was the first to slap him on the drooping hand. These blows were never painful, but always pleasurably toned. He liked them.

This Else was in league with the grandmamma and the object of his mother's hatred, who was very jealous because of the patient's affection for her. Else got up every night and put the sleeping boy on the chamber, paying little more attention to his penis than was necessary. He came to her in bed and would "ride." Faint memory as if he had grabbed at her genital region and been much astonished at the hair. (The first counting obsession appeared when he learned to ride and it had the parapathic clause: If you remain at the crooked line you will *fall from your horse.* First reference to the impotence complex, which later appeared as the fear of having injured himself through onanism.)

The first great trauma of his childhood was the fact that Else was dismissed because of the mother's jealousy.

I mentioned as many as ten years ago in the *Language of the Dream* dismissal of beloved servants as a cause of the child's attitude of hatred and defiance. We have here a striking example. (Else went away and for many years wrote him affectionately, until the day came when he no longer answered the letters.) He hated his mother at that time, inasmuch as she separated him from the two persons whom he loved. He believes that the counting obsession is connected with Else and her being sent away. Else taught him arithmetic and often repeated: "All good things are three." They also played a game of counting out: one for me, one for you, and so on. Even numbers he is never able to give; he has to ask his mother. He thought she came to him when he was six and left when he was nine.

Later inquiry of his mother gave the information that Else took care of him from the fourth to the seventh year. The counting obsession may have been further determined by a sort of wild game of counting before they went to sleep. They bid each other "goodnight" and counted who would be tired first.

Important illumination is shed upon the number sixty-four. His grandmother was sixty-four when she died. Then new material is given. He attains the numbers through multiplication. This comes from his thinking: "I originated from my father, my

father from my grandmother; one was contained in the other." He was always reckoning ages; he compared his age with that of his father. He has the sure belief that he will live to be sixty-four.

Yesterday was an unlucky day. Things went wrong early, and he connected it with his having remained at the number seven the day before. (He reminded himself of Else's dismissal, hated his parents, and resolved to continue in his paraphilia.) Later he met a man whom he had learned to know in the Bertinger *salon.* He asked for the address of a beautiful young girl to whom he might give lessons and whom he might strike a little upon the hand. He therefore resolved to carry on his paraphilia and took a defiant attitude toward me and toward his father. Then in the evening he drank a double dram at the café and later took one drink in each of two cafés. He could not go home. He was seeking something. Each drink meant a girl. Shall I, or shall I not? Various coffeehouses were visited, for he was looking at all the cocottes and girls to find the "right" one.

A frightful feeling of inferiority the whole day through, which may have arisen from the fantasies which accompanied him.

Determination of the number eight: As a child I had to go to bed about this time. The parents it is true were not at home, but it was their fixed rule which had to be obeyed. . . .

At last a result! The counting obsession seems to him unnecessary. He counts neither in drinking nor in onanism, which now has far less attraction for him. He can no longer yield to his parapathic fantasies. The matter of beating the hand seems to him absurd, childish, and disgusting. He wants to be normal and thinks of girls and women with whom he has recently become acquainted.

A dream expresses this thought and points to the infantile roots of his paraphilia.

Strauss directs the *Ariadne.* I am looking for his wife in the auditorium. She wants to go and is offended that I will not go with her. I do not know what to do. Suddenly Strauss and I are standing before a liquid which has the peculiarity of turning things to stone. That which would otherwise have required thousands of years happens in a brief time.

His association to *Ariadne* is that in Strauss's opera Ariadne considers Bacchus the *god of death,* while he is the *god of love.* We see the connection with his sadism. The god of death is at the same time the god of love.

We know that he has had death wishes against his parents. An

infantile conflict is concealed here. It occurs to him subsequently that it is as if Strauss and his wife had been in conflict. His parents often quarreled and he had been a spectator. With whom should he take part? In the dream he decides upon the father. His mother had manifested suicidal intentions on account of the Bertinger affair. They ought all to go to death. He will not follow her. His heart is as stone.

The petrifactions wonderfully represent the fixation within infantile occurences, his psychosexual infantilism. He recognizes that it is a matter of such petrifactions. Strauss stands likewise for me, the director of his life, who should lead him out of the labyrinth with the help of Ariadne's thread. He himself has long had the desire to become a conductor, in which the brandishing of a stick was a determining force. The dream has a clear anagogic tendency: his mother ideal disappears, and with the aid of knowledge he becomes well.

Could one believe it possible that the patient has still kept from me an important compulsive ceremonial? He admits to-day that the obsessive counting existed also in the water-closet. It pertained to the number of pieces of paper one needed for wiping oneself. His father had given him careful instruction in wiping. One should never use newspaper. One must proceed with care, and so on. We know that the mother personally "cleaned" him up to his fifteenth year.

His obsession now is to remain on the straight line with the papers. Otherwise some misfortune will happen. The flushing of the closet, too, has to proceed according to a definite ceremonial.

He begins to tell me of his anal sexuality. He often has an itching in the anus and has to scratch himself through his trousers. He does not like to go to a strange closet. Rationalization: his father's warning that one might get syphilis. He cannot urinate in a public urinal when any one else is present.

He was trained to anal sexuality. His mother herself gave him irrigations and suppositories, concerned herself greatly in regard to his stools. In childhood it was a pleasure to him to use the chamber before older people and have them look at him.

The obsessive counting in the closet has ostensibly disappeared.

The patient makes a remarkable admission, which betrays the psychic masochist. "I need a misfortune in order to be happy." Yesterday he made the acquaintance of a girl who pleased him

very well and who liked him, which seems to him incredible and like a miracle. At once the idea presented itself that he might strike the little thing on her hand. Coitus seems to him banal and commonplace, while his paraphilia is to him something extravagant and exceptional. He is really fighting against bidding farewell to his childhood.

This is connected with his pathological ambition. He wants to achieve something great but does not feel the power to carry it through. He has been accustomed since early years to having his way smoothed before him. He expects—foolish as it may sound—that I will promote his talent. I should recognize his artistic abilities and help him. He has never learned to look after himself, to fight for himself. All the world ought to love him. He measures love by the willingness to assist him.

He feels himself inferior and makes use of trivial occasions to immerse himself in this (blissful) sense of inferiority. A weight of guilt attaches itself to minor things. His feeling of inferiority is the result of his sadism. His ideas of putting others out of the way and other criminal complexes feed the sense of guilt, which then is connected with every little matter. With this feeling of inferiority he compensates his delusion of greatness. His paraphilia serves to postpone his life decision and to displace the struggle, according to A. Adler's striking expression, to a "secondary scene of battle."

He brings supplementary information as to his ceremonial, rudiments of which reveal themselves here and there: that a cigarette is included in his drinking, which he also counts. He proceeds along a double line: first drink, then cigarette, and so on. . . . The meaning of this obsessive action is not entirely clear, but seems to be connected with a fellatio fantasy.

Like all these parapathics, he is a bad hypochondriac. Every pain makes him think of a dangerous illness. He attributes his ills to the drinking and to onanism, but they really go back to his latent sense of guilt.

Yesterday he was in the café with a new acquaintance. To his astonishment, he soon felt an erection. He endeavored involuntarily to bring the conversation to beating. Thus he vacillated between the old and the new point of view. Finally he submitted once again to his "superstition." So that everything would go well, he drank two glasses and smoked two cigarettes, one after each drink. In order to get through more quickly, he threw the partly

smoked cigarette upon the floor and acted as if it had fallen there.

He considered it as a great step forward that he had the desire to go about with the girl, to kiss her, and to strike her. His fantasies during the last three years had been directed only to looking on. He did not want to do the beating himself, would perhaps arrange it, but not carry it out himself. He was transformed to a sadist at the Bertinger *salon*. Madame Bertinger, he thinks, prophesied to him: "You will entirely change." His love to Mary was, however, chiefly responsible. He began, in addition to the conversations with Madame Bertinger and to reading, to be passionately interested in the fact that children are beaten for poor lessons or bad behavior. He often lay on the floor for hours before the door where Mary was having instruction, that he might hear something. He sat afternoons and evenings upon the stairs, that he might at last perceive sounds which he might interpret as blows. He became jealous of Mary's past. Her father had whipped her and he was not present. Teachers had beaten her (all teachers whip). He wanted to pass through his childhood again and be a child with her. In the fantasy, she was his sister who was beaten.

The tormenting excitement in which the new acquaintance with the girl throws him allows us to conclude that important tendencies are still concealed and will appear as inhibitions. He began to strike the girl upon the hand—as if in fun—and so provoked her that she finally struck back. He has an inexplicable fear of normal intercourse, a horror which he cannot understand. The presence of the girl at once releases automatically the various obsessive acts, which he otherwise does not desire.

The dream analysis leads us to the investigation of the hidden tendencies. He dreamed:

I am dissecting a corpse and experience a strong sense of pleasure in so doing. I even cut up the hands. Some one tells me that the head, too, was dissected and that in this way the man's life history was disclosed. He must have suffered very greatly. The idea that he is dead and knows nothing of these revelations is frightful to me. The dead person reminds me of myself.

The relation to analysis is clear. He is dissecting himself and also his hand paraphilia. The old (parapathic) individual is dead and no longer has experience of his knowledge.

We know on the other hand through his vivisection that dissection is his passion. The pleasure which he feels corresponds to his sadistic tendencies. Only he has as he believes never ex-

perienced sexual satisfaction in vivisection. He was able to deceive himself in this matter and pretend that his interest was merely a scientific one.

The next dreams have to do with beetles:

I have caught a May beetle. It is a very wise animal. I read it something from a book. It flies away. I am unhappy.

Then I catch a stag beetle. I seize it carefully by the neck from behind. It might bite me. I let it go without doing it any harm.

It occurs to him with the dream of the May beetle that he has tortured beetles cruelly. He would tear out their wings and legs, stick them into glowing tar, and let them burn. The May beetle is the girl, whom he has spoken of as a pretty beetle. The book is the "book of his life."

He has a certain respect for stag beetles. They impress him and he has even been afraid of them. They might bite.

It strikes me that he seizes the stag beetle by the neck, and I question him concerning fantasies of choking and strangling some one. He hesitates, then admits that he has strangled all the persons who had to do with his bringing up. He often imagines that he is strangling some one, first as a joke and then more and more violently. Then he lets the strangling hand go. It is too late. The victim is no longer living.

He grasps the pendent hand at the wrist when he is giving the blows upon the hand, as if he were squeezing a neck. This squeezing and pressing is of importance for the bringing about of the orgasm.

In onanism, too, the hand must be seized by the wrist in the maninpulation and pressed. The hanging hand symbolizes the hanging and falling head, the wrist the neck; the striking of the hand, the beating in of the skull.

These are the concealed tendencies. He wants to choke a girl and is afraid that these sadistic desires might overpower him if he should perform normal sexual intercourse. The paraphilia guards him from his criminal impulses.

He admits under question that he playfully grasps Mary by her neck and presses it. He is not concerned really with girls' hands but first with their necks.

A great change takes place: He can no longer imagine with Mary the beating of the hand. He loves her as a woman. He likes her odor, while that of other women is disgusting to him.

He speaks of his obsessive series. "Breaking through" plays the

chief part. He breaks through the straight and the crooked series. Yesterday he drank two drams. Now comes the impulse to escape from the series. He does it by drinking a third glass. At once reproaches make themselves heard, and he drinks a fourth time in order to get back to the straight line.

The straight series signify in one determination good luck, the crooked ones bad luck. The straight are the good (Ormazd), the crooked the bad (Ahriman). In his psyche rages a continuous warfare between Ormazd and Ahriman. It is significant that his birthday comes on even numbers, while the birthdays of his parents have odd numbers.

The mother plays the chief part. Especially her thirty-seventh year, when her portrait was painted. The picture seemed to him beautiful and he thought to himself: "Mamma is the most beautiful woman in the world." He reluctantly confesses that his mamma wanted him to be forever a child. She always considered him a little fellow and even a short time ago still took him upon her lap. He assures me that he never had sexual feelings thereby, but it was very pleasant. He embraces and kisses her very often. She now displays jealousy of Mary, is angry when he goes to her *too* frequently. She was very jealous toward the governess who was mentioned. This governess, as we know, contributed much to the origin of the obsessive counting. Her favorite word (in kissing) was: "All good things are three." Thereby a formula: *Schluss—muss—Kuss* [Conclusion—must—kiss]. This formula often comes to his mind with the counting obsession.

The thing that is difficult for him to understand is the bipolarity of his attitude. He loves his parents, especially his mother, and yet remains in the power of continual death wishes. (When they die, everything will belong to me.) He feels also that he will never be well if he remains a small child with his parents.

He masturbated last evening and this morning. Suddenly came the wish to break through the series and to masturbate a third time. With this the original fantasy entered in for the first time: Mary should play with my organ! A simultaneous impulse to seize her below. We know that such an attack upon the mother was the starting point of the parapathic crystallization.

The dream of last night plainly reveals the regression:

I am with R. in the third gallery of the theater. There is music on the stage. It passes. It comes once more. It is all as if in a cycle, in which the ancient returns.

Ideas of the theater represent either memories or the world of

fantasy. R. is a sadist who strikes little children at their music lessons and stands for his paraphiliac ego. The dream clearly shows that the old scenes return. It is particularly the scene from his third year, when he reached for his mother's genital and was struck for doing so.

Now he reports for the first time that his mother often laid him over her knee and beat him. He had pleasurable sensations with this and remembers well the strong odor of her lap. . . .

The father also punished him in this manner, so that his head often came between the legs close to the genital.

This explains his wish to be beaten. I will gladly permit myself to be whipped for the reward of being able to seize your genital. His sexual excitement was so great that he did not feel the pain. He defended himself during the flogging and therefore had the opportunity of grasping the body of the person chastising him.

He well remembers the scenes when his father secured a new tutor. He listened behind the door. The father used to say:

"You may not beat the child! I will attend to that myself."

But he wished very much to be whipped by all his tutors.

The analysis progresses to the decisive complexes. The dreams of last night bring new revelations:

I bore in my nose and bring out a bloody, disgusting piece.

I saw a wounded animal. It was bleeding to death. The blood would not stop. It bled from the neck, wings, or out of the head. . . .

We come thus to discuss the blood complex. He cannot look at blood. He would only be able to see it if he were a surgeon and the patient were under an anæsthetic. He cannot see human beings or animals suffer. Pain is unendurable to him. As a child he would make little gashes in his hand and observe the wounds. The idea of sucking blood is repugnant to him. But he admits that the taste of blood is very agreeable to him and that the thought of a vampire has always been very thrilling. As a boy he bought himself leeches and tried to put them on animals. He would have liked very much to apply them to his own body also. He had a horror of doing it. He would have enjoyed putting them upon some one asleep.

If he himself bleeds, he is ashamed. No one should see him bleeding; no one may see him if he is suffering. He wants to creep away somewhere like a wounded animal.

He slowly confesses that he has also cut up animals which were

not narcotized. First the recollection comes as doubt. He may have done it. It was on the Riviera (twelve). He and a playmate dissected live lizards.

Blood has always interested him. He liked to put blood under a microscope. Even the name "blood" contains something mysterious for him.

Now he lets his fantasies run. He first sees wounds which do not bleed. But then he sees himself boring a knife into the neck of a girl and turning it several times in the wound.

Blood from the mouth has always been of great interest to him. The kiss ought to be a bite, so that he could suck in the blood. Now we understand why the May beetle runs away from him after he has read to it the book of his life. He is a lust murderer!

The idea also of bloody entrails gushing forth out of the body fascinates him. He saw a number of bullfights in Bayonne (fifteen to sixteen). He knows now that he struggled with impulses to destroy his parents. He once threw a knife at his grandmamma. He pretended to be crazy. He often plays the part of an insane person, with the idea that after the murder he would not come to trial. He has wanted to poison the whole family and manufactured the deadly cyanide of potassium for himself in his chemical laboratory.

He thinks he must have inherited his sadism from his father. The latter had often told him that he saw red when he was angry. It is for this reason that he beats the dog so cruelly and has also struck him on every occasion.

He feels such rage within himself. Every opposition makes him furious. If he slaps a child or a girl upon the hand, neither of them may have pleasure in it. His satisfaction immediately vanishes. Nor may they be aware of his pleasure in it. Therefore he needs the fiction of the just punishment for poor lessons.

He comes to speak of the important problem of "contact." The beating is the touching of the body of another. To be beaten means to be touched. It is this contact which rouses him sexually. The greater the resistance of his partner (the child defends itself, screams, kicks) the greater his pleasure.

Beating satisfies his need for contact. The contact is reduced to the "smallest" degree (contact minimum).

We see from the analysis how little exhaustive are the observations which Freud has made in his article, "A Child Is

Being Beaten." They touch only upon *one* side of the problem, the question of incest. But they do not recognize that the specific scene represents a condensation of a complicated sadism, which comes to light only through the analysis.

He dreamed:

It was somewhere in Vienna. My parents were to leave in the evening for Russia. I have already gone away in the forenoon without saying good-by. They have departed for Russia without taking leave. I come back with certain stings of conscience and find money on a table. Notes to 500,000 and leaden coins to the value of 500,000. In all five millions. Also a note, if they never see me again, thus . . . I kneeled before a stove and put in a sort of roast. It burned. Suddenly the money was by mistake on the roast. I was frightened and took it out with great difficulty by means of a stick. Fear of burning my fingers. The money was saved with the exception of one coin, which had a hole in the middle and an excrescence at the side. Then I wanted to give this to the mint in order to exchange it for a new one. A person from the opera advised me to exchange it. Some one warned me against the mint, that the people were pleased when money was destroyed. But some one else advised me to do it.

He brings some supplementary information with the five millions of the dream. One million was for support, two for life, and two for the treatment. The tendency of the dream is clear. He wants to free himself from his parents. The parents' love is divided into a paper one and a metal one. The paper burns up easily. But this he saves (bipolarity of the tendency). The issue of metal reminds him of a dumdum bullet (sadistic complex). The bullets destroy the body. They are also bisexually figured and show plainly the lingam principle. He is ready at first to burn up all the love. With this he falls into the danger of burning his fingers. He saves this love at the last moment and will now merely exchange the sexual love toward the parents. (I am the mint, for I will now recast him. Relation to the button molder in *Peer Gynt*.) The number five is connected with his onanism. He still continues his onanism and can only with difficulty overcome his series obsession. He said to himself today: "You are still masturbating once and you reach the crooked line. Let come what may." He is not conscious of the secret death clause (death of the parents). But Russia is the country where people are beaten and killed (compare the dream of the assassination of the czar, p. 398).

He is now happy. Yesterday he crossed the market place feeling quite free and had the conviction that he would accomplish something good and worth while. He has all sorts of artistic plans and believes that he has conquered his sense of inferiority. The blows upon the hands seem to him absurd in reality, but he still makes use of these fantasies in onanism.

He dreamed:

My colleague, Dr. J., was condemned to death together with his wife. I was very unhappy. It was the day of the execution and I asked him how he could bear it. Then he said: "I, too, can think of nothing." Then I am with the chief official; I have been announced and have to wait, and in fact I came into a room. That was an omen. A servant had had to do something with lead pencils. Then I was summoned. I spoke against the death sentence. I said: "I consider him innocent and the punishment is illegal!"

He: "Do not mix in this; be glad that you have nothing to do with this. Would you entangle yourself with it?"

Two girls were involved in the whole thing. Other surroundings. Café. I sat with them. Then I was suddenly in a corner of the room and was thinking of Madame Bertinger. Opera music in the room. Suddenly I heard that some one in the music room was in *bed;* this was Madame Bertinger. She requested me to kiss her. I said: "I will have nothing to do with you. I will be free."

It is interesting to note that he never dreams of his specific scenes. He affirms that he has never dreamed that he was striking a child upon the hand. That proves to us how little significance there really is in these scenes of beating on the hand. The dreams bring what is hidden behind the scene.

The functional meaning of this dream is clear. His parapathic ego is condemned to death. But he wants to remain ill. (Yesterday he made a shy attempt to find a schoolgirl whom he could beat upon the hand.) He protests against this with his father and with Dr. Stekel (chief official). The two girls remind him of a girl whom he saw at Madame Bertinger's and of a girl whom he has come to know in the last few days. They are Mary and his new acquaintance, who should rescue him. But in bed lies the mother. We hear gradually of all sorts of tendernesses which the mother is always permitting herself. He is reluctant to inform

me when the kissing upon the nates ceased. We conclude from his confused stammering that it is still going on.

The confession is significant that his mother even yet frequently kisses his hand. Kisses on the mouth are forbidden at home, since diseases might be carried that way.

This hand kiss of the mother is reflected in the beating scene.

The dream is prognostically favorable. It shows the release from the mother. One circumstance is of importance. The patient states that he awoke with a strong erection. The execution of the colleague was to be hanging. He himself often plays with a cord and binds his neck, because he has heard that hanging and being strangled are pleasurable. The erection seems to be related to both, to the hanging as well as to the mother in bed.

A dream shows him in conflict with his paraphilia. He dreamed that he had a severe wrestling match with Mr. R. R. is also a sadist, with whom he has had long conversations concerning the whipping of little girls. Now he will overcome him.

An important determinant of his obsessive counting occurs to him. The death clause, which is always present, had not yet appeared for the complete explanation of the obsessive action. Now he relates that the custom prevails in his family to swear by one's life. The father says: "How is it going with you? Tell me the truth or I will fall dead." This falling dead is used on every occasion. The first obsessive acts were still bound with the death clause. Then this was repressed and the condition arose: Or there will be misfortune. This, too, was weakened and degenerated into the clause: Otherwise the affair will turn out badly. Now fear that something will not return dominates the obsessive action. Those who do not return are the dead. . . .

His mother brought him up systematically to be an everlasting infant. She often expressed the wish: "Oh, that you might be my baby always!" Or she said: "No, you will always remain a child! You will never grow up!"

His delusion of greatness was just as systematically trained into him. His wonderful education was talked of before strangers. The child could do what he wanted to. The word was always: Everything was before him. He was the center of the universe, around which everything revolved. Naturally his cleverness was made much of and every saying of his was talked of the whole day. Now he is often subject to moods of dejection, because he believes that he will never reach the highest peak and he can never be satisfied with a moderate success. Therefore he wants to re-

main young and wherever possible go back and begin a new life, so as to make better use of his early years as a preparation for the great end.

The appearance of the primitive reaction is interesting. Suddenly he is silent and refuses to tell me of what he is thinking.

"You will be angry if I say it!"

I assure him that I will not be vexed.

"I believe that you practice onanism while you are sitting behind me. I have the impulse to turn and observe you."

He is instructed that this is an infantile attitude, a wish that every one should play with him. He confirms this opinion by a wealth of associations.

Two dreams plainly reveal an anagogic tendency:

1. I am sitting on a divan with a girl and holding her hands. She says: "Why are you so childish and occupied only with my hands?"

2. I want to enter a villa. A huge dog rushes upon me. First he flies at my throat, then seizes my hands. First he snaps at them and then begins to bite. I do not know what to do. Shall I call for help or deal with him myself? As he lets my hands free for a moment I grab his powerful jaws and hold them apart. He foams at the mouth. I consider: Shall I kill him? I am sorry for the splendid animal. I cry for help. A servant appears and shouts some words to the dog. The dog becomes friendly and wags his tail. I ask the servant: "Will he not attack me any more if I go into the house again?"

The first dream is transparent. The girl had Mary's features. The dog in the second dream represents his sadism. It is very characteristic that it first attacks him at the throat. Afterward it occurs to him that he wanted to choke the dog. *One sees how the choking fantasy is displaced from the throat to the hands.* The servant looks like me. At first he wanted to get over his paraphilia alone, now he accepts my help.

He had yesterday a sense of freedom and a joy in life long unfamiliar to him. He could take pleasure in little things; for example, the flight of birds. He would like to be free and go to sea for some time, leave his parents and begin a new life.

He breaks off with the girl. She is from a respectable home and he will not burden his conscience. He joined himself yesterday to another girl, who gave him the impression of a semi-cocotte.

He is full of ideas, might write a book. He now has insight into his mother's terrible mistakes in his bringing up. An expression of hers is always before his mind: "After my death you must have my skin removed and have it dressed. It can lie under your desk so that when you are at work you will always have to tread upon it." Remarks superfluous.

He recognizes now the opposition between his parents, of whom he had believed that they were "madly" in love with each other. There were all sorts of disputes in which affect displacements occurred, which he now begins to see clearly. If the parents go on the electric cars, the mother rails so at Vienna, at social democrats, and so loudly that the people cannot help hearing, which makes his father very angry. He loves Vienna; she loves the country home, which he in turn hates. These differences have always existed and were perhaps the reason why the wife had to transfer to her son her need for affection, which proved to be the son's undoing.

He wants to get away—at any price. But he fears loneliness. The dread of lonesomeness, according to Otto Gross the source of all fear, binds him to his parents and to the parental home.

It appears from a dream of last night that it is very hard for him to separate himself from his mother. He has been working against this separation by informing his mother of his purpose. He will go to England for six months. It exasperates him to see his mother's grief and despair and to let her force him to remain here.

He considered his parents' marriage a happy one. Now he comes to realize that it is unhappy. The father has often in their disputes cried out to the mother: "You will yet bring me to my grave! You will be the cause of my early death!"

Death is the favorite theme in the family. His mother said to him in regard to the journey to England: "Wait a few years. We shall soon die and then you can do what you will. You will then also have money enough to be able to fulfill all your desires."

It is evident that such words increase his serial obsession. His parapathy is the result of his bad education.

Remarkable facts begin to dawn regarding his relation to his mother. His paraphilia is also slowly collapsing. Yesterday at a bar he made the acquaintance of a dancer who disclosed herself as a sadomasochist. He tried in the evening to perform onanism

and imagine that he was striking her hand. It seemed to him childish and absurd. For the first time the sadistic fantasies concealed behind his infantilism came to light, on which his idea of coitus was built. He experienced the greatest orgasm he had ever had.

He dreamed:

I was in a mountainous country. My mother had followed with murderous intent. I hastened with great difficulty down a mountain path, steep and rocky. I met *two* men. I knew they were enemies. As I went by I noticed that both were going in different directions in order to cut off my way. I kept on going further. . . . I came in my flight to a niche in the rocks. I was within, hiding myself. Many people were pursuing me. Mamma came and a man who looked me in the eyes. At this moment everything seemed ludicrous to me, and I thought it is all comedy. He did not betray me, nor did the others.

Legal process. I have to pronounce judgment and say that all may go free except two. Mamma has some difficulty. I believe I have set her free. . . . I am in a garret with Mamma. Around the corner a room; Mr. H. had lived there. Mamma again wanted to kill me. I was very much alarmed. She wanted to do it with the poisoned ring. I said: "If you do not stop, I will ring twice so that the people will come." Hand on the bell. I did not press it, in order to spare her. She turned once more against me. I flee to R., call him, rouse the house. She reproaches me: "How can you go to R.?" I pressed the electric bell in order to alarm the house and awoke.

We see in this dream how the image of the mother pursues him. She will destroy his individuality. She has killed something in him. What may this be?

Something that occurs to him puts us on the important trail. A Captain G. comes to his mind as one of the men who want to cut off his way and as the man who looks him in the eyes; he had been much at their house and had carried on a flirtation with the mother. He does not believe that his mother was unfaithful. But he had hated the man and observed his visits with suspicious jealousy. The captain played the piano a very great deal, which may have been a determinant of his passion for music. His doubt arises from the source:

Am I my father's son?

This question is the root of every doubt. The captain died of

syphilis. This explains why at times he thinks he must have a concealed syphilis.

Important memories come with this theme. He has a rich Jewish uncle by the name of Karpeles. His father often joked and pretended he was Karpeles's son. "This is my young Karpeles," was a common family jest.

There are two men in the dream who intercept his way. The significant question which is concealed beneath this is: Which of the two is my father? Karpeles is Mary's father. *Mary might therefore be his sister. . . .*

New determinants of his obsessive counting are revealed. One of his four grandparents was a Jew, so that his father has remarked: "You are one-fourth Jew." Now we see how he plays with the numbers two and four. If Karpeles is his father, there are two Jews among those preceding him; there would be then, parents included, two Jews (father and grandfather) against four Christians (three grandparents and the mother).

The straight and crooked lines gain new meaning. If he is the son of his father, he is upon the straight line. If the son of Karpeles, his origin is not from the direct, straight line. There is a crooked series.

His fear of marriage appears also in a new light. In the first place, his parents are unhappy. The question: Why does one marry if one is unhappy afterward? (a question which he put to me yesterday) seems justified.

A factor that weighs heavily is that the grandmother and the governess despised the mother. The grandmother called her a false, scatter-brained, pleasure-loving person, who would bring her son to the grave. The governess named her a coquette and man-mad. These words stamped themselves upon the boy's brain. Why should one marry if women deceive their husbands and bring them to the grave?

We see that the mother actually has killed something in him: faith in the purity of women. The pull toward harlots (his passion for cocottes) arises from the fact that he considered the mother a prostitute. He saves himself in the dream by going to R. This man is an artist and a Jew. He finds deliverance in art; he goes over to the Jews, whom his mother fervently hates. She is an anti-Semite, although his father was born of a mixed marriage.

R. stands also for Karpeles. The legal action is the subsequent investigation and condemnation of all the men who had anything

to do with his mother. He forgives the men, but the mother he can never forgive.

Now we come upon the important determinant of his sadism. He hates women because he hates the mother as a prostitute.

It may not be superflous to emphasize the fact that this is a matter of fantasy. I have often had opportunity to compare these harlot fantasies which relate to the mother with reality. They were mostly invented combinations.

The poisoned wedding ring of the dream refers to the captain's syphilis and to the infidelity. But he recalls that when he was beaten by his mother's hand he frequently was hurt by her ring.

The mother's unfaithfulness, also, is therefore fixed in the whipping scene.

He has a remarkable dream:

My mother gave me a key. She said: "The key will open all doors. You are now lost to me." She turned and wept, and I awoke with a feeling of infinite sorrow.

He now understands that the key to his paraphilia lies with the mother. She is in the habit of kissing him passionately, and he returns these kisses with equal ardor. He naturally continues to believe, and he stresses this once more, that the kisses are not sexual, inasmuch as he has no erection with them.

The opera *Walküre* makes the greatest impression upon him. The scene where the door springs open. He has to weep. The scene is the glorification of incest. . . . He is happy only when he is not in love. Then he can enjoy everything. He rejoices that the electric trains are so clean and run so smoothly, that the birds are singing and the flowers springing up. If he loves, the joy of life is extinguished. The impossibility of attaining his ideal is the cause of a depression, which then takes full possession of him. His love must be conditioned by its being impossible of realization.

If a girl has had an operation, every sensuous charm is gone. His mother has been operated upon three times. . . .

All the girls whom he has loved have been fictitious sisters and in this way rejuvenated images of the mother. And separation from the mother falls heavy upon him. He will go away tomorrow. He should go to Paris. Now the bipolarity of his wishes in his serial structure reveals itself. Paris was the good thing, the straight line. But yesterday he masturbated just once and broke through this line. That means, Paris will turn out badly;

I shall have to remain in Vienna; I cannot and will not leave my parents. Both of them assure him that they live only for him. He is their life purpose. Now he has masturbated only once. The first onanism is always a sin, for which the good Lord will punish him. He takes away this sin through the second onanism. This time he remained at the first time. Therefore this time God will punish him: he may not go to Paris. A punishment which accords with the desire of the Id (instinctive unconscious).

He has been now ten months with his parents. His mother speaks of it as the most wonderful period. But he knows that he can get well only if he frees himself once for all.

He has stereotyped dreams. He is behind the stage, and suddenly he is on the stage. He is seen. This means probably that he renounces his fantasy life behind the scenes and will at last actually take part, whereby he testifies to his fear of publicity.

Release from the analysis is a painful process. He arranges on the last day the relapse so well known to us analysts, the purpose of which is to force the analysis to continue. I remain firm and want to observe now how the analysis will prove itself. Nothing final can be stated as to the result, for the present, as far as his paraphilia is concerned. According to my opinion, Heinrich will have to marry in order to attain to normal intercourse.

Let us try now to carry the paraphiliac symptom back to the individual determinants.

We were able to demonstrate:

1. An evident impotence complex. Fear of the woman.
2. Fear of death and psychosexual impotence.[2]
3. The feeling of inferiority.
4. The striking of the hand reveals itself as the rudiment of a repressed murderous sadism.
5. The hand represents itself as child.
6. The hand is the mother and especially the vagina (odor of the hand!).
7. The hand is a live animal, a symbol of his animal instincts (animism).
8. The hand is a warning (father murder).
9. The hand represents onanism, for which he punishes himself.

10. The hand is used as a means of gratifying the cannibalistic instincts.

11. The hand must not let his feelings of revenge be lost. Punishment for the parents, who have beaten him with the hands.

12. The hand is bisexual and hides his homosexuality.

13. The hand cut off represents castration.

14. The striking of the hand symbolizes a fantasy of the mother's womb.

15. The hand is something sacred (his religion).

16. The hand represents his defiance (reformatory).

17. The hand is poisoned (poison complex).

18. The hand is the head (crushing of the skull).

19. The hand is strangled (choking fantasies).

20. The hand is sucked (vampirism).

21. He thrusts a knife into a girl's neck. The hand is the neck, the stick the knife.

22. The hand gratifies his desire for contact.

23. The hand reminds him of the hand kiss of his mother.

24. The hand recalls to him the mother's unfaithfulness (the poisoned ring).

We see the unbelievable condensation of symbols. Thus pleasure and pain, desire and atonement, doubt and faith, joy and punishment, longing and sense of guilt, defiance and obedience, instigation and warning, innocence and wrongdoing, youth and age, past and future, are bound together in one small scene.

The therapeutic result depends upon whether Heinrich will win the victory over family and childhood. The psychogenesis of the sadism as the outcome of unwise training comes clearly to light through the analysis. He who has read this attentively, will find all my theses sustained in it.[8]

NOTES TO VOLUME ONE

CHAPTER I

[1] *Das Denkgefühl.* Braumüller. Vienna and Leipzig, 1922.
[2] Cf. Varendonck: *Das Vorbewusste Denken.* Wiener psychonalytischer Verlag, 1922.
[3] According to experience, patients who are being analyzed do the best association work when they know nothing of analysis.
[4] "Der Zweifel," *Zeitschr. f. Psychotherapie u. med. Psychologie.* Stuttgart, Ferd. Enke, 1912.
[5] If a situation is interesting, there is no desire to escape the pleasurably toned reality.

CHAPTER II

[1] See the chapter "Jealousy," in Volume II of our series.
[2] Paradoxical as it may sound, one hates even out of love to those nearest one.
[3] Philanthropists disclose themselves in analysis as disguised sadists.
[4] Cruelty has become refined. It is better disguised and often masked as benevolence and cultural progress. One can clearly see how cruelty may also have sway in forms of therapy. I will mention only the hunger and thirst treatment at Lindewiese (starvation treatment has many medical adherents outside of Lindewiese). The masseur vents his sense of power upon his defenseless patients. ("The more he suffers, the more quickly will he be cured!" is the formula.) The surgeon ventures in where the possibility of interference had not previously been dreamed of, so that an intelligent physician in making a historical retrospect of the development of modern therapy has dared to say that today operations are undertaken from the cruelty of which one would formerly have recoiled. To be sure, narcosis and local anæsthesia permit the exclusion of consciousness. But the question whether those operated upon do not experience in a dream what is spared their consciousness has not yet been answered. Only analysis will be able to institute comprehensive investigations concerning the important problem of operation as psychic trauma and the significance of dreams during narcosis. It is certain that after operations severe parapathies (especially states of excitement, depression, and insomnia) appear. It is interesting that once in visiting a torture chamber I was struck with the similarity between instruments of torture and various medical apparatuses. The "Iron Maiden" finds its counterpart in the hydropathic institute; the stretching and bending upward of a tabes patient remind one of a similar instrument of martyrdom. The vapor bath is like the torture of being buried alive still employed in China; I mention the Paquelin cautery, the use of which I was able to observe as a young doctor by Benedikt in the treatment of hysteria (application of the notorious *point de feu*). Brief reference to osteoclasis, to orthopedic stretching and extending apparatus, will perhaps suffice. During the war tortures were made use of by overpatriotic physicians to extort admission of health! What a frightful array of torments was employed there! Isolation, starvation diet, faradization, and other electric tortures. Doctors became willing tormentors in the in-

terest of the government. The rationalization of the torture was love to the fatherland. Psychoanalysis, too, is felt by many a patient as a mental inquisition, as a penal cross-questioning. It is certain that here the physician's unconscious cruelty may find outlet, especially if the narcotic of the transference becomes effective and removes the resistance. Cf. Hattinberg, "Zur Analyse der analytischen Situation" (*Int. Ztsch. f. Psa., Vol.* 10, 1924, No. 1).

[5] Cf. also Herbert Silberer: *Der Aberglaube.* Verlag Ernst Bircher, Bern.

[6] Uber Wahnideen im Völkerleben. I. F. Bergmann, 1911.

[7] Int. Psycho-analyt. Press. London, Vienna, 1922.

[8] Heine says strikingly:

> Never did we know each other,
> Always failed to understand;
> Till in mire together sunken
> Each to each stretched out the hand.

[9] Delight in being tickled may pass over into the greatest torture. (See the tortures of the peasants in the Thirty Years' War through tickling and other similar scenes in Octave Mirbeau's *La jardin de supplice.*)

[10] "Beiträge zur Analyse des Sadismus und Masochismus; die libidinösen Quellen des Masochismus." *Int. Zeitschr. f. Psa.,* Vol. II.

CHAPTER III

[1] Many cripples, too, as I have already stated.

[2] See Groddeck's discussions.

CHAPTER IV

[1] *Die Suggestionstherapie bei krankhaften Erscheinungen des Geschlechtssinnes.* 1892. [*Therapeutic Suggestion in Psychopathia Sexualis,* translated by C. G. Chaddock.]

[2] It is of interest to affirm here that the Marquis de Sade had a delicate feminine appearance and a feminine chirography.

[3] *Schmerz und Geschlechtstrieb. Versuch einer Analyse und Theorie der Algolagnie.* Leipzig, Kurt Kabitsch, 1923.

[4] The case has been analyzed and published by Dr. Graven. "Die aktive Behandlung der Epilepsie." *Fortschritte der Sexualwissenschaft und Analyse.* I. F. Deuticke, Vienna and Leipzig, 1924.

[5] "Le Mystère de la douleur." *Revue des deux Mondes,* 1901.

[6] Eugen Dühren: *Marquis de Sade und seine Zeit.* There is here a detailed account of the torture of Damiens, which lasted a whole day. A large company of the finest and most elegant ladies of Parisian society witnessed this spectacle with lively interest and malicious curiosity. It was more of a festival than of a mournful scene. A faithful representation of the brutal scene may be found also in Casanova.

[7] Part III, *Störungen im Sexualstoffwechsel,* p. 139.

[8] Evidently symptoms of an anxiety parapathy and of severe repressions. Dr. W. St.

[9] The secret formula of this fear reads: That which another would dread would be my highest pleasure. I do not fear it; I wish it. Were my wish fulfilled, I would pay as the price for it the greatest pain. . . .

[10] Weininger has the same impression (*Die letzten Dinge*).

[11] The procedures of transvestitism also point to identification with the mother. It is characteristic that clothed in his sweetheart's linen he visits a prostitute. The woman whom he cannot find—is the mother. The strange woman, also, represents a mother imago.

[12] The mother appears in the two extreme poles: Mary and Magdalene.

[13] Unfaithfulness of his mother!

CHAPTER V

[1] *Psychopathia Sexualis.* 14th ed. Ferd. Enke, Stuttgart, 1914. The 16th edition rewritten by Moll, which has now appeared, pays no attention to recent investigations by Freud, Stekel, and others. It is of value only as a purely descriptive collection of material.

[2] *Sadismus und Masochismus.* 2d ed. Bergmann, Wiesbaden, 1913.

[3] *Das Sexualleben unserer Zeit* [*The Sexual Life of Our Time,* translated by M. Eden Paul, New York. 1920.]. Marcus, Berlin, 60th thousand, 1912.

[4] *Psychology of Sex* (especially the chapter "Erotism and Pain"). Here for the first time the view is advocated very distinctly that sadism and masochism are forms of expression of one and the same paraphilia.

[5] Volume VII, pp. 534-570 and Vol. II, 3d ed., pp. 183 ff [translated in part as *The Homosexual Neurosis* by J. S. Van Teslaar, Boston, 1922, pp. 70, 71].

[6] See Vol. VII, Chapter X, "Der Symbolismus des Zwanges."

[7] In *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* Freud also assumes a primary masochism.

[8] By this I do not advocate punishment by whipping in school or at home. I consider it dangerous and injurious and could wish that Felix Asnaourov's excellent discussion of this theme might be most widely disseminated. (*Sadismus und Masochismus in Kultur und Erziehung,* Ernst Reinhardt, Munich, 1913.)

[9] I have already asserted that there is no congenital masochism. But I am able to confirm the fact that persons who were never beaten are flagellants. Analysis then reveals the psychogenesis of the paraphilia.

[10] Evidendent reference to the castration complex.

[11] *Die Homosexualität des Mannes und des Weibes.* Berlin, 1914. All references pertain to the first edition.

[12] Cf. Vol. II.

[13] Kind: "Uber die Komplikationen der Homosexualität mit anderen sexuellen Anomalien." *Jahrbuch f. sexuelle Zwischenstufen,* Vol. IX.

[14] Bonn, 1918. A. Marcus & Webers Verlag.

[15] Hirschfeld relates: "During the war I was once visited by an inferior officer who had no more ardent desire than to be the maidservant of a thoroughly severe mistress. He told me that he was of ill repute among his troops because he "ground his soldiers so frightfully" at drill. It gratified him to be able to order them "up, down," until the men were furious at him, but at the same time he had a deep compassion for them. Women who reap profit from the masochism of men report that among their customers are a strikingly large number of "energetic men with sword cuts"; one said, "assessors, public prosecutors, and officers."

[16] Zola, the grand psychologist, permits Nana to be gentle with a prostitute, while she degrades her Count to a dog. Nana reveals to the prostitute the will to subjection, to the Count her absolute will to power, which manifests itself in senseless tormenting. The Count, who finds himself in a state of sexual submission, has to creep about the room on all fours and fetch and carry. The same Nana is however completely masochistic toward

a hateful actor. She allows him to slap her, beat her, torture her, because he shows himself her master. Thus one and the same person manifests every reaction in both directions, to man and woman.

[17] Hirschfeld reports: "Passing over to genuine metatropic actions, we will mention first the 'playing of school.' It consists in the longing on the part of a grown man to be treated by a woman, his governess or teacher, like a schoolboy, occasionally like a schoolgirl. She must give him examples in arithmetic, have him write from dictation or write compositions, whereby she reprimands him most severely for actual or pretended mistakes. 'Now how are you writing again?' she asks harshly, pulling him by his ears; or she says, 'I will make you dance the hornpipe'; then he is assigned tasks as punishment, must copy a sentence twenty times, and is finally set in the corner or receives even a box on the ear.—I knew a government official fifty-three years old who went several times a month, dressed like a boy in short trousers and blouse, his slate, with pencil and sponge, under his arm, to his 'governess,' a broad cloak concealing his strange costume upon the street. When he arrived, he first showed his hands so that his teacher could tell whether he had washed clean. Then he sat down to a school desk and spelled out his primer. Next he wrote with his pencil on his slate, and he paid ten marks for the hour."

[18] "Sadimus." *Handwörterbuch der Sexualwissenschaft.* 1923. Marcus & Weber.

[19] The Rev. Wm. M. Cooper: *Flagellation and the Flagellants. History of the Rod in All Countries from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.* London.

[20] E. D.: *Les Callipyges ou les Délices de la Verge.* Vols. I and II. Paris, 1892.

[21] This very important memory did not arise until toward the end of the analytic treatment.

[22] The beginning of the illness is falsely represented; there is here a deceptive recollection, which was corrcted during the analysis. See further on the correct portrayal of the origin of the first heart attack.

CHAPTER VI

[1] For similar cases see Vol. V, Chap. 6, "Infants Forever."

[2] A two-year-old child asks its mother: "Is candy good for me?" The mother says: "No; to eat much candy is not good." The child questions further: "Is it good to wash in cold water?" "Yes," responds the mother, "to wash in cold water is healthful"; upon which the child cries out: "Now I know! Everything that is disagreeable is good and all that is nice is not good for me." It is the same with many forbidden things. Everything that is sweet and agreeable is denied the child. From this arises the great attraction of what is forbidden.

[3] Gabriele d'Annunzio's story *Trionfo della Morte* [*Triumph of Death*] gives striking expression to this hatred toward the woman as the embodiment of temptation.

[4] And now, since I am studying law, it is my most ardent wish to fall once into the hands of the police, for I believe I would then have opportunity to assume a certain position of power.

[5] It is incomprehensible to me that the censorship permits such things to pass which directly provoke crime. The cinema should be placed at the service of culture and humanity. But what is offered to the public? Horrible stories and detective tales, which may determine the fate of a person of weak intellect!

[6] Cf. the chapter "Displacement" in Vol. V.

[7] Overcompensation! Reversal to the opposite!

[8] Transformation of the masculine into the feminine tendency, of the adult to the child.

[9] Paul Schrecker: "Erste Erinnerungen," *Zentralbl. f. Psychoanalyse,* Vol. 4.

[10] Sadger: *Die Lehre von den Geschlechtsverirrungen (Psychopathia sexualis) auf psychoanalytischer Grundlage.* Verlag I. F. Deuticke. Vienna and Leipzig, 1921.

[11] Jones: "Hass und Analerotik in der Zwangsneurose." *Int. Zeitschr. f. Psa.,* Vol. I.

[12] Havelock Ellis: "The Mechanism of Sexual Deviation." *The Psychoanalytic Review,* Vol. VI, Nos. 3 and 4, 1919.

[13] Cf. the similarity in the vowels between Florrie and collie!

[14] It will perhaps be instructive for the unprejudiced reader to learn how Sadger conceives this association. "The typical relationship of love and hate is represented in the castration complex. The father is hated because emasculation is feared at his hands, which again out of love toward him would not be inacceptable. The regular mingling of fear in the feeling of hatred is also then well understood. Anal erotism likewise contributes powerfully to this, leading on its part again to castration. The child is required to surrender his excrement, separate himself from something that is precious to him and which, besides, through its form appears as a penis symbol. It is precisely anal-erotic children, who try to retain the stool as long as possible, that feel separation from it as really painful, often actually as castration. No wonder that all persons who compel them to discharge the excrement receive an exceptional hatred and that the reaction in turn is one of defiance, indeed of anger, toward them. That which is common to obsessive neurosis, sadism, hate, and anal erotism is therefore castration." . . . Criticism unnecessary.

CHAPTER VII

[1] Not to forget Zola in *La terre.*

[2] Observe that he speaks of this as still a possibility, not as of a thing settled. This means he has not yet given up the plan.

[3] Before analysis I distinctly heard the voices from these scenes before I went to sleep. It is not difficult for me to write all this down, for these scenes are raging in my head day and night; the day fantasies are almost exclusively related to these scenes, so that as the result of the practice of years I have accustomed myself to expressing these fantasies independently of the thought process. Thinking has become thus very troublesome to me, so much so, I might say, that I think for a brief moment and then pause for the fantasy. It is the same with my speech, only I am learning as time goes on to bring these fantasies to consciousness. Nevertheless, I do not succeed in abreacting the fantasies. Since I have dared admit everything to consciousness I am coming to see at last how the Satanic inferno of the unconscious was elaborated in me in my childhood and my entire psychic life was unhinged.

[4] See the case of Havelock Ellis, discussed, p. 238.

[5] Even now my first glance is at the trousers opening and the nates.

[6] I really have no ground for this, with my own polymorphous-paraphiliac sexuality.

[7] Jealousy on account of homosexual attitude toward the uncle.

[8] Everlasting bliss.

[9] Sadistic schooling in a clerical institute: the *Book of the Martyrs;* this was my favorite among the spiritual readings! The "spiritual reading"

was in the evening before retiring. A particularly pleasurable stimulus was felt in the picture of the crucifixion of Saint Julia, whose cross was like this ×, and so her feet were spread apart.

Masochistic school: I wanted to prepare a strap such as the "holy ones" wore, with nails to wear under the clothing about the loins. I devised tortures for myself daily; if nothing else, I would do something to make my colleagues ridicule me.

The impulse for self-debasement is still very strong to-day, perhaps my strongest instinct, and it often leads me (unconsciously, in the end *exceedingly* unpleasant *externally*) into situations which would rouse every one to laughter.

[10] It was the first real coitus with a woman.

[11] At night coitus was easier because fantasy had room in which to play, and sometimes my thought was a jumble of all sorts of things (not sexuality).

[12] I will cite some *onanism fantasies:* 1. The partner bound to the bed, also tied hand and foot as to an operating chair, the feet and the pelvis in the birth position.

2. The partner (in this situation I want without exception a beautiful young woman) bound by her hands to a tree; with my two hands I raise her pelvis high and perform coitus; the feet must hang down.

3. Masochistic desires which have not been fulfilled: a strong, heavy woman overpowers me (coitus fantasy when the partner lies above me), but the women have no desire for this.

[13] Mobilization of his homosexual component.

[14] Evil conscience.

[15] Semblance of study.

[16] Again merely the appearance of profound study to mask the "not wanting to study."

[17] It was a result of my Judas parapathy. I wanted to make Dr. Stekel and his school ridiculous, although I myself had broken off the analysis prematurely.

CHAPTER VIII

[1] How far Lessing was from the truth when he wrote in the *Dramaturgie:* "Pity, says the author of the letters concerning feeling, is a mixed emotion, consisting of love to an object and of pain at the misfortune of this object." Assuredly, pity is a mixed emotion. But is there any monopolar feeling? Are not all emotions bipolar? Mendelsohn, the author of the letters concerning the emotions, makes the mixture one of two positive values and overlooks the negative one of malice. The pity which we find in the theater is a complicated process best explained if we regard the theater as a mirror of our unconscious. We are most easily moved when we witness our own fate. That which we mourn is our own sorrow.

[2] First correction of the first anamnesis.

[3] Second correction of the first statement.

[4] The dream is evidently connected with the fact that she wants to destroy her children and expresses the voice of conscience.

[5] Perhaps she also fears requital. Her husband might deceive her with the servant girl as she once deceived her mistress with the latter's husband.

[6] Her constant longing for love and sympathy.

[7] Medea complex!

[8] Psychic betrayal through mistake in writing.

[9] It was not *his* but *her* wedding.

CHAPTER IX

[1] Cf. the chapter "Weshalb wir reisen" in *Was im Grund' der Seele ruht.* 4th ed. Hofbuchhandlung Paul Knepler, Vienna. [*The Depths of the Soul,* translated by S. A. Tannenbaum, New York, 1922.]

[2] The condition of a man in the critical age, who becomes conscious of his homosexuality, has perhaps almost never been more admirably described than by Thomas Mann in his famous (plainly autobiographical) story *Der Tod in Venedig* [*Death in Venice*]. Cf. also my study "Das kritische Alter des Mannes" in *Masken der Sexualität,* 2d ed., Verlag Paul Knepler, Vienna, 1924.

[3] The notorious case of Dippold!

[4] Schopenhauer says strikingly in his *Philosophischen Aphorismen,* published posthumously (Inselverlag, 1924):

"Something has been thrust upon the insane in his life that comes to him as unendurable and which has to be forgotten in order to go on living. To exclude something absolutely from consciousness is possible only if something else appears in its place, and this is the insane idea, be it permanent or be it changing. The observing physicians seem however to have remained always at the point of the insane delusion and not to have noticed that this idea is present only to permit something else to be *repressed* and not allow it to come to the surface."

CHAPTER X

[1] His age.

[2] Heinrich told me in one of the last sessions that he feared death and on this account wanted to remain forever a child. He needs the fiction of childhood in order to escape the last great reckoning of the Final Judgment.

[3] Heinrich has given up the dream of the "great historical mission" (to become a famous writer) and is preparing himself for a practical profession. The paraphilia seems to have totally disappeared.

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